Dec. 18, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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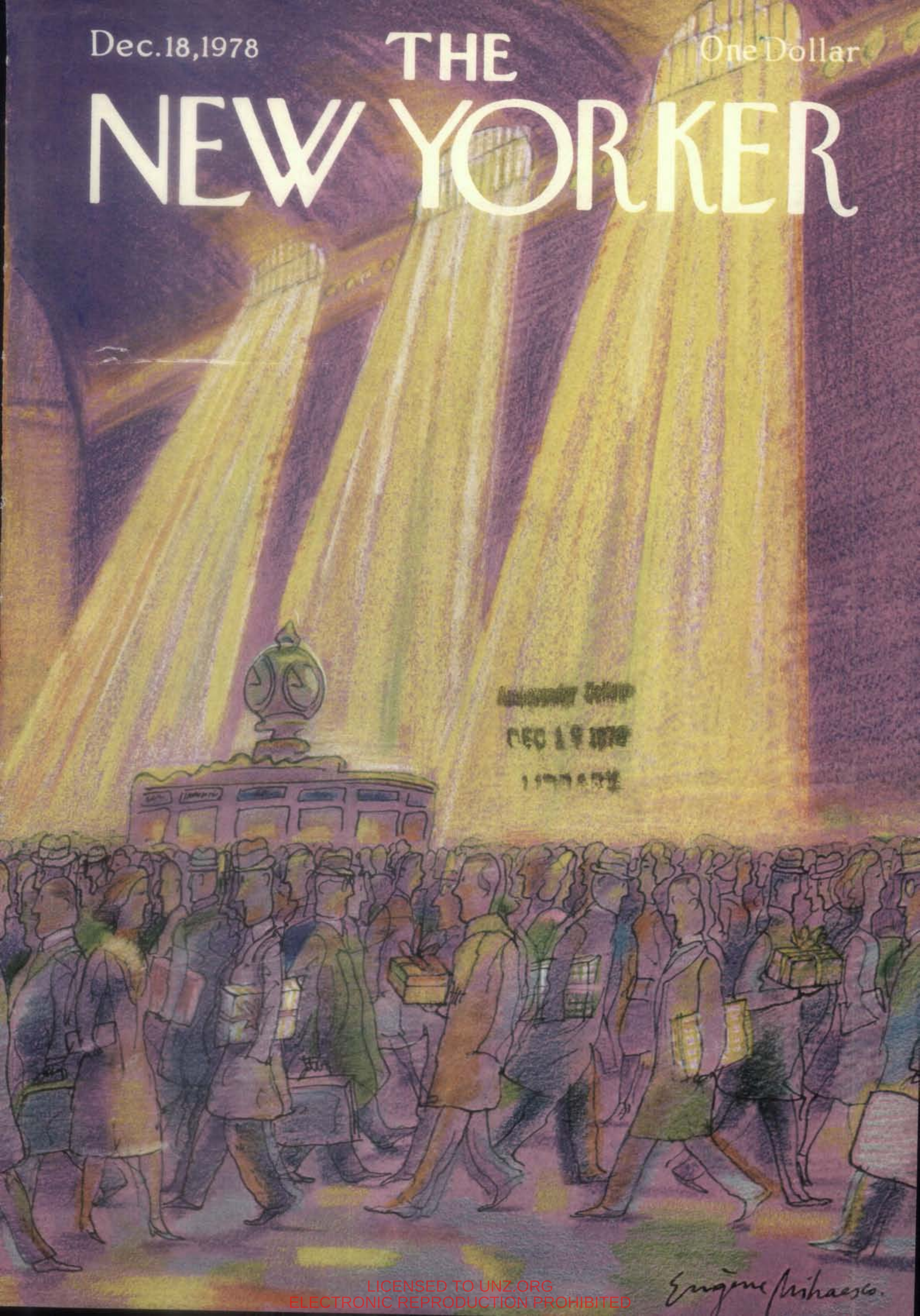

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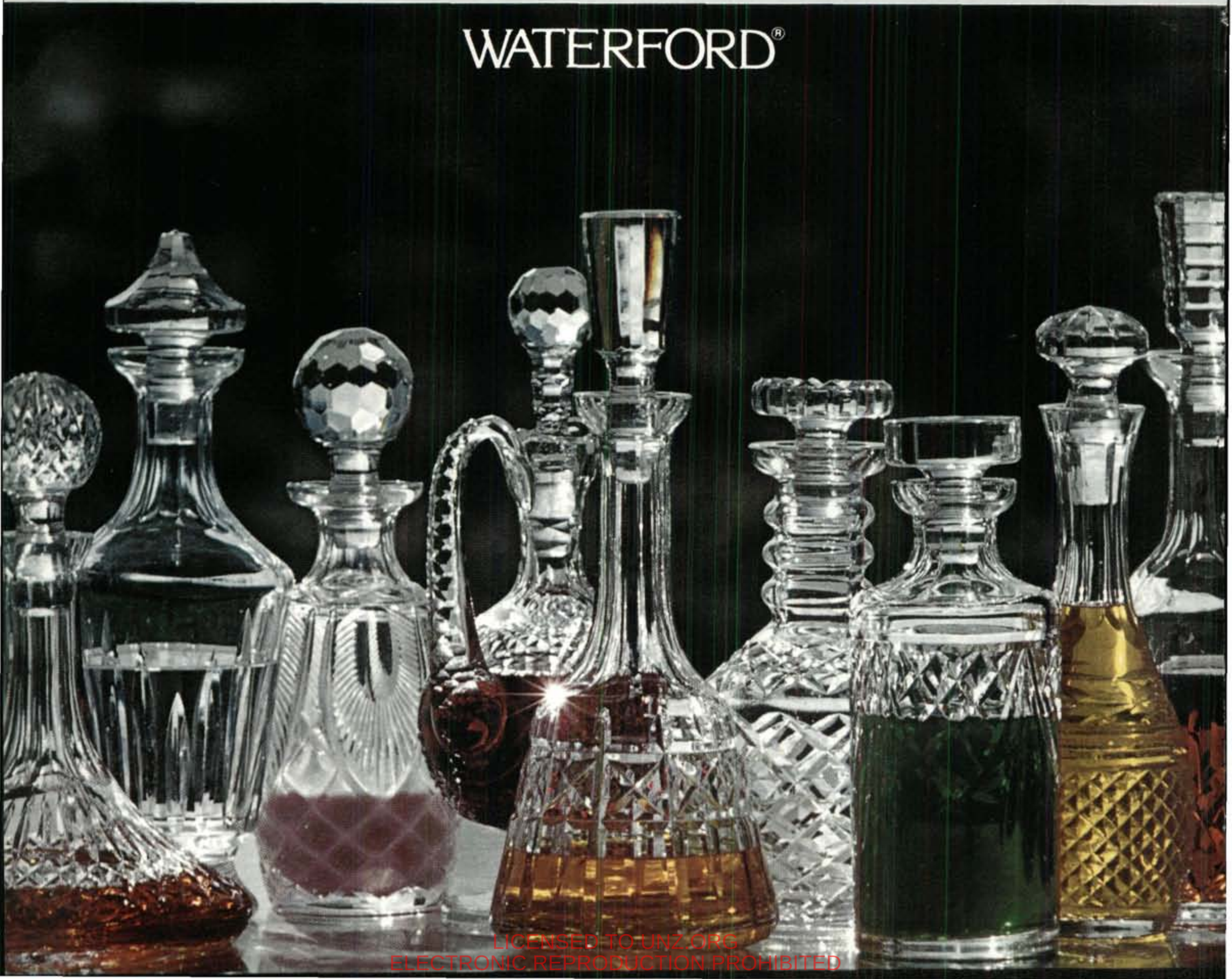

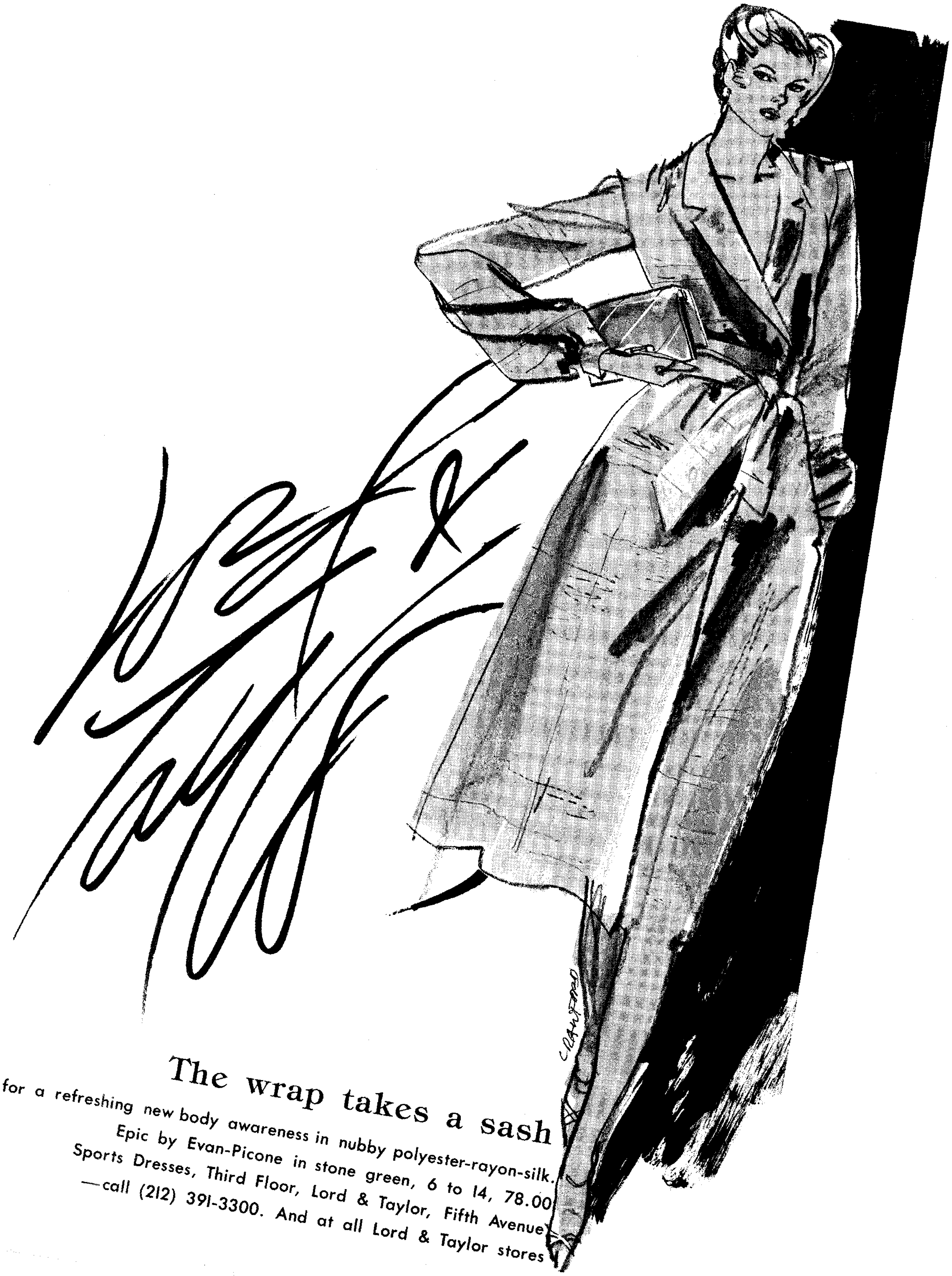

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. Viveca Lindfors (through Sunday, Dec. 17; after that, Marcella Markham) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—A musical based on the television play "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," by Jerome Kass, who also wrote the book for this show. Billy Goldenberg composed the music, Alan and Marilyn Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. Directed by Michael Bennett. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 14. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Black Medea—Vinie Burrows in a play by Ernest Ferlita. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)

A Broadway Musical—As the title states, with music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, a book by William F. Brown, and a cast that includes Warren Berlinger, Gwyda DonHowe, and Irving Lee. Directed by Gower Champion. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 21. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy by James Farrell, **IN THE RECOVERY LOUNGE**, is the second in this season's series. It's a non-play about patients in a city hospital, and while it has a few amusing moments, most of the time it is aimless and pointless. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Colonnades Theatre Lab—Two plays in repertory. **MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF**: Adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov, Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 20-22. (3/20/78). . . . **THE BALLROOM IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL**: A loosely knit, episodic, but rather interesting play, by Louis Phillips, about a Greek-American family in a Massachusetts town, at the end of the Second World War. What plot there is hinges on a little boy who lies dying in a hospital, but there is much humor along with the sadness. Michael Lessac deftly directs the large cast, and Louis Giambolvo gives a fine performance as the child's father. Starts Saturday, Dec. 23. (12/11/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 16, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"HARD ANSWERS" . . . . *John Mort* 33
"FURTHER CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FROM THE MUSEUM GIFT SHOP" . . . . *James Stevenson* 34
"LIGHT FROM THE BAY WINDOWS" . . . . *Robert Fitzgerald* 36
"RAIN FOREST" (POEM) . . . . *Dave Smith* 38
PROFILES (ELLIS LARKINS) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 41
"REFUSING TO SERVE—DAWN, 1952" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 42
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 51
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 51
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 53
REFLECTIONS (GUYANA) . . . . *William Pfaff* 57
"GUITAR" (POEM) . . . . *David St. John* 63
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 66
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 80
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 88
A REPORTER AT LARGE (BRIDGEWATER, CONNECTICUT) . . . . *Burton Bernstein* 104
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (ATLANTIC CITY) . . . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 124
LETTER FROM IRAN . . . . *Joseph Kraft* 134

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Dean Victor, Whitney Darrow, Jr., William Steig, Frank Modell, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Mischa Richter, Thomas B. Allen, George Price, Bernard Schoenbaum, Arnie Levin, Eldon Dedini, Roz Chast, Joseph Farris, Tom Funk, Stan Hunt*

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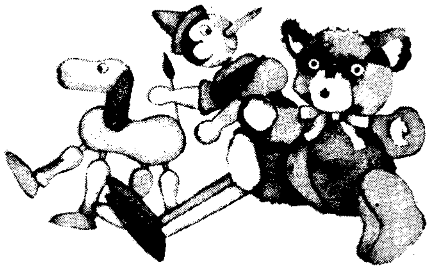

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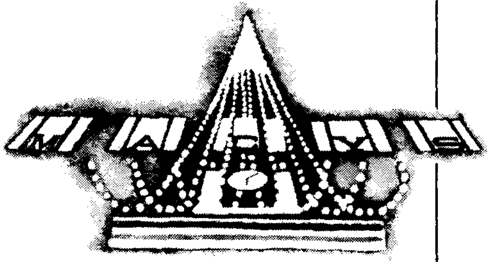

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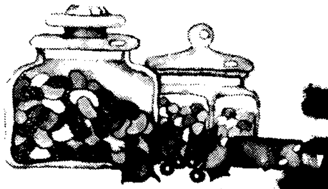

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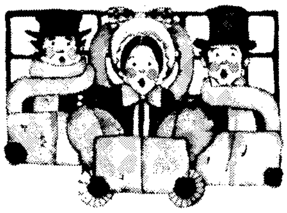

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-five and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gimme Shelter—A trio of interrelated one-act plays by Barrie Keeffe. The initial offering of the Dodger Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. Reopens Saturday, Dec. 16. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Splendid Error—William Branch's play will be the third in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. Opens Thursday, Dec. 14, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

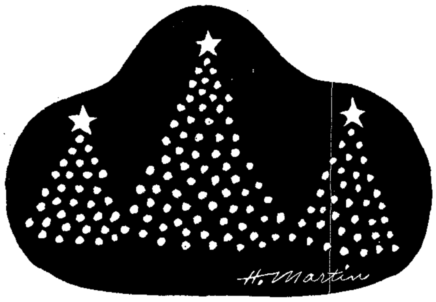
The Kingfisher—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married—a sort of "Gin Game" in reverse. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND** is the second in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Man and Superman—Shaw's play (including the "Don Juan in Hell" act) has George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, and Philip Bosco heading the cast. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 14, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The season opens with **NEVIS MOUNTAIN DEW**, Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17. (Reviewed in this issue.)... **DAUGHTERS OF THE MOCK**, by Judi Mason, opens Wednesday, Dec. 20, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 7. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)



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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Touching Bottom—Three one-acters by Steve Tesich: "The Road," "Baptismal," and "A Life." With Harold Gould and Lois Smith. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,744 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 30.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2.)... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

IceDancing—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. Reopens Tuesday, Dec. 19, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Reviewed in

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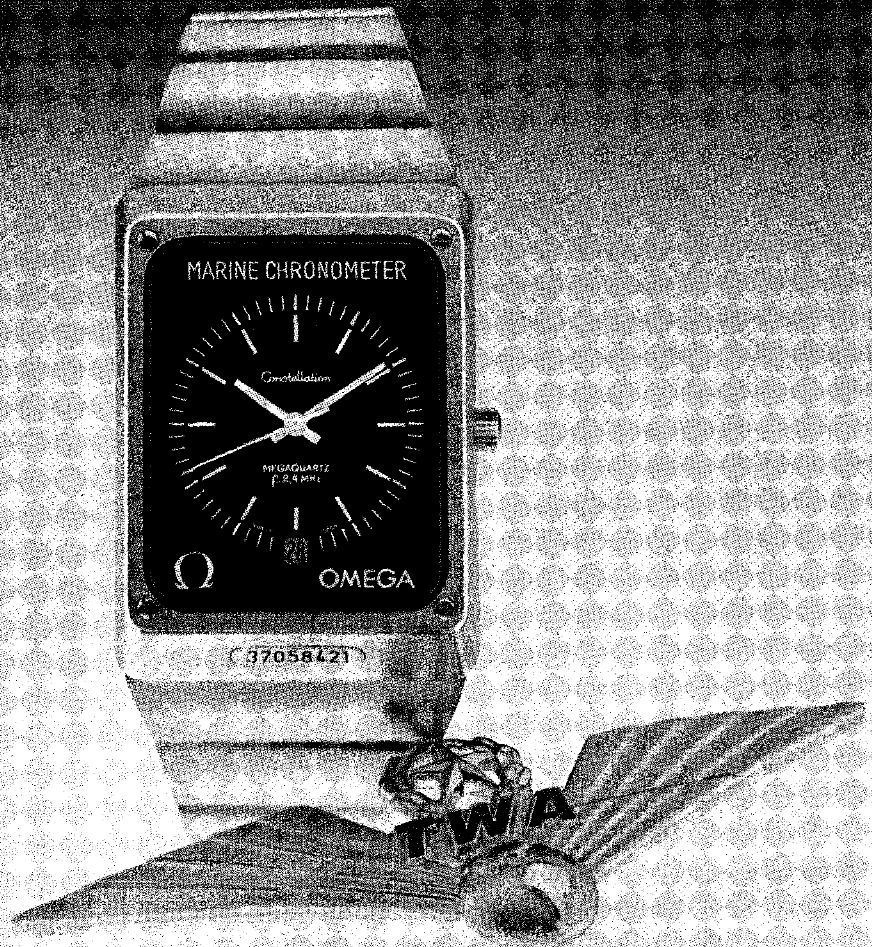

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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

this issue, under "Dancing.") (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chinese Acrobatic Circus of Taiwan—A cast of forty clowns, acrobats, comedians, Chinese dancers, jugglers, magicians, and Kung Fu experts in a two-week engagement. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 20, and will run through Monday, Jan. 1. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 22, at 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 7:30.)

London Savoyards—The opening performance in a limited engagement. The first half of each program comprises highlights from eight Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The second half is a condensed version of one of them, in this case "The Pirates of Penzance." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Thursdays, at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Passage," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Streams," "Hermit Songs," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Gazelle," "Passage," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Caravan."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Coverage II," "Sunrise . . . Sunset," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Hobo Sapiens," "Toccata," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2: "Butterfly," "Facets," "Flowers," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 17, at 7:30: "Suite Otis," "Facets," "Medusa," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

José Limón Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday evening, Dec. 19: "Psalm," "Figura" (New York première), and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 20: "The Traitor," "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," "Déja Vu," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 21: "Carlota," "Suite for Erik" (première), "Figura," and "There Is a Time."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 22: "The Traitor," "Brahms Waltz," "Liebestraum," "Spear Dance," "Japonesque," "Soaring," "Suite for Erik," "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 23: "The Traitor," "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," "Suite for Erik," and "The Green Table.".. ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 23: "Carlota," "Suite for Erik," "Figura," and "There Is a Time."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 24: "Psalm," "Brahms Waltz," "Liebestraum," "Spear Dance," "Japonesque," "Soaring," "Figura," and "There Is a Time." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Alto saxophonist Jameel Moondoc heads up a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 16; on Tuesday, Dec. 19, alto saxophonist Rene McLean, Jackie McLean's talented son, will bring in his quartet. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years as a professor, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

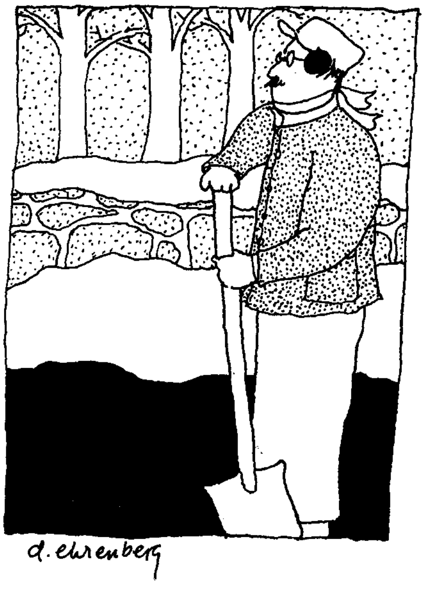
Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeyed Southernisms in her speaking voice—and has dark curly hair with floppy curly bangs that look a little like Aunt Pittypat's. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Singer Badomi De Cesare, who does songs mostly from the twenties and thirties, and who has drawn acclaim for her whistling, is present through Saturday, Dec. 16. Singer Larry Kert will arrive on Tuesday, Dec. 19. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. **HELEN HUMES**, who comes across as an old-fashioned bouncy, bubbly, ever-smiling-and-gesturing performer, does blues and ballads from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Tanya Tucker, a country-rock singer, is here Wednesday, Dec. 13, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will lead his quartet at nine and midnight. Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 17-20, four bands, cast in the British new-wave (punk-rock) mold, and performing as the "Be Stiff Route 78 Tour," will go on at seven-thirty and midnight; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, the Aztec Two-Step, a folkie duo, will be on hand at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **DAVE MC KENNA**, an exemplary solo pianist, finishes up on Wednesday, Dec. 13; pianist **MIKE LONGO** and his bassist take over Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16; and on Sunday, Dec. 17, **JIMMY ROWLES**, a house favorite, will begin a two-week visit. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.



Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnival, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—An elegant, narrow, rectangular room painted a deep, dusty sienna. There is a dining room in the back, a bar in the front, and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, an elegant, seven-string-guitar genius, and his trio sharing the middle with what is perhaps the smallest dance floor in captivity. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** has moved his court, which includes his aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, back into the Café Carlyle. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** (see page 41, this issue) is here weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter, who still writes blues songs, recently wrote the score for a Robert Altman movie. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music. Saxophonist **BUDDY TATE**, one of the standouts of the swing era, stands out, playing his various saxophones and flute with his trio, during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Starting Monday, Dec. 18, trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ**, a young swing-era-influenced player, will lead a trio. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights; on Sunday, Dec. 17, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty; Sundays, after eight-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednes-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; O'Brien and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sunday, Dec. 17. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**MICHAL URBANIAK**, an electric violinist and composer whose music is a combination of jazz, rock, and Polish folk melodies, is on the bandstand with his quintet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, One World Trade Center. (938-1111)—This multilevel room looks like just another sleek, modern hotel room, but the singular views from it are what one would see out the window of an airplane in a perpetual bank. **AL GAFA**, a fine, bluesy guitarist who spent several years with Dizzy Gillespie, leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz hangout and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand, supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which resembles an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. Taylor and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Although it comes very close to authenticity, this Texas-on-Fifth Avenue hangout attracts patrons who are a mite too sedate and hardly ever rowdy. **ERNEST TUBB**, who will be here on Thursday, Dec. 14, was one of the earliest performers at the Grand Ole Opry, and has been, for years, an adamant Texan. He will no doubt sing "There's a Little Bit of Everything in Texas, and a Whole Lot of Texas in Me" while he's onstage. On Sunday, Dec. 17, Kinky Friedman will be present; Monday, Dec. 18, will belong to blues singer Son Seals; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 19-21, singer and songwriter Ronee Blakley will perform. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** has rounded up clarinettist **JOHNNY MINCE**, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN**, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, and bassist **MILT HINTON** to play music by George Gershwin Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. **CHICO HAMILTON** and his wonderful bluesy quintet will be found on that bandstand Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16; the following Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, flutist Noel Pointer, who, on occasion, plays funkily romantic interpretations of classical music, will lead his quintet. Music from ten until two. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** performs on Wednesday, Dec. 13; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, will belong to Catskill folk musicians **JOHN HERALD, ARLEN ROTH**, and their respective groups; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, **THE PERSUASIONS** will sing their impressive street-corner a-cappella rhythm-and-blues numbers. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Various young singers perform here nightly at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars—their latest album is entitled "Heavy Metal Be-Bop"—own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. Janet Lawson sings bebop-inspired vocals on Wednesday, Dec. 13; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 14-17, drummer **BERNARD PURDIE**, a rhythm-and-blues and recording-studio legend, will head up his new quintet; on Thursday, Dec. 21, South African pianist **DOLLAR BRAND** (known lately as Abdullah Ibrahim) will arrive with his quintet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. Bassist **RON CARTER**, one of the most highly thought-of jazz musicians on the scene, works with his marvellous sidemen—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—through Saturday, Dec. 16; on Wednesday, Dec. 20, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quintet. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** leads his quartet through Saturday, Dec. 16; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 17-18, have been reserved for drummer **BILLY HART** and a quintet; and on Tuesday, Dec. 19, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will come in with a quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—A warm little club with enthusiastic patrons. **BABY JANE DEXTER**, a singer and comedienne, will perform on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16; on Thursday, Dec. 21, **STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo, will arrive for a three-night stint. Shows at nine and eleven most nights; at ten and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a lot of West Coast-influenced rock bands. Every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, acoustic pianist **MCCOY TYNER**, whose sustained, repetitive, rumbling, crashing chords have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like effect, will be leading his sextet Fridays and Saturdays from ten. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** heads a trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL'S** trio works in this dark downstairs music institution through Sunday, Dec. 17; on Tuesday, Dec. 19, **BETTY CARTER**, a striking jazz singer who always seems to be taking risks, will arrive with her trio. Mondays are back in the hands of **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS**, and their fifteen sectionpersons. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** and their quintet, the **COUNTSMEN**, perform through Tuesday, Dec. 19 (except on Monday, Dec. 18); on Wednesday, Dec. 20, trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four will take over. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BILLY JOEL—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, at 8.

THE OUTLAWS and **THE PAT TRAVERS BAND**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

SIRONE QUARTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.

SAM RIVERS QUARTET and **MIKE NOCK**—Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Saturday, Dec. 16, at midnight, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 9:30.

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—Valerie Capers directing an orchestra and a chorus in a performance of her Christmas cantata, "Sing About Love," with Donald Byrd, Slide Hampton, Nat Adderley, and Mongo Santamaria. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

DON CHERRY—Circle in the Square Downtown. Friday, Dec. 22, at 10:30, and Saturday, Dec. 23, at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DARREL AUSTIN—Paintings done during the seventies by this specialist in moonlit, phosphorescent swamps populated by nymphs and tigers. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WILLI BAUMEISTER (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—An autobiography conveyed in richly colored collages that take him from the Carolina cotton fields to the mills of Pittsburgh. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

EMILE BRANCHARD AND WILLIAM FELLINI—Paintings by two self-taught artists who worked in the first half of the century. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

STAN BRODSKY—Pastels and large oil paintings that qualify as abstracts but could also be taken as literal representations of what inspired the abstractions—the clouds and sunsets and beaches of the North Shore of Long Island and the expanse of the Sound beyond. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ROBERT CROWL / BRITISH POTTERY '78—Impeccable figure studies in pencil, mostly of nudes in classical attitudes, plus a couple of drawings with colored pencils. / Bold new shapes and textures in a show of fine pottery, ranging from fragile sea anemones by Ursula Morley Price to some relatively solid shapes by Val

When
your
own
initials
are
enough

BOTTEGA VENETA

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Barry. Through Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Twenty paintings, dated 1923 to 1950. Through Friday, Dec. 22. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Jan. 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

John Duff—A two-gallery sculpture exhibit of open geometric forms, mostly polygonal. Drawings and table-size pieces made of copper rods, the largest thirty-four inches long, are at the Willard, 29 E. 72nd St., and bigger ones, made of welded-steel rods (the largest piece is eight feet long, six feet wide, and five feet high), are in a showroom on the third floor of 623 Broadway, just north of Houston St. (opens at noon). Through Saturday, Dec. 23.

Peter Gourfain—Paintings and drawings based on seascapes, plus sculptures. Through Jan. 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon. The gallery will close after Friday, Dec. 22, for a two-week holiday.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Small watercolors and oils of pears and flowers, including a number of bouquets done in oil on paper. Mr. Kulicke is widely known for his tiny portraits of a dollar bill, but someone stole his favorite dollar not long ago, and he has been put off painting them. There is one in this show, but it is dated 1971. Through Dec. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Lund—Oils and pastels of the patterns formed by the rocks, sand, and water of Maine's coastline. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—More than fifty drawings never shown before publicly, most of them pencil on paper. Through Jan. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Literal play with words. For instance, fragments of cutout letters are fixed to acetate sheets hanging one behind the other and so arranged that when the viewer gets himself (or the sheets) properly aligned, the fragments fit together and form letters, words, and even sentences. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Sidney Simon—Representational sculptures in wood, glass, metal, and polyester. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Walasse Ting—Stylized, voluptuous nudes, some all but smothered by falling blossoms, and others set off by colorful parrots. Through Jan. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Andy Warhol—Early works: Liz, Marilyn, Elvis. Through Jan. 13. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

John Wesley—Works on paper—landscapes, still-lifes—that are the product of a six-month visit to France. Through Jan. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the KNOWLTON, 19 E. 71st St.: American landscapes in which the attention of the artists is caught by something beyond mere geographical details. For instance, one of the houses in Robert Birmelin's view of lower East Side rooftops has caught on fire; Bonnie Sklarski's canyon, the water that flows through it, and some nudes on a ledge near its base are all painted in arsenical green; and Seymour Rosofsky's "Lady of the House" materializes within the walls of a rose-covered residence watched over by a trumpeter angel. Through Dec. 30. . . . STONE, 48 E. 86th St.: Abstract Expressionist paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Leslie, Strautmanis, and others, and sculptures by John Chamberlain. Through Thursday, Dec. 21. . . . TOUCHSTONE, 118 E. 64th St.: Works by fourteen artists who use paper as their principal medium. Among the exhibitors: Mon Levinson, Winifred Lutz, Michelle Stuart. Through Dec. 30.

Sculpture—Figures in metal, stone, and wood by Bruno Lucchesi, Susan Smyly, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstract works on paper covering the twenty-five-year period the artist has been associated with the gallery, which, coincidentally, is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with this show. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Edward Avedisian—Abstract paintings on paper and Styrofoam sculptures painted in bright colors. Through Jan. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alice Baber—Large abstract paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop / Robert Sivard—Three oils and the working drawings for them. Through Dec. 30. / Paris shops and Dublin pubs are the subjects of a series of watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Miriam Bloom / Stephen Larese—Hollow sculptural works—essentially bowl shapes—in several materials, including papier-mâché, and concrete and pigment over metal lath. / Paper boxes, uniform in size. Through Jan. 6. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Mary Callery (1903-77)—Small, antic sculptures made of welded steel painted in lively colors by an American-born artist who spent most of her creative years in France. One of the pieces is a study for a large work depicting figures in the fables of La Fontaine and commissioned for Public School No. 34, on East Twelfth Street. Through Dec. 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—New sculptures: trios of floor-to-ceiling carved maple and oak saplings. Through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Smaller works (papier-mâché covered with gesso and graphite) and drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Pretto, 15 Park Row. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Fleur Cowles—Beatific leopards, tigers, and horses in flower-filled settings, and other paintings. Through Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

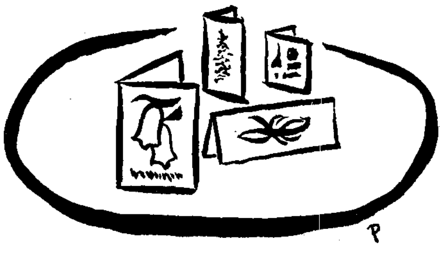
Bill Davison—Collages, mostly in shades of gray, made of such diverse components as flocked aluminum, sheet lead, limestone, acetates, graphite, and oil crayons. Through Dec. 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Isen—Brilliantly colored polychrome objects, many of them representations of apparel flung on a coat tree or hat rack. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jess—The San Francisco artist who operates under this name makes collages of antique steel engravings, anatomical studies, postcards, fine-arts-magazine illustrations, and the like. Also oil paintings. The tone is surrealist. Through Jan. 6. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Steve Keister—Small polyhedrons painted with fluorescent colors and hung from the ceiling so that they shine when a light beam is focussed on them. Through Dec. 30. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Levine—A show of graphics which coincides with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)



Joan Miró—Recent works. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Oil paintings of Turkey. Through Dec. 30. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77) / **Merrill Wagner**—Architectural details of Chicago buildings (particularly a bit of ornamentation by Louis Sullivan) were the inspiration for this series of acrylics, whose horizontal placement on the wall produces a friezelike effect. / Large works involving acrylic or pastel drawings done on masking tape and then applied to Plexiglas. Through Dec. 30. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Jan. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jo Anne Schneider—Large canvases given over to studies of empty mailbags and outsize kitchen pots and pans, plus pencil drawings of eggbeaters, electric sockets, and other household effects. Through Dec. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

George Segal—New sculptural works, including several variously colored nudes entering or leaving doorways, and the piece entitled "In Memory of May 4, 1970, Kent State: Abraham and Isaac." Through Dec. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Seliger / David Finn—Drawings in gesso and graphite. / Photographs of the work of the neoclassical sculptor Antonio Canova. Through Jan. 6. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

George Sugarman—Large wall pieces made up of several layers of fiberboard handled as collages and painted in bright acrylic colors. Most of the pieces seem to be of floral inspiration. Through Jan. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lowell Tolstedt—Impressive graphite drawings in which such subjects as a barely budding sprout or a single drop of water dangling from a stretched cord are seen against a Stygian background. Through Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, ceramic sculptures, and constructions are among works by Alice Aycock, Claes Oldenburg, Saul Steinberg, and eighteen others. Through Jan. 6. . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Americans—the works date from 1770 to 1978—including Edward Hicks, James McNeill Whistler, Ben Shahn, and Ruth Gikow. Through Jan. 6. . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Starts Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . PARSONS-DREYFUSS, 24 W. 57th St.: Fanny Brennan's small oils and Rex Lau's painted wooden sculptures are included in a show devoted to landscapes, seascapes, and cityscapes. Through Friday, Dec. 22. . . . SUMMIT, 101 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Judith Shahn, Byron Browne, and others. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 22, from 12:30 to 5:30.)

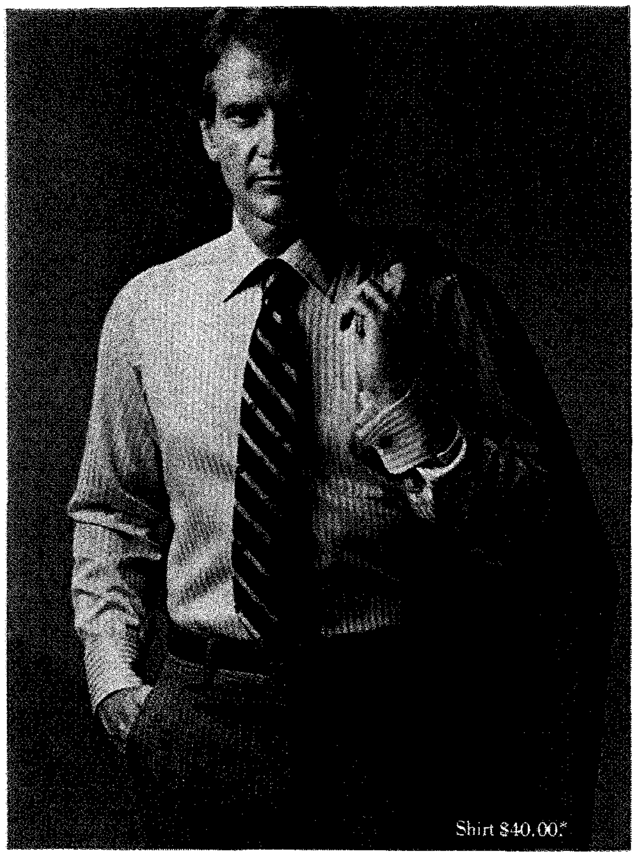
Sculpture—Maquettes for larger works by Louise Bourgeois, John Willenbecher, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

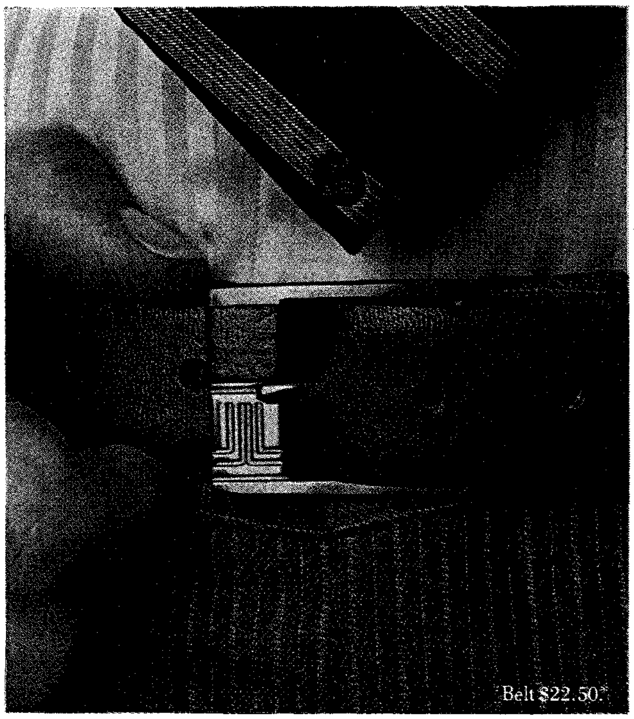
Greg Constantine / Larry Blizard—Representational paintings centered on Jackson Pollock: his house, his shoes, himself at work. Superimposed on these canvases are Pollock-like all-over abstractions. / Humorous paintings and drawings of bananas in everyday situations—riding the subway, getting a haircut, on a boat ride. Through Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Erté—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume

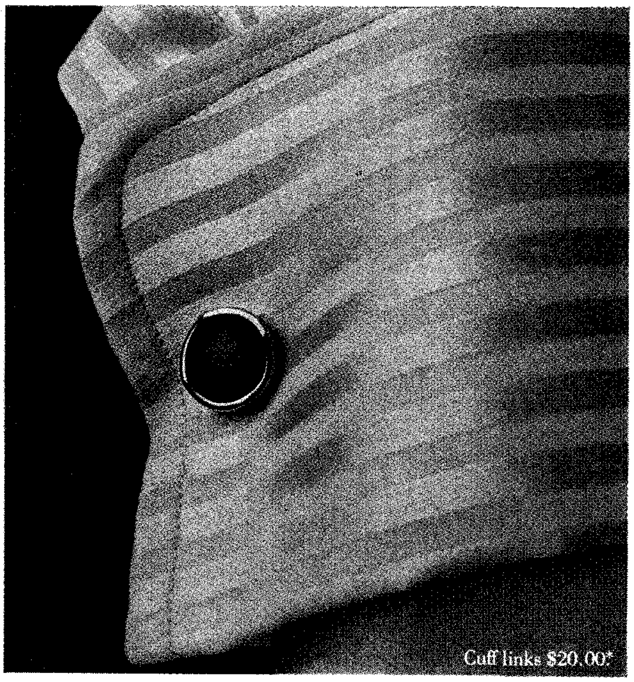


Shirt $40.00*

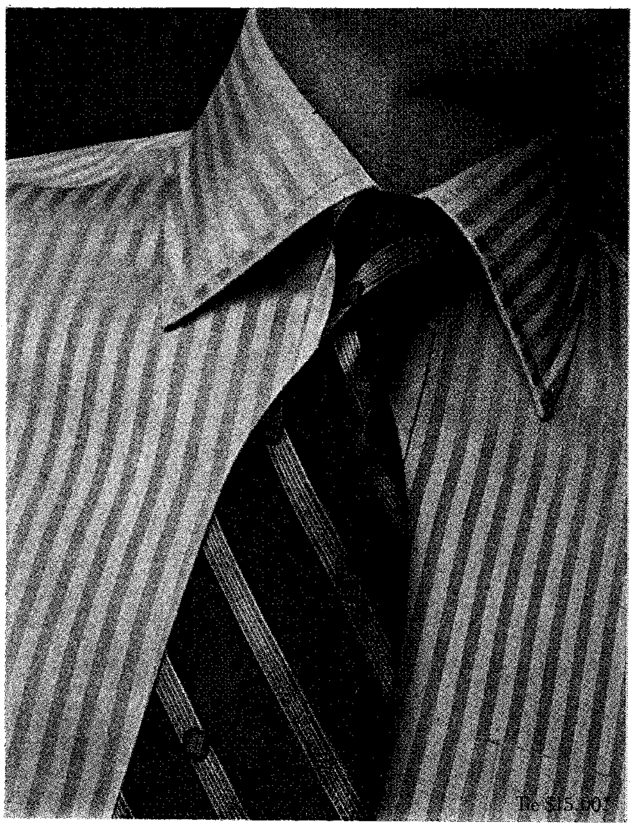


Belt $22.50*

James Moore



Cuff links $20.00*



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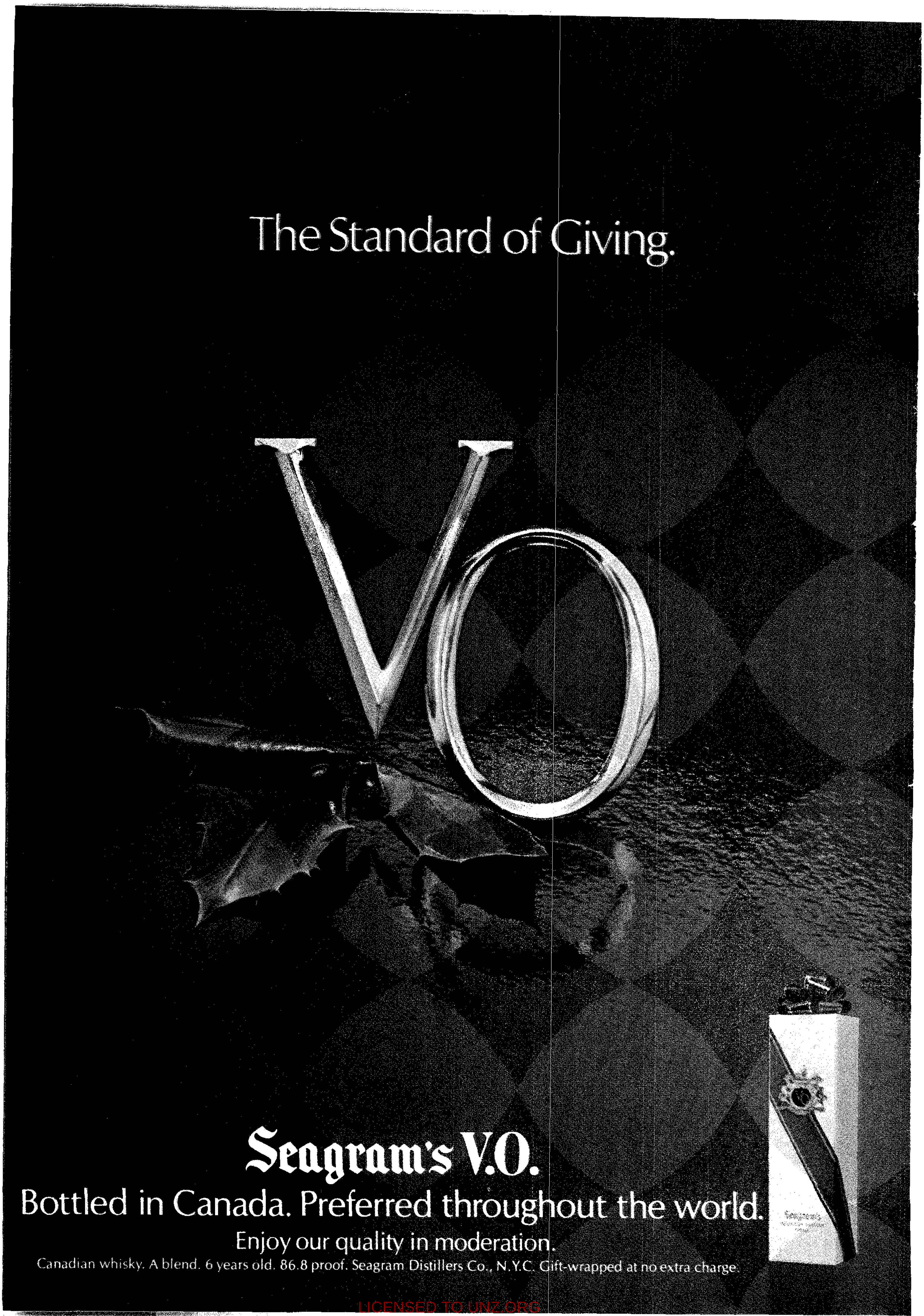
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973 by this elfin artist who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Thanksgiving and is still busy designing for the theatre. Through Dec. 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Royden Rabinowitch / Lucio Pozzi—Long, narrow pieces of floor sculpture made of sandblasted sheet steel folded and refolded and ironed out flat. / Small, elegant watercolors of scenes in Tortola, Jamaica, Italy, Greece, and Long Island. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Cy Twombly—Ten large abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases, that tell the story of the Iliad all over again. Through Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 8.)

Margaret Wharton—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Some of the assemblages are constructed to look like *different* chairs, some are anthropomorphic, and some take shapes suggested by the chair they were made from—an insect that was once a garden chair. Through Jan. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Works on paper include what is described as a novel by Jake Berthot, written in pen and ink abstracts that seem on the very edge of being clear to everybody; lithographs of water, earth, clouds, and the night sky, by Viji Celmins; and pages from a strange catalogue, one of them devoted to Egyptian items, by Maria Scotti. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A new crop of drawings selected from the thousands submitted to the center for appraisal. Three of the eleven artists whose works are being shown are Gary Falk, who makes Minimal drawings of architectural forms, and Jane Kaplowitz, who draws lively interiors with colored pencils, both of New York City; and Robert Kitchen, of Chattahoochee County, Georgia, who paints watercolors of china vases decorated with flamboyant roses. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **GREEN MOUNTAIN** and **BOWERY**, 135 Greene St.: A two-gallery show of fantasy paintings, drawings, and monoprints in a wide range of styles. Among the forty-five exhibitors are Lester Johnson, Eleanor Magid, Peter Saul, and Mary Frank. Through Jan. 4. (Opens at noon.). . . **HOFFMAN**, 420 West Broadway: A showing of major new works by gallery regulars includes a large fantasy in oils by Malcolm Morley (a medieval Venetian waterfront scene is bridged over by an American freight train); a handsomely carved bicycle chained to a parking meter by Fumio Yoshimura, the whole done in lindenwood; and a deceptive wall sculpture by John Okulick that seems to project far out into the room but actually goes only a few inches. Through Jan. 11. (Closes at 3 on Friday, Dec. 22; closed Saturday, Dec. 23.). . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Sculptures by Bruce Chao and Thomas Macaulay, and paintings by Douglas Bond and Kenneth Morgan. Through Dec. 30. (The gallery will be closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **ACIA**, 28 E. 4th St.: The gallery wall is an integral part of all the works in this show. Liliana Porter, Pedro Lujan, and Anne Elliott are among the eleven artists. Through Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **47 BOND STREET GALLERY**, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and the Bowery: Drawings, mostly, by a number of artists, including John Grillo, Alice Neel, Budd Hopkins, and Bill Pellicone. Through Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**: The Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl., has thirty-eight works by artists who belong to the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. The works cover the period from 1940 to 1978 and are by Will Barnet, Louise Nevelson, Chaim Gross, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Manuel Alvarez Bravo—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Hilla and Bernd Becher / Deborah Turbeville—Photographs of grain elevators, cooling towers, blast furnaces, coal bunkers, and water towers. / Photographic collages, with text, by a *Vogue* photographer. Through Friday, Dec. 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Karl Blossfeldt (1865-1932)—High-contrast photographs of microscopic details of plants, recently printed from his glass plates, some of them more than seventy-five years old. Through Jan. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Bordnick—Polaroid portraits of women in jazz—Alberta Hunter, Mabel Mercer, Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, Toshiko Akiyoshi. Through Thursday, Dec. 21. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)—Photographic essays made for *Fortune* and *Life* between 1933 and 1957. Through Dec. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mark Cohen—Precisionist prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Jay Colen—Color pictures of quotidian Parisian life. Through Monday, Dec. 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Michael de Camp and Anne and David Doubilet—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Frank Gohlke—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Mark Golderman—Richly toned photographs in which the elements that make up a cityscape are reduced to simple geometric forms. Also a dozen Polaroid prints of non-traditional still-lifes. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Myers—Photographs of nudes and landscapes which have been hand-tinted and have the soft look of watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Victor Schrager—Contact prints of arranged objects—bottles, rocks, postcards, pieces of wood. Through Jan. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Aaron Siskind—Recent works. Through Friday, Dec. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nineteenth-century photographs of Egypt by Maxime du Camp, Francis Frith, August Salzmann, and others. Through Jan. 20. (Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The second segment of the reinstallation of the Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 380 B.C.—consists of seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Ah, yes, King Tut. It opens Wednesday, Dec. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45. Starting Wednesday, Dec. 20, the four special exhibitions—Treasures of Tutankhamun, the costume show, the Dresden show, the Temple of Dendur—will be open weekdays, 10 to 8:45, Sundays, 11 to 8:45. To repeat: closed Mondays.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a non-traditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-two artists (among them Elsie Manville, Robert Kulicke, and Carl Nicholas Titolo) are exhibiting paintings and drawings in the thirtieth annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about one-third of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of the works of William

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gropper, John Koch, and Abraham Rattner. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ The downstairs gallery has a display of a hundred and fifty shopping bags from all parts of the world. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of Japanese folk art spanning six centuries. Many periods and cultures are represented: Arita porcelains dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; a nineteenth-century lacquered food box used for picnics and made of woven paper string; a *bandori* (back pad), whose intricate design was woven from straw, yarn, and cloth, made for carrying a bridal chest to a wedding (also nineteenth century); more than a dozen seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Ōtsu-e* folk paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show (ending Saturday) of graphics is at Kennedy Galleries, 40 W. 57th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Andreas Feininger's photographs of New York in the forties. Starts Saturday, Dec. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Christemasse in Anglia," composed of English, Irish, and Scots thirteenth- to seventeenth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—masterwork chorus and orchestra: David Randolph directing the last three in a series of performances, with Judith Blazer, soprano; David Britton, tenor; Frank Daniels, bass-baritone; Michael May, harpsichord; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **city college chorus and orchestra:** Bonney McDowell directing, with Janet Steele, soprano; Allan Fast, countertenor; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and Theodore Hodges, baritone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. *For tickets, call 690-5411.*) . . . **musica sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Claudia Catania, mezzo-soprano; James Hoback, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Doris Yarick, soprano; Gene Hill, countertenor; David Britton, tenor; Richard Cross, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8.) . . . **sing-in at avery fisher hall:** With Kenneth Bowen, organ. Eleanor Bergquist, soprano, and Benjamin Matthews, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Friday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Note—On Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3, Frederick Fennell will conduct a program performed by an ensemble of three hundred tubas assembled by Harvey Phillips in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 13: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by James Conlon. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 15: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 16: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 16: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 18: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 19: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 20: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Paul Franke; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 21: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 22: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 23: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Andrea Velis; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 23: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, John Alexander, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 7. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting on Thursday, Dec. 14, and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 15, at 2 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 22, at 2 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a nonsubscription concert of Italian music on Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30 (with Ashley Putnam, soprano).

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.)

Clarion Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing, with Elizabeth Humes, soprano; Kathleen Hegierski, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Gary Glaze, tenor; Andrew Foldi, bass; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting an all-Bach program, with Oscar Ravina, violin; Ingrid Dingfelder and Alan Cox, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Edward Caroll, trumpet; and Judith Norell, harpsichord. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8. *Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.*)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8. *Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.*)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (St. John's Episcopal Church, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610," with an orchestra of early instruments played by members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. With Thomas Bogdan, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

New World Consort—A concert of medieval and Renaissance music. (Sacred Heart Church, 457 W. 51st St. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber music. (Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

André Watts—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Schubert recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by pianists Jeffrey Swann, Ursula Oppens, and Robert Black. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pinchas Zukerman, violin/conductor; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 5.)

An English Music—The second in a series of five programs of twentieth-century English chamber works, this one performed by, among others, Nancy Allen, harp, and the Boehm Quintette. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 628-7000.)

Iadone Consort—Joseph Iadone, lute, and others in a program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Western Wind—A vocal ensemble in a program of a-cappella music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

Katherine Ciesinski—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Youri Egorov—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and others, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

Richard Sher—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber Music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Waverly Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of Renaissance music for the holiday season. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Beethoven Society—Samuel Baron conducting and playing the flute, with assisting artists, in a program of Beethoven chamber music for winds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

An Die Musik—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Lenox Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with Alma Jean Smith, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Aulos Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by William Hibbard, Donald Martino, Joan Tower, and Charles Wuorinen, performed by Susan Belling, soprano; David Taylor, trombone; the Columbia String Quartet; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Roxolana Roslak—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

William Matthews—Guitar and lute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo and Felix Galimir, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Michael Tree, viola; and Sharon Robinson and Jules Eskin, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Joseph Schwartz—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Scarcely Sacred Concert at Christmas—Participants in a varied program will include Brigitte Engerer and Mark Westcott, piano; Edward Smith, harpsichord; the Boehm Quintette; and the Musica Reservata, directed by Margherita Hastings. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 675-2616.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Atlanta, Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

College Football—The Garden State Bowl: Arizona State vs. Rutgers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1.)

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 17: Jets vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Friday, Dec. 22. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 23. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 16, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 17. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

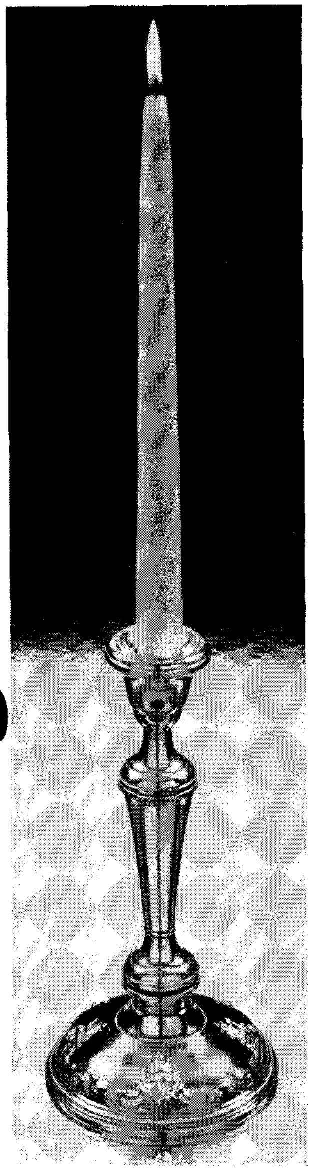
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Adrienne Rich reading from her own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Stanley Plumly and Mark Strand reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Egyptian, classical, and Near Eastern antiquities, from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures and manuscripts and Islamic works of art; from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2: Persian and antique rugs, from many sources. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 13-14, from 10 to 5, and Friday, Dec. 15, from 10 to 3.). . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 10:30: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from a number of collectors. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 13-14, from 10 to 5, and Friday, Dec. 15, from 10 to 2.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 13, from 8 to 9, with more than a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ On Sunday, Dec. 17, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.



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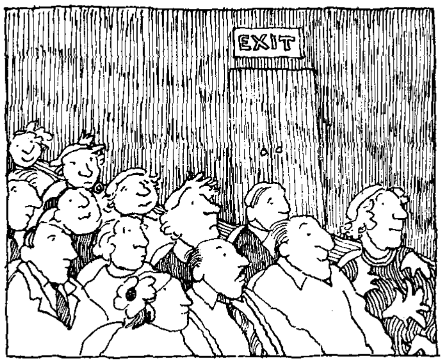
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 17: "Once Upon a Time in the West."
Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: A program of films by Georges Méliès.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 14: "The Wild One" and "Easy Rider."
From Dec. 15: "Foul Play" and "Black Sunday."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Magic."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 19: "Interiors."
From Dec. 20: "King of the Gypsies."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 14: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 15: "Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 14: "Death on the Nile."
From Dec. 15: "Oliver's Story."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 19: "Watership Down."
From Dec. 20: "Every Which Way but Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 14: "Comes a Horseman."
From Dec. 15: "Oliver's Story."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 14: "The Boys from Brazil."
From Dec. 15: "The Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 16: "Up in Smoke."
From Dec. 17: "Interiors."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Brink's Job."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 18: "Magic."
From Dec. 19: "The Last Wave."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Comes a Horseman."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 14: "The Wiz."
From Dec. 15: "Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 19: "Paradise Alley."
From Dec. 20: "King of the Gypsies."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Interiors."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Midnight Express." From Dec. 20: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "Rituals." From Dec. 15: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 19: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Dec. 20: "Every Which Way but Loose."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Dossier 51."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Midnight Express."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Wedding."
Theatre 2: "Interiors."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 14: "Rituals." From Dec. 15: "Foul Play."
Theatre 4: "The Big Fix."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (279-4200; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
From Dec. 15: Two films by Meredith Monk—"Quarry" and "Mountain Piece."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 14: "Watership Down."
From Dec. 15: "Just Crazy About Horses."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 16: "Interiors."
From Dec. 17: "Uncle Joe Shannon."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Dec. 17: "Violette."
From Dec. 18: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Days of Heaven."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 18: "Magic."
From Dec. 19: "The Last Wave."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Dossier 51."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Rain and Shine."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Midnight Express." From Dec. 20: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Comes a Horseman." From Dec. 20: "Magic."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "A Wedding."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 19: "Comes a Horseman" and "F.I.S.T."
From Dec. 20: "Saturday Night Fever" and "American Hot Wax."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Death on the Nile." (†)
Theatre 3: "Foul Play." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 14: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 15: "Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Dec. 19: "Rituals." (†)
From Dec. 20: "King of the Gypsies." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Dec. 14: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 15: "Oliver's Story." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Magic." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Paradise Alley." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

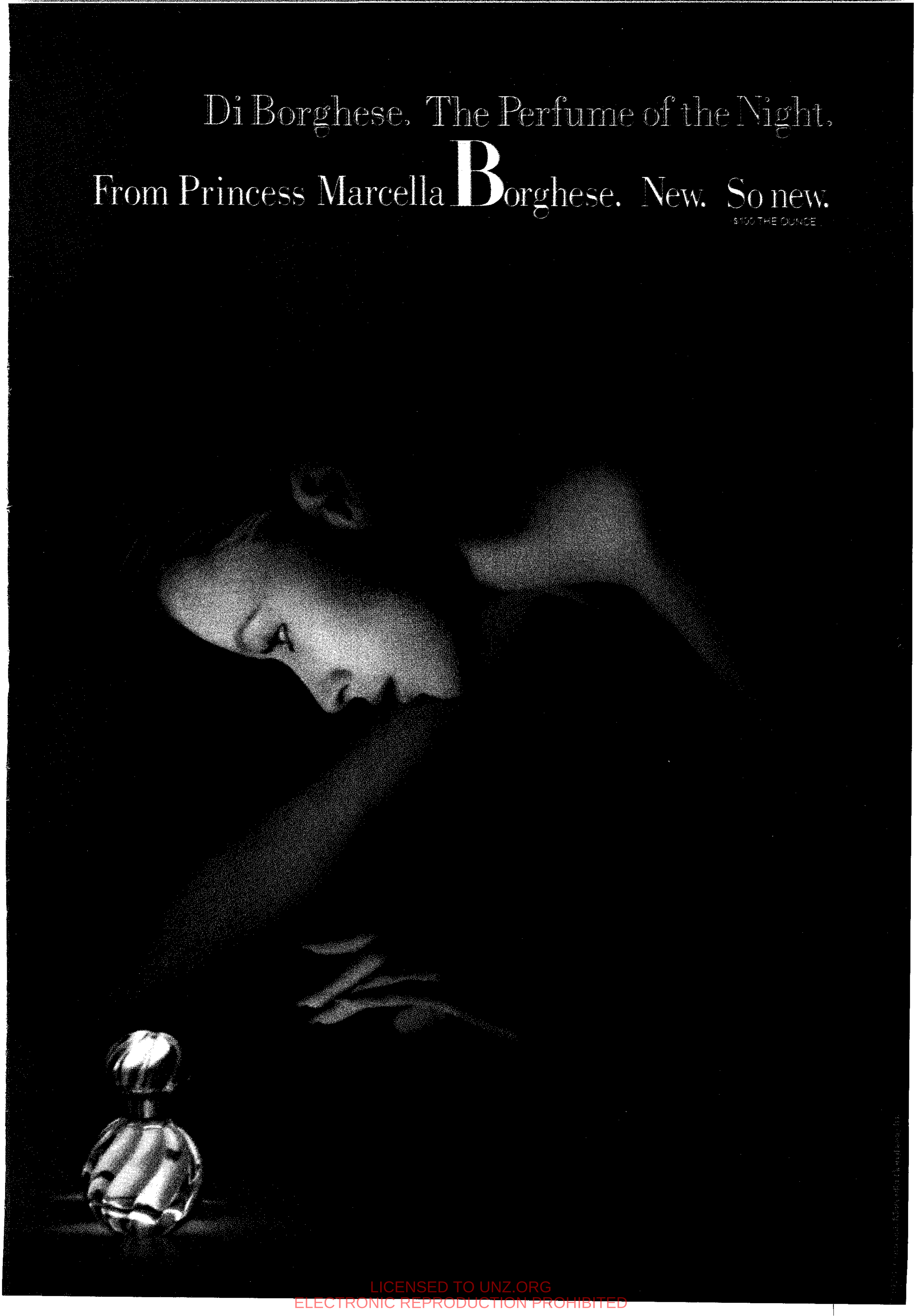
R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Dec. 19: "Midnight Express." (†)
From Dec. 20: "Every Which Way but Loose." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Goin' South." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 13: "False Moments" (1978), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; and "The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1977), in German.
Dec. 14: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri; and "The Last Supper" (1978), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea.
Dec. 15-16: "Valentino" (†) and "The Boy Friend." (†)
Dec. 17: "The Marvelous Visit" (1975), in French, directed by Marcel Carné; and "Beauty and the Beast." (†)
Dec. 18: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†) and "The Importance of Being Earnest." (†)
Dec. 19: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Battle Cry" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.
Dec. 20: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Wedding in White" (1973), directed by William Fruet, with Donald Pleasence and Carol Kane.
Dec. 21: "Lucia" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 13: "Rancho Deluxe" (1975), directed by Frank Perry, with Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston, Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James; and "92 in the Shade" (1976), directed by Thomas McGuane, with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.
Dec. 14: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Dec. 15: "Padre Padrone" (1977), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; and "La Terra Trema." (†)
Dec. 16: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey.
Dec. 17: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.
Dec. 18: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty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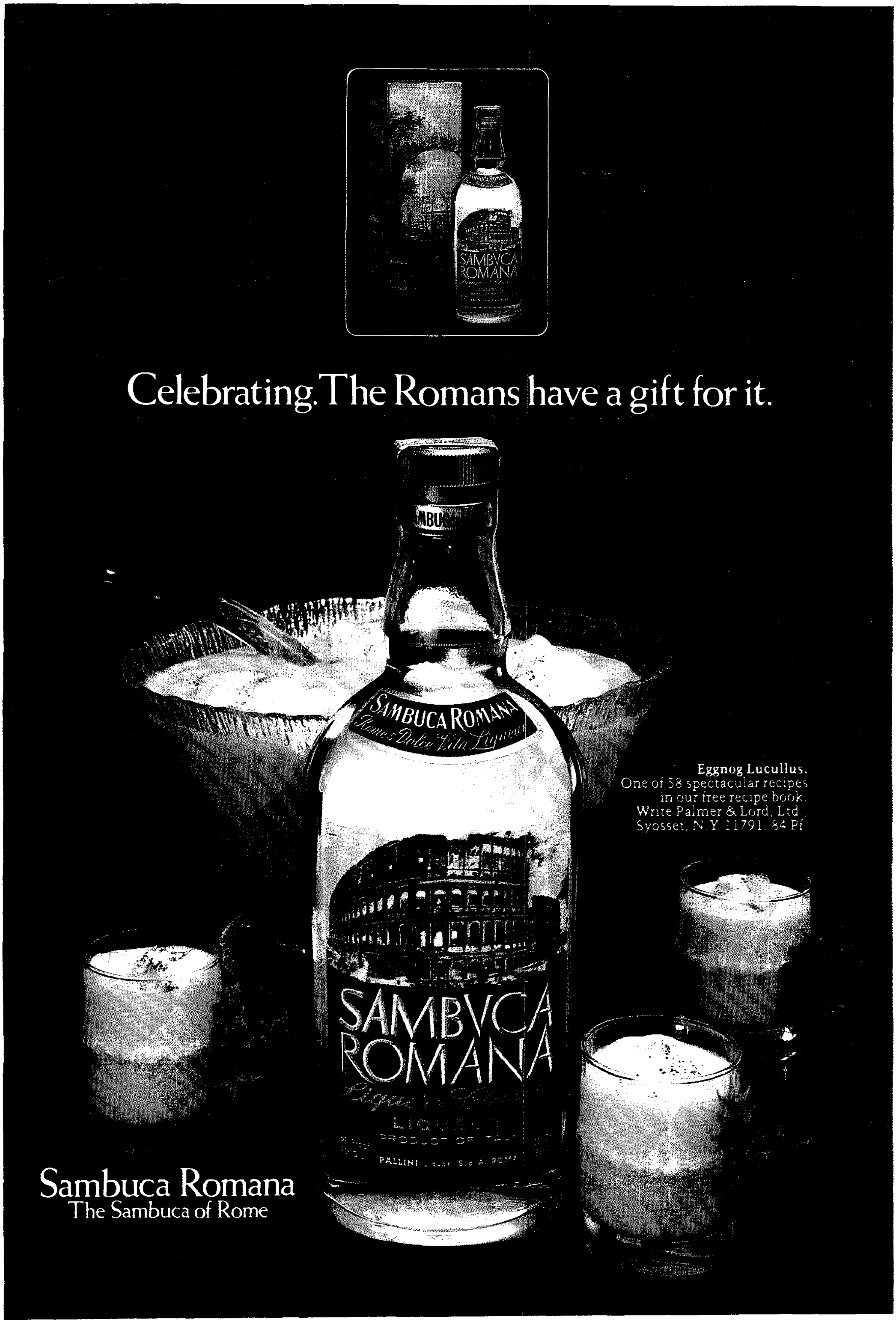
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Kick" (1972) and "The Scarlet Letter" (1973), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

Dec. 19: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

Dec. 20: "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Ernest Torrence, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "Nazarin." (†)

Dec. 21: "Duck Soup" (†) and "Boudu Saved from Drowning." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 14: "The Fox" (1968), directed by Mark Rydell, with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood; and "Oscar Wilde" (1960), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson.

Dec. 15-16: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks.

Dec. 17-18: "Strangers on a Train" (†) and "Dial M for Murder." (†)

Dec. 19: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

Dec. 20-21: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978), directed by Steve Rash, with Gary Busey; and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 16: "Mister Roberts" (1955), directed by Mervyn LeRoy and John Ford, with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Wrong Man" (1956), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

Dec. 17-19: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "Idiot's Delight." (†)

From Dec. 20: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Dec. 14: "Savage Messiah" (1972), directed by Ken Russell, with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony; and "The Life and Loves of Beethoven" (1937), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Harry Baur.

Dec. 15-16: "Homebodies" (1974), directed by Larry Yust; and "Visit to a Chief's Son" (1974), directed by Lamont Johnson, with Richard Mulligan and Johnny Sekka.

Dec. 17-18: "The Chase" (†) and "Little Big Man." (†)

Dec. 19: "Red River" (†) and "El Dorado." (†)

Dec. 20-21: "I Want to Live" (†) and "Smash-Up." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Il Birichino di Papà" (1943), in Italian, directed by Raffaello Matarazzo, with Chiaretta Gelli, Armando Falconi, and Dina Galli; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: "Sorelle Materassi" (1943), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggioli, with Emma Gramatica, Irma Gramatica, and Masimo Serato; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: A lecture by Adriano Aprà on "Neo-Realistic Cinema: A Reappraisal;" followed by a screening of "Uomini sul Fondo" (1941), in Italian, directed by Francesco De Robertis, with a cast of non-professional actors, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Uomini sul Fondo.". . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 6: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "The Ex-Convict" and "Stolen by Gypsies.". . . ¶ Dec. 16 at noon: "The Barnyard Broadcast" (1931) and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons, celebrating his fiftieth birthday. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "I Bambini Ci Guardano" (1944), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Luciano De Ambrosis and Isa Pola; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5: A lecture by Patrizia Pistagnesi on "Hollywood: Cinecittà;" followed by a screening of "Malombra" (1942), in Italian, directed by Mario Soldati, with Isa Miranda and Andrea Checchi; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at noon: "The Barnyard Broadcast" and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Ossessione" (1943), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Clara Calamai and Massimo Girotti; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 5: "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" (1960), directed by Karl Reisz, with Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: "Movies March On" (1939); "Trut!" (1944), in Swedish, directed by Arne Sucksdorff, no English subtitles; and "Paul Tomkowicz—Switchman" (1945), directed by Roman Kroitor. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30: "Malombra.". . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 6: "Speaking Directly: Some American Notes" (1973), directed by Jon Jost. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at noon: "Movies March On," "Trut!," and "Paul Tomkowicz—Switchman.". . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2:30: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "The Ex-Convict" and "Stolen by Gypsies.". . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 6: "The New Klan" (1978), directed by Eleanor Bingham and Leslie Shatz. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "I Bambini Ci Guardano.". . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Bert Wheeler, and Robert Woolsey. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8:30: "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 17: A program of films by Skip Blumberg. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 19: "It's No Use Alberto" (1978) and "Lunch Hour Tapes" (1977), videotapes by Ida Applebroog. Showings every hour from noon until 5 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 14-17 at 7:45: A program of ten short films shown at the Ann Arbor film festival in 1978.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

American Hot Wax—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (Olympia; starting Dec. 20.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Baronet.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father and Michel Auclair as the brother; music by Georges Auric. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

The Big Fix—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With F. Murray Abraham, Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (10/23/78) (Quad Cinema.)

Black Sunday (1977)—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam war veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of super-buyers run amok in F.A.O. Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15-16.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rose-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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mary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Dec. 14.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Gemini 2, and Criterion.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

The Chase (1966)—Marlon Brando as the sheriff of a corrupt, blood-lusting Texas town in the mythical America of liberal sadomasochistic fantasies. Lillian Hellman wrote the screenplay (from Horton Foote's material), and the little foxes really took over. Our vines have no tender grapes left in this hellhole of wife-swapping, nigger-hating, and nigger-lover-hating, where people are motivated by dirty sex or big money, and you can tell which as soon as they say their first lines. Many people all over the world blame Texas for the assassination of Kennedy—as if the murder had boiled up out of the unconscious of the people there—and this film exploits and confirms this hysterical view, going so far as to provide a facsimile of Jack Ruby's shooting of Oswald, with a racist (and, of course, a white Gentile Southerner) as a substitute for Ruby, and a totally innocent hero (Robert Redford) as a substitute for Oswald. The director, Arthur Penn, tries to set things on fire with the old Elia Kazan bazooka. The producer, Sam Spiegel, said that it was about "the consequences of affluence," and it does suggest "La Dolce Vita" on the range. Lillian Hellman publicly expressed her dissatisfaction with the results, and it is generally acknowledged that Penn didn't have artistic control over the production, but the picture affects some people very strongly, and it has a considerable reputation, especially in Europe. With Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Marshall, Robert Duvall, Janice Rule, James Fox, and Henry Hull. (Thalia; Dec. 17-18.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (11/13/78) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through Dec. 19.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema 3.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 14.)

The Deer Hunter—With Robert De Niro, directed by Michael Cimino. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Dec. 15. Showings nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. (A mystery darker than any propounded in the film: Why did Hitchcock persist in using actors as unattractively untalented as Robert Cummings?) Based on Frederick Knott's play. (Cinema Village; Dec. 17-18.)

Dossier 51—Directed by Michel Deville. In English and French. (8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio 1.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Easy Rider (1969)—A ballad about an eastbound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

El Dorado (1967)—John Wayne and Robert Mitchum, parodying themselves while looking exhausted, in a tired Howard Hawks Western that, except for a few opening shots, was made in a studio. Mitchum plays a sheriff who has become a drunk; you get the feeling that you've dropped in on a late episode of a TV series. Wayne and James Caan help the sheriff pull himself together and fight the bad guys. With Arthur Hunnicutt and Charlene Holt. (Thalia; Dec. 19.)

Every Which Way but Loose—With Clint Eastwood, directed by James Fargo. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Dec. 20.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Johnny Kovak's corruption grows with his power, and he is eventually brought to trial by Rod Steiger, as a senator. There is a charming performance by Elena Karam as Johnny's Lithuanian mother-in-law-to-be. We should be grateful, heaven knows, for any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Olympia; through Dec. 19.)

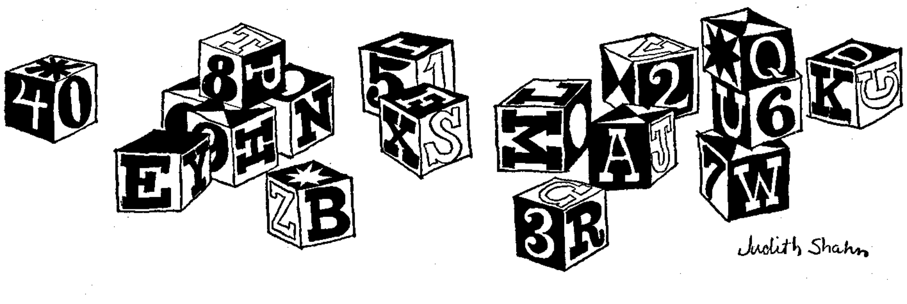
Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that haven't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris; starting Dec. 18.)

Goin' South—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's prankish performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping; Nicholson jumps, all right, but the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright and John Belushi. (12/11/78) (Victoria.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This allegorical comedy from M-G-M has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an antiwar message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky, bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer. With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Skeets Gallagher, Laura Hope Crews, Pat Paterson, Virginia Grey, Joan Marsh, Bernadene Hayes, and Fritz Feld. Directed by Clarence Brown, who struggles hopelessly trying to give this stagy material some style and impudence. Sherwood did the adaptation himself, providing early scenes to establish that the hoofer and the "countess" had had an affair years before, when they were both in vaudeville, and adding a new upbeat ending. (Regency; Dec. 17-19.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Mi-



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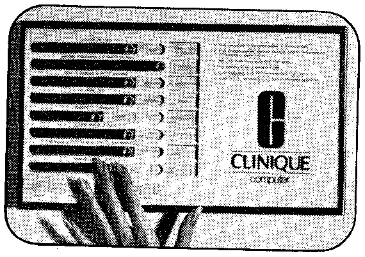

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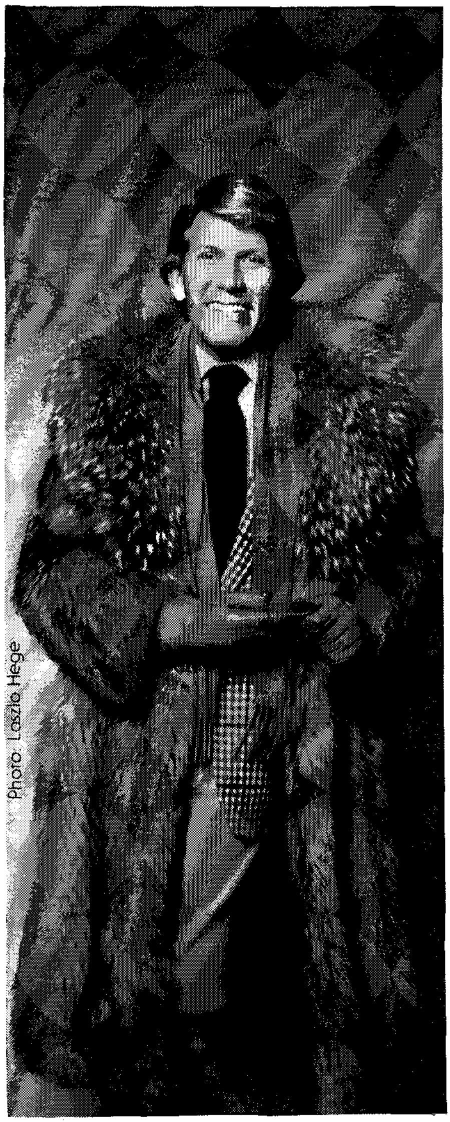

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chael Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Festival; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Dec. 17.)

I Want to Live! (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Robert Wise directed. (Thalia; Dec. 20-21.)

Just Crazy About Horses—A documentary, directed by Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple. (Guild; starting Dec. 15.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—This tart black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder has a brittle wit that came as a bit of a shock: such amoral lines were not generally spoken in forties movies. The film is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the Duke—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Secure in the knowledge that Guinness will return in another form, the audience suffers no regret as each abominable D'Ascoyne is coolly dispatched. And as the murderer takes us further into his confidence with each foul deed, we positively look forward to his next success. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the minx-nemesis Sybilla, Valerie Hobson as the high-minded Edith, Miles Malleson as the poetasting executioner. Based upon the 1907 novel "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman, adapted by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Hamer directed. (Regency; starting Dec. 20.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; starting Dec. 20.)

The Last Wave—With Richard Chamberlain, directed by Peter Weir. (Beekman, and Paramount; starting Dec. 19.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Thalia; Dec. 17-18.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no light or happy range and doesn't show a capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Gramercy, and National. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Paramount; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 20.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. It rushes from torment to torment treating Billy's ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison. All of this is packaged as social protest. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (Gemini 1, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Dec. 19.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. As the night-school law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin makes an agreeable début, and as the wriggling night-club performer who corrupts him, Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. In the second, Barry Bostwick, who plays the singer-composer hero, has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself; Rebecca York is his saucer-eyed true-blue Ruby Keeler. With Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere who has a tickling charm in the first but is totally miscast in the second. The film is too tame and too dependent on mismatched metaphors, and the second "feature" sags, but it's generally friendly and enjoyable. (12/4/78) (Sutton.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U. A. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Dec. 19.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

Oliver's Story—A sequel to "Love Story," with Ryan O'Neal again in the role of Oliver Barrett IV. Also with Candice Bergen; directed by John Korty. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 15.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969)—A horribly dubbed and peculiarly constructed Italian Western that can be understood best by seeing the second half first. With Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards, directed by Sergio Leone. The 10 P.M. showing each evening will consist of a 16-mm. full-length (168-minute) version of the film; other showings will be the shorter 35-mm. (145-minute) version. (Little Theatre; through Dec. 17.)

Paradise Alley—Sylvester Stallone wrote, directed, and stars in this story about three Italian brothers in Hell's Kitchen in 1946. The youngest (Lee Canalito) becomes a saloon wrestler, the oldest (Armand Assante) manages him, and the middle brother (Stallone) serves as his trainer. The film is an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, and such. Stallone gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling that you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four. With Frank McRae and Terry

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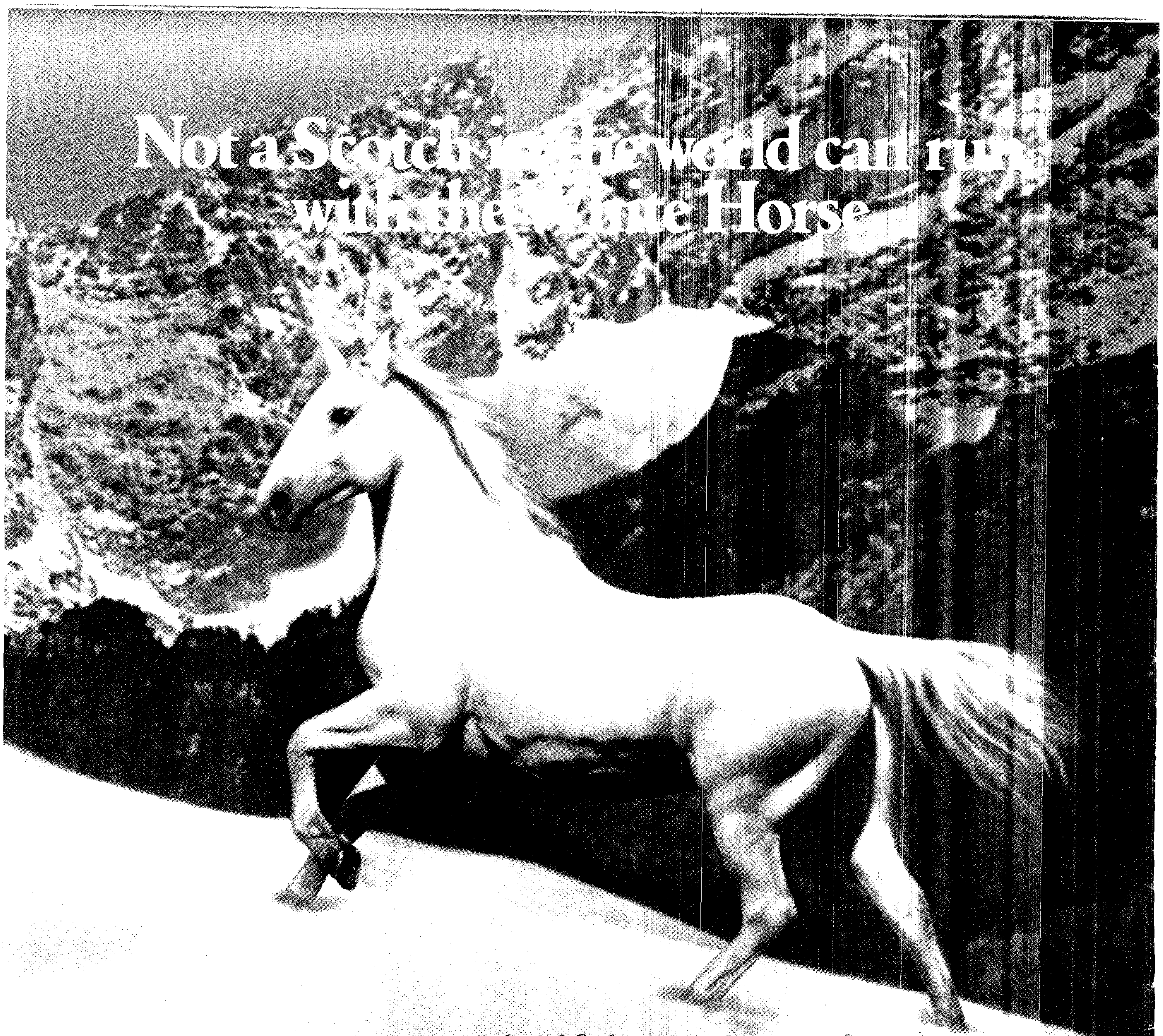
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Funk. (11/20/78) (Rivoli. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Dec. 19.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling side and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he has a feeling for plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives the film momentary authority. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird," the viewer can grasp that the man who would destroy her really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. Harry Stradling did the cinematography; the Albright Brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the portraits. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Rain and Shine—Directed by Ferenc András. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—one of the more elaborate celebrations of those trail-blazing episodes that Hollywood used to glorify as "historical events"—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. (The cattle in this production are not to be passed over lightly: they are impressive and they were very expensive. Six thousand head were rented at ten dollars a day each—and then it rained and rained while the cattle waited and the film's cost rose from $1,750,000 to $3,200,000. Figures like that help make a movie an epic.) The director, Howard Hawks, makes the drive an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the stepson. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. Russell Harlan's photography makes the rolling plains the true hero; the setting has epic grandeur. The screenplay is by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee, from Chase's story "The Chisholm Trail," but as Chase admitted, it's actually "Mutiny on the Bounty" turned into a Western, with Wayne as Captain Bligh and Clift as Fletcher Christian. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and frantic Joanne Dru, who acts as if the Old West were Greenwich Village. (Thalia; Dec. 19.)

Rituals—With Hal Holbrook, directed by Peter Carter. (R.K.O. 86 St. and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through Dec. 19.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what the writer, Bernard Slade, and the director, Robert Mulligan, have done. If someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book. From Slade's two-character one-set Broadway hit. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Olympia; starting Dec. 20.)

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Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. The film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner, and it never once lands on target. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

Smash-Up (1947)—Alcoholism became a hot, gaudy movie subject after the success of "The Lost Weekend" (1945), and Susan Hayward had her turn at no-holds-barred drunkenness and suffering in this dismal, overwrought melodrama, directed by Stuart Heisler. At the end, half stewed but valiant, she rescues her little daughter from a burning house and promptly hops on the wagon. It may be hard to believe, but the writers who worked on this included Dorothy Parker and John Howard Lawson, and it was presented with some solemnity as a prestige picture. (It was originally called "Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman.") With Lee Bowman, Marsha Hunt, Eddie Albert, and Carl Esmond. (Thalia; Dec. 20-21.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which the late Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit, dear degenerate Bruno; it's intensely enjoyable—perhaps the best of Hitchcock's American films. The murder plot is so universally practical that any man may adapt it to his needs: Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. Technically, the climax of the film is the celebrated runaway merry-go-round, but the high point of excitement and amusement is Bruno trying to recover his cigarette lighter while Guy plays a fantastically nerve-racking tennis match. Even this high point isn't what we remember best from "Strangers on a Train"—it's Robert Walker. It isn't often that we think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business"—the stump finger in "The 39 Steps," the windmill turning the wrong way in "Foreign Correspondent," etc. But Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. It is typical of Hollywood's brand of perversity that Raymond Chandler was never hired to adapt any of his own novels for the screen; he was, however, employed on "Double Indemnity" and "Strangers on a Train" (which is based on a novel by Patricia Highsmith). Chandler (or someone) provided Hitchcock with some of the best dialogue that ever graced a thriller. With Marion Lorne as Bruno's doting, dotty mother, and Leo G. Carroll, Ruth Roman, Patricia Hitchcock, Laura Elliott. (Cinema Village; Dec. 17-18.)

Superman—With Christopher Reeve in the title role. Also with Marlon Brando, Susannah York, Gene Hackman, Glenn Ford, and Jackie Cooper; directed by Richard Donner. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 15.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)

Uncle Joe Shannon—With Burt Young, Doug McKeon, Madge Sinclair, and Jason Bernard; directed by Joseph C. Hanwright. (Festival; starting Dec. 17.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 16.)

Valentino (1977)—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (11/7/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15-16.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris; through Dec. 17.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Guild; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 19.)

A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot, growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Plaza, and Forum. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 14.)

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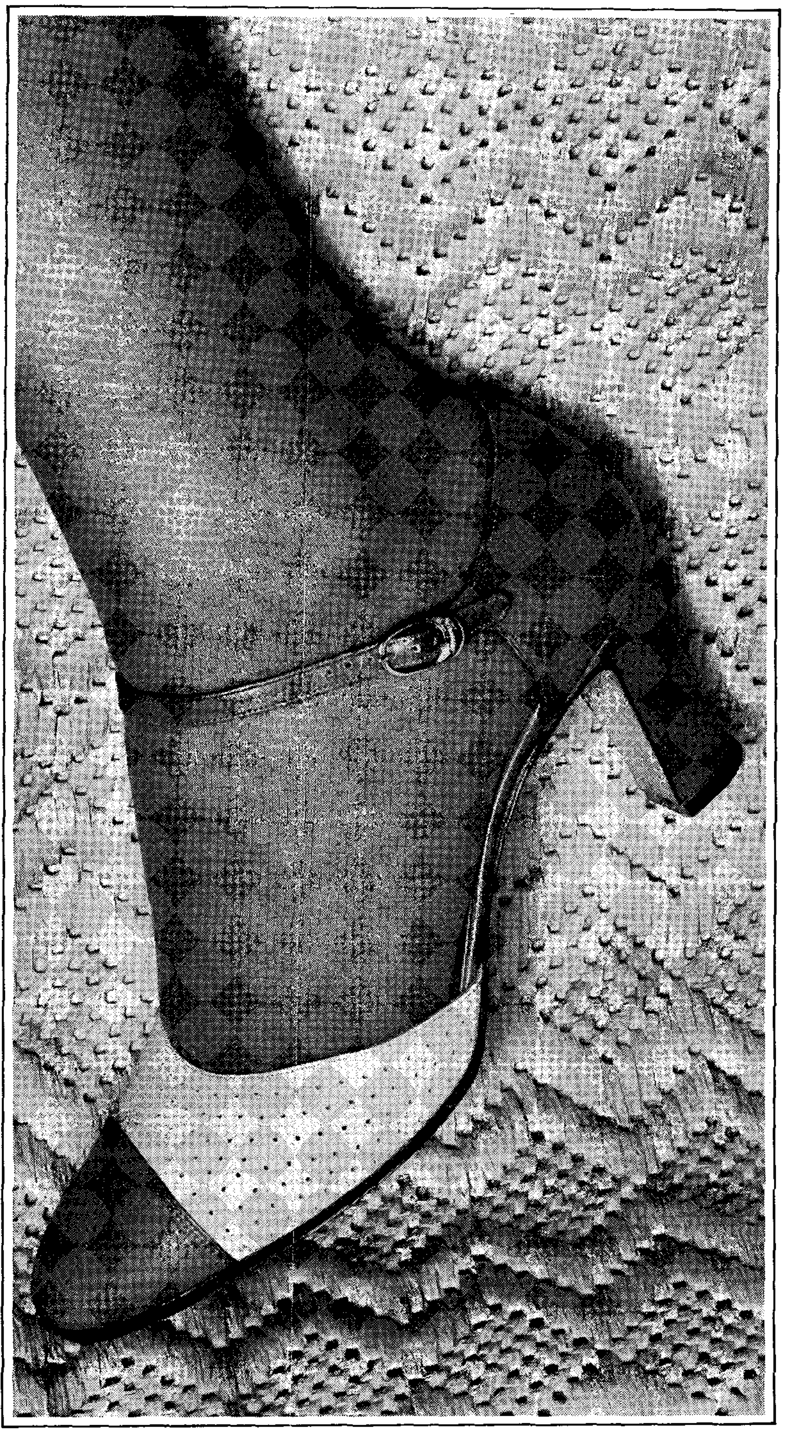

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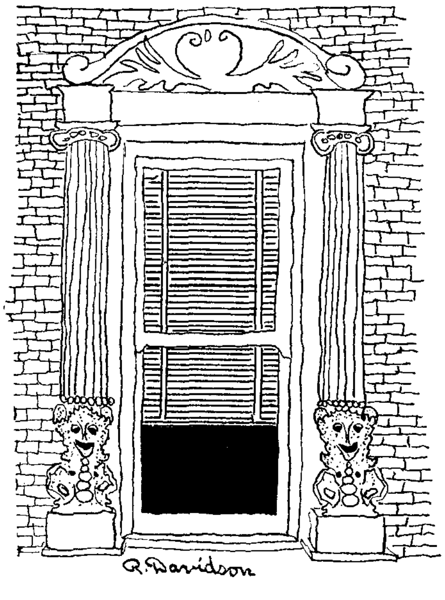
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST June, the Michigan Department of Public Health announced that fish downstream in the Tittabawassee River from the Dow Chemical Company plant at Midland, Michigan, had been found to be contaminated with measurable levels of various chlorinated dioxins, including the dioxin known as TCDD, and, as a consequence, the department issued a public-health advisory against eating fish taken from that river and other waters in the vicinity. The announcement and the warning were such as to attract the attention of a number of scientists throughout the country, for several reasons, among them the fact that TCDD is one of the most toxic substances known to man, and that Dow Chemical is the world's largest producer of the herbicide 2,4,5-T, which is contaminated with TCDD yet is used in spray operations affecting millions of acres of this country's forestlands, rangelands, pasturelands, and utility and railroad rights of way each year. (The contamination arises from chemical reactions associated with production of a chemical precursor called 2,4,5-trichlorophenol, which is employed in manufacturing 2,4,5-T and certain other chlorinated phenolic compounds.) To counter public criticism of this use of the herbicide, the Dow people have consistently maintained that when it is used according to directions neither 2,4,5-T nor its dioxin contaminant constitutes any significant imminent or long-range hazard to man or the environment. In the light of such assurances over the years, the discovery that significant traces of dioxin were being taken up in the bodies of fish downstream from Dow's own Midland plant seemed to a number of scientists to provide confirmation—right on Dow's doorstep, so to speak—of mounting evidence that TCDD might be far more persistent and mobile than it was claimed to be, and that it might already have insinuated itself into the human food chain. (Samples of beef fat in the meat of cattle grazed on Western rangelands that had been previously sprayed with 2,4,5-T have been found to be contaminated with TCDD, as have certain samples of mother's milk from Texas and Oregon.)

However, if Dow's scientific critics thought that the Dow people would be unable to offer a disarming explanation of the presence of the dioxin-contaminated fish, they were mistaken. On November 15th, the Dow people called a press conference at their Midland headquarters to announce what an outside public-relations firm hired by Dow promised would be "a significant breakthrough" in environmental research. On November 16th, the *Times* reported that the Dow officials had attributed the presence of TCDD in the fish downstream from the Midland plant not to leaks occurring in Dow's herbicide-manufacturing operations but to "natural causes." The report went on, "The company said its research showed that traces of dioxin compounds . . . were the natural and almost unavoidable byproducts of combustion in any number of situations where there was burning, including in the plant's power-generating stations, in automobile engines, and even in fireplaces." A U.P.I. dispatch printed in the Washington *Post* quoted Dr. Robert R. Bumb, director of research for Dow's Michigan Division, as saying, "We now think dioxins have been with us since the advent of fire."



Since Dow is known to have on its staff a number of experienced chemists, we assume that detailed evidence to support Dow's new claims will soon be made available to the scientific world and to federal regulatory agencies. In the meantime, though, we offer some observations concerning what seems to us to be the burden of Dow Chemical's message at the press conference; namely, that chlorinated dioxins, including TCDD, are as natural a byproduct of combustion processes as smoke. Such a claim minimizes the central role that the chemical industry has already been shown to play in the release of chlorinated dioxins into the environment. Whether or not the dioxins have been with us since the advent of fire, it certainly seems that they have been with us since the advent of Dow Chemical as a world leader in the production of chlorinated phenolic compounds. The perpetuation of industrial contamination can hardly be described as a natural process. Nor can the approximately twenty thousand tons of dioxin-contaminated 2,4,5-T that as part of the herbicide called Agent Orange was rained down on Vietnamese territory by the American military in the nineteen-sixties be considered one of the "natural and almost unavoidable byproducts of combustion." And the dioxin-contaminated cloud that descended on the community of Seveso, in northern Italy, in July, 1976, following an explosion in a plant producing 2,4,5-trichlorophenol, unquestionably was not a product of "natural causes," either.

In the Seveso disaster, it happens,

the chemical plant that emitted the toxic cloud was producing trichlorophenol not for manufacture of the herbicide 2,4,5-T but for eventual manufacture of another chlorinated phenolic product, the antibacterial compound hexachlorophene, by the plant's Swiss owners, the Givaudan Corporation, which is the world's largest producer of hexachlorophene. (The Givaudan people themselves concede that, quite aside from the grossly poisonous batch of trichlorophenol which was responsible for the Seveso disaster, the finished hexachlorophene even now being produced at their Swiss plant contains measurable levels of dioxin contaminant.) For a number of years, the New Jersey plant of the Givaudan company was supplied with trichlorophenol by what is now the Hooker Chemicals & Plastics Corporation, of the city of Niagara Falls, New York. And evidence is currently coming to light that toxic wastes from Hooker's operations in the nineteen-forties and early fifties were buried in an unused dry channel in that city known as the Love Canal. After this chemical dump was partly filled, the land that the dump was on was sold by Hooker to the Niagara Falls Board of Education for a dollar. The dump and the surrounding terrain then became a residential area. Persistent reports of noxious odors and suspicious substances on the ground led to the discovery in late 1977 that toxic chemicals buried in the dump were leaching out of the soil and contaminating homes on the site. In the course of the following year, the New York State Department of Health was able to identify about two hundred compounds, some of them highly toxic, buried in the Love Canal site. Then, a couple of months ago, Hooker officials conceded that in addition to the components of this devil's brew perhaps two hundred tons of trichlorophenol wastes were dumped at that site. High concentrations of trichlorophenol have now been detected in effluent from the site, and, inevitably, so have traces of TCDD itself. If the dioxin levels in Hooker's trichlorophenol wastes are similar to those in trichlorophenol-factory wastes involved in a dioxin-poisoning episode in Missouri in 1971, the amount of TCDD contaminant now lying within the soil of the Love Canal site may be about sixty kilograms, or a hundred and thirty pounds—many times the amount of dioxin which is estimated to have been released in the Seveso explosion, and an amount that may equal the estimated total dioxin content of the thousands of tons of Agent Orange sprayed over Vietnam in the course of the herbicidal-warfare operations there. Further very large amounts of dioxin-contaminated trichlorophenol wastes are almost certainly lying in other chemical landfills within the city limits of Niagara Falls. In view of the enormity of what this situation implies for public health, it strikes us that any chemical-industry campaign that has the effect of obscuring the true dimensions of the TCDD menace by ascribing its ubiquity to natural processes is no more appropriate than were, say, the efforts made by a drug-company public-relations spokesman when the thalidomide scandal first came to light, sixteen years ago, to claim that the specific evidence connecting thalidomide with birth defects was altogether insufficient to demonstrate any cause-and-effect relationship, and represented a "mere juggling of figures."

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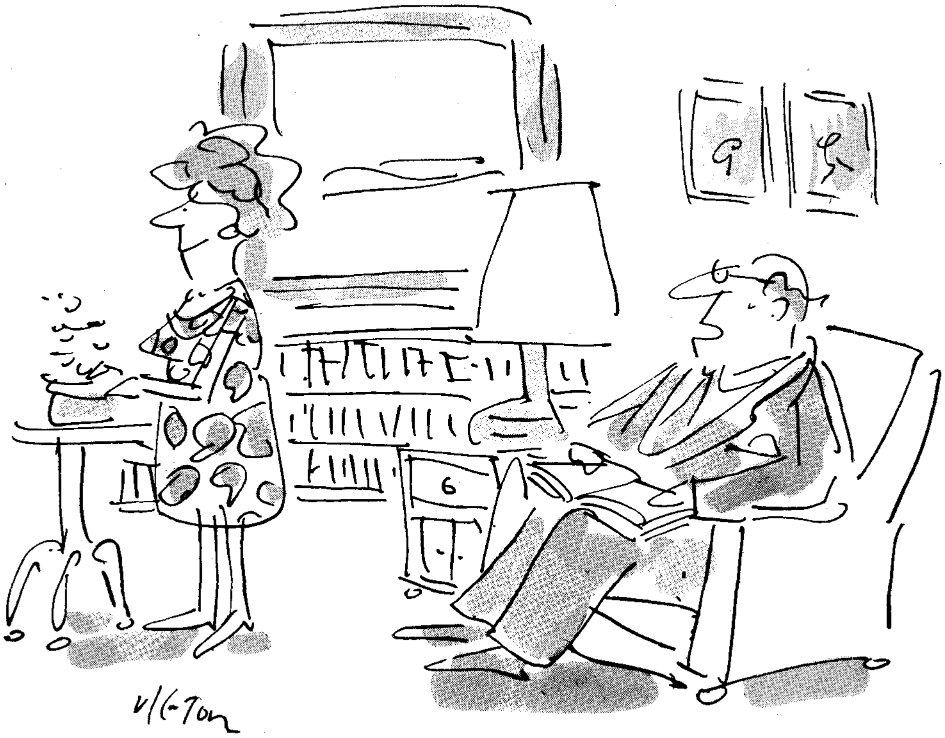
The Carters at the Met

WHEN Francis I of France visited his Loire châteaux, he travelled with an entourage of fifteen thousand and astonished and charmed the local populace. When President and Mrs. Carter visited New York for six hours last week, to attend a dinner in honor of former Mayor Beame and a performance of "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House, the atmosphere was casually regal and the over-all effect was much the same. Democracy has replaced absolutism, but, no matter how carefully the popular image is burnished ("Hail to the Chief" was omitted at the President's request), the trappings of power that surround the nation's leader—personal staff, guards, reporters—remain virtually unchanged. (There was a reporter on Francis I's staff; that's how we know the number of people he travelled with.) We spent an evening observing the Presidential presence at the Met, and came away with the following report.

First, a few general observations:

(1) The direct impact of the Carter personality is formidable. Although the President, in person, is shorter, thinner, and grayer than he appears on television, his celebrated smile is enormously effective. And Mrs. Carter, who was wearing a tailored navy silk evening dress and a string of pearls, is a genuine beauty.

(2) The dinner, which was organized to pay off former Mayor Beame's campaign debts, was a social and financial success. (Beame was an early Carter supporter, and the President was returning the favor.) The price tag per couple was astronomical. ("Alfred Kahn was supposed to come," Mr. Carter said in a speech at the dinner, "but he called me up and said, 'Mr. President, I have just discovered that a meal and an opera ticket in New York is now up to twenty-five hundred dollars. I think that this is one situation you ought to handle personal-



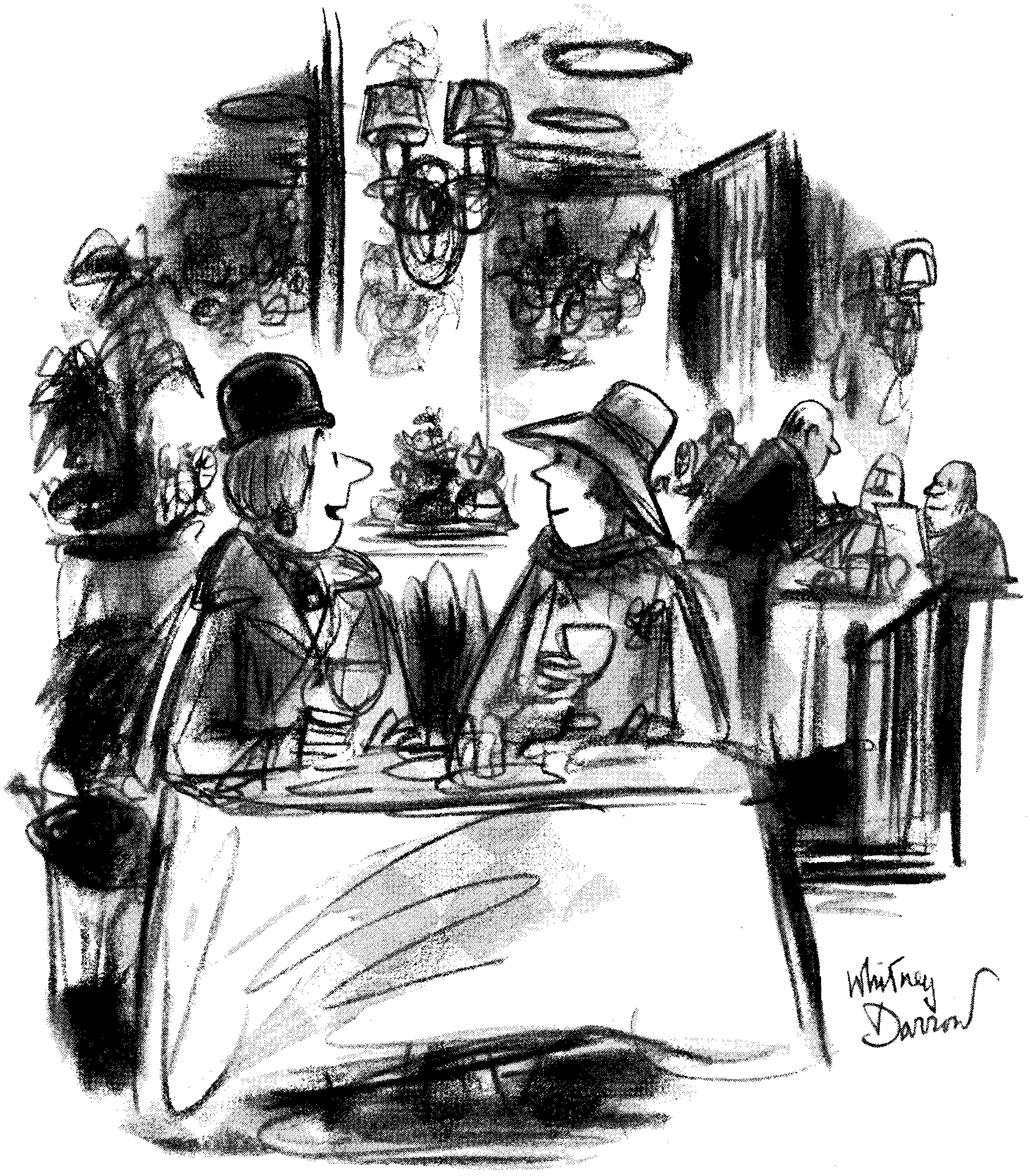
"*What do you mean, 'Ohhhhhhhhhhh'?*"

ly.' ") Those present included elected politicians (Carey, Byrne, Koch), non-elected politicians (Cunningham, Shea, Fisher), and a German shepherd named Brandy, who sniffed the premises for explosives shortly before the President arrived.

(3) Although the performance of "Aida" was musically routine, it was wildly applauded by an audience that was surprised and delighted to find itself sharing an evening's entertainment with the President.

(4) The Metropolitan Opera staff—a sophisticated group of people who routinely deal with superstars—began acting like a Carter fan club.

(5) The press, which had been divided into two separate and unequal groups, was either complacent or furious. The White House pool—fifty reporters and photographers who travel with the President—were comfortably lodged in the Metropolitan Opera Board Room, on the Dress Circle level, and provided with telephones, tables, sandwiches, coffee, and soft drinks. The local press—that is, almost everybody else—was confined to a ground-floor auditorium without a crust. For some reason, the White House "advance people" decided that it was not necessary for the Met to pass out refreshments down there.



"Cissy Dandridge just came back from Paris, and it's pants, pants, pants."

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Now for the details:

The Beame dinner took place on the large red-carpeted promenade that lies between the restaurant and the bar on the Grand Tier level of the house. The tables—twenty-two of them, seating ten apiece—were round; the ladies wore chiffon, silk, or satin; the men wore tuxedos (exceptions: Koch, in a dark business suit, and John Dexter, the director of "Aida," in a black velvet jacket); and the menu featured smoked Gaspé salmon, beef tenderloin Périgourdine, a fancy apple dessert, and New York State Cabernet Sauvignon. The security arrangements included the installation of three enormous pale-blue curtains to cover the glass windows looking out over the Plaza ("We used scrim right from the bolt," said David Reppa, the Met's resident scenic designer) and a set of plywood panels set up directly behind the rostrum, which was at the restaurant end of the promenade. The speeches were surprisingly brief.

Abraham Feinberg, a close friend of Mr. Beame's, who was the evening's chairman, said, in part, "We are on the road back from adversity in the able hands of our Mayor, Koch, and our Governor, Carey, and we will reach the top of the hill. But we will never veer from the road of human concern, human care, human dignity, and human rights."

Mr. Beame said, in part, "It's difficult to express my warmest feelings of gratitude. To be honored by the presence of the President even though I do not occupy the seat of power is a wonderful moment for Mary and me."

President Carter described former Mayor Beame as a dedicated, sincere, competent, quiet, modest political leader who "learned the intricacies of New York City's affairs under some of the most trying possible conditions." He also noted that two "desperate-looking men" had arrived in Georgia to see him shortly after his election." Mayor Abe Beame was one," he said, "and Governor Hugh Carey was the other. They came to talk to me about the prospects for the future. I said, 'What can I do for you?' They said, 'Mr. President-elect, we need two things. We need a billion six hundred and eighty-five million dollars, and we need two bus tickets back to New York.' "

After the dinner, the President greeted all the guests and then walked to the railing of the Grand Tier promenade and waved to acknowledge the cheers and applause of operagoers who were massed on the main stairway below him.

At 11:30 P.M., as Aida and Radames were discovering each other in their tomb, a line of tired reporters and photographers tiptoed across the back of the main stage (it was closed off from the auditorium by a soundproof asbestos curtain) to join several hundred Metropolitan Opera employees who were waiting, in semi-gloom, at the south end to meet the President. At 11:40 P.M., the curtain came down, and, in a blaze of stage light, the President and Mrs. Carter appeared from the backstage corridor and moved slowly along a line of principal singers, shaking hands and offering congratulations on the performance.

"All of you were just wonderful," said the President, grasping outstretched hands of backstage people who were standing in rows behind the singers. "The last time we saw 'Aida' was five years ago in Atlanta, when I was governor. We were thrilled then, but this time it was better."

"It ought to be. This is our home base," replied a spirited woman in a back row.

As the Carters walked out onstage for a closer look at Radames' tomb, we fell into conversation with Anthony Bliss, the Metropolitan Opera's tall, distinguished-looking executive director. "This is the first time that any President has *ever* been here while in office," said Mr. Bliss, looking enormously pleased. "Usually, they send their wives. Eisenhower did attend 'Bohème' when we played in Washington in 1953, but he never came to a performance in New York. President and Mrs. Carter have told us that they hope they'll be back. Needless to say, they have a standing invitation."

Annabel's

WE are happy to report that Annabel's, *the* private club of England's upper class and, more recently, of the international oil set as well, is still flourishing in Berkeley Square. We pass along this account from a recent returnee, who has known it for some years:

Have you ever felt scruffy because your Guccis are wrinkling? Never mind Studio 54. Try sneaking into Annabel's. I was invited, I hasten to say, but the mood prevails. What gives Annabel's its aura? Perhaps there has to be one such absolutely chic place, and Annabel's just happens to be it. Low-key opulence and elbow-to-elbow very rich people. The rooms adjoining the outer bar are furnished with antiques and comfortable couches, much like private salons, and the overall effect is that of an elegant party. No dazzling conversation. The people here, as Auberon Waugh observed, talk to each other about what Susie said to Tony at Freda's. No one has the slightest doubt about the identity of Susie, Tony, and Freda. The main thing seems to be being there. Like Tea at Buckingham Palace. All the walls are covered with an extravagantly eclectic collection of Landseer dogs, Augustus John portraits, Bateman cartoons, Diaghilev costume sketches, and Josephine Baker posters. And there are bronzes. And a six-foot Ming Buddha. Dozens of serving folk in livery. A news ticker tape in the men's room.

Spinster Sisters

The heart of the club is its proprietor, Mark Birley. Tall, elegant, imperturbable. All the art and decoration represent his taste. Everything about Annabel's is simply what he likes. One thing he doesn't like is to be particularly visible. At Annabel's, we met another American, who himself owns several clubs in London. Everything he himself has done, he told us in a solemn whisper, is simply a reflection of Mark Birley's guidance and inspiration. He was looking for Mr. Birley to say hello but never found him.

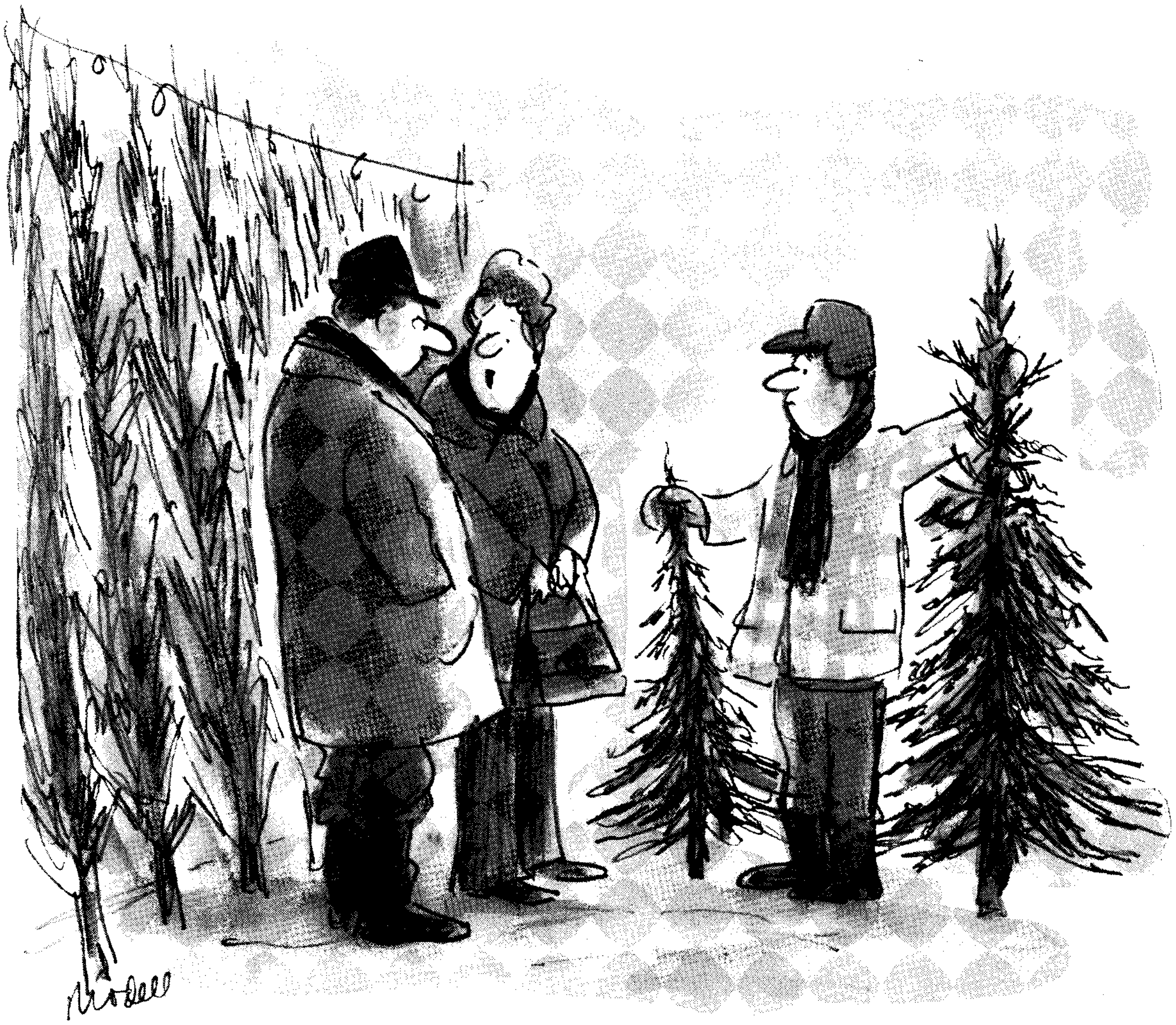
No windows. The whole place is an expanded basement under the Clermont Club, now an exclusive gambling casino. No gambling at Annabel's. Just the privilege of membership. (There is a long waiting list.) Annabel's was established by Mr. Birley in 1963. Young people who first appear with their parents marry, divorce, and remarry, carefully maintaining their cachet. A few years back, the tabloids reported that one man took his own life after his membership was revoked. I ventured out on Annabel's dance floor. No matter. Some lords and ladies really dance and some just jerk their shoulders politely to suggest the modern free-form dances. It's dark out there. No flashing strobes. The music varies from heavy beats to Sinatra ballads—Mark Birley's taste again.

A few days later, I got to lunch at Mark's Club—a more recent venture of Mr. Birley's, in a town house just around the corner. Also a private club. The same mystique, but exclusively an eating place. Creamed egg with caviar, roast grouse, fresh raspberries with clotted cream. Selected wines. Mr. Birley replenishes his cellar from wine auctions at Christie's.

A third Birley club is in the final stages of construction within the shell of an old wineshop near the Connaught

Hotel. It will be called Harry's Bar and will operate with the blessing of the original Harry's Bar, in Venice. The walls will feature drawings by Peter Arno, which Mr. Birley has been collecting. In collaboration with the owners of the Cipriani Hotel, in Venice, Mr. Birley is planning to restore some splendid old Pullman cars from Monaco and reopen special service between the two cities. Neither Annabel's nor Mark's Club has any identification outside its entrance, and Harry's Bar won't have any, either. Still, I wondered whether the public would accept the concept of a Harry's Bar being a private club.

When I asked Mr. Birley about this, he said, "They'll get used to it."



"So what's it going to be? The same size as last year or the same price as last year?"

• •

Supers

WHEN Karen de Kleinman, who is the president and owner of Apartment Locating, Incorporated, a real-estate firm with offices on the upper East Side, talks to another person, she likes to stand very close. She zooms in high and tight, like a cozy fastball. Her nose to ours, she has informed us that 1978 was a good year in her corner of the real-estate business. She added that she just loves to do nice things for other people—really, she does. Mrs. de Kleinman is just that kind of businesswoman. The other night, she threw a party at the Tavern-on-the-Green, the unofficial theme of which was Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Certain Carefully Chosen Apartment-House Superintendents. A few weeks ago, Mrs. de Kleinman, an auburn-haired woman in her thirties, sent out dinner invitations to some three hundred and fifty superintendents of luxury apartment buildings, on the theory that perspicacious supers are the first to know when an apartment is going to become vacant and that if they can remember how much Mrs. de Kleinman loves to do nice things for other people, they may be inclined to tell Apartment Locating, Incorporated, the interesting news before any other real-estate firm finds out.

One hundred and fifteen supers, each of whom had apparently persuaded an assistant to fill in for the evening, showed up. They were greeted at the door by two young assistants of Mrs. de Kleinman, Thomas Stats and Joy Lenters, who, instead of asking the arriving supers their names, said, "Building address, please." Then they gave each guest a ticket for a door-prize drawing.

"We've worked with some of these people in the past," said Miss Lenters. "The rest of the names we got, basically, by walking around the East Side and deciding which buildings were the most desirable. And then we sent invitations to the supers of all those buildings."

"You've seen our newspaper ads and our slogan, I hope," said Mr. Stats. "It's quote-unquote if you can afford the finest dot-dot-dot, all in lower case. Our slogan in the yellow pages used to be 'For Prestige in New York,' but we've decided to stop using that line. You see, we're one of the first listings, alphabetically, in the yellow pages and—well, *everybody* wants prestige in New York. You know what I mean? We get lots and lots of calls, but so many of them are the *wrong* calls. They come from people who think that prestige only costs three hundred dollars a month. They're just the *wrong calls.*"

An egalitarian spirit infected Mrs. de Kleinman's party. The Sutton Place supers seemed able and willing to mix freely with the Park Avenue supers, who, in turn, got along fine with the Fifth Avenue crowd. Many of the supers already knew each other.

"I see a lot of these guys at the New York Building Managers Association meetings," Ray Anderson (1120 Park Avenue) told us. "We meet twice a month at the Armory, on Sixty-sixth Street. Some of the others I know from the Scandinavian-American Superintendents Guild. That meets a couple of times a month at the Estonian Club, on Thirty-fourth Street. I enjoy being a

"First of all, I want to apologize for the number my generation did on your generation."

• •

super. I used to be in church work. I was at Park Avenue Christian and Fifth Avenue Presbyterian—sexton at both. But I couldn't save any souls, so I switched to residential."

Mr. Anderson, a short, red-faced man who was dressed all in brown, introduced us to a friend of his—Tony DeLello (1136 Fifth Avenue), a short, dark man who was dressed all in black. "Tony's a good guy. He really is," said Mr. Anderson. "He's always telling me what a great dancer he is. So here's the question: How come he never takes me dancing? I'll tell you why—it's 'cause he's a little cheap. Those Fifth Avenue guys hold on to their money till they die."

Mr. DeLello, a laconic man, said nothing for a moment. Then he said, "I'm retiring next April."

Some of the superintendents are related to each other. We met the five Brennan brothers (Pete, 227 East Fifty-seventh; Tony, 180 East Seventy-ninth; Pat, 1100 Park; Mickey, 1025 Fifth; and George, 1070 Park) and the two Stenstrom brothers (Edsel, 11 East Eighty-sixth, and Emanuel, 4 East Sixty-sixth), and we met Ralph Vagra (1165 Park) and Edward McAvoy (555 Park), who are brothers-in-law. Mr. McAvoy has been married to Mr. Vagra's sister Edith for thirty years. "Eight years longer than I've been a super," Mr. McAvoy said.

"I've been one for six," said Mr. Vagra, a round-faced, bespectacled man with white hair parted down the middle. "I used to be the handyman in my brother-in-law's building. I didn't really want to become a super. It can be a thankless job. Now we talk a lot on the phone. I call him up and I say, 'Hey, your water tank's floating in the East River.' Stuff like that. That's not the worst thing that can happen to a super, though. The worst thing is, say, you're broiling a big, fat, juicy steak and somebody calls and says they got an emergency. And you gotta go, steak or no steak. And usually it's not a bona-fide emergency. What's a bona-fide emergency? That's when somebody calls and complains that the apartment upstairs is coming through the ceiling."

We didn't hear any complaints about the buffet dinner—turkey, duck, chicken, seafood, and prime ribs as entrées; chocolate layer cake and a parfait of lemon and orange sherbet for dessert—and nobody who won one of the door prizes (five electronic calculators, four gift certificates from Sherry-Lehmann Wines & Spirits, three clock radios, two stereo systems, a color television set, and a trip for two to Acapulco) complained about that, either. The only surprise was that, despite the favorable odds, none of the Brennan brothers held a lucky number.

"Who cares?" said Pete Brennan, the oldest. "I grew up during the Depression. We had hardships and goodships. There were fourteen kids in our family. There are five of us boys left, plus three sisters. I'll never forget what my father said to me. He said, 'Son, an education's a valuable thing, but as long as you can rewire a wall socket you'll never go hungry.' "

"We've been supers since we were in short pants," said Mickey, the next-to-youngest. "A hundred twenty-five years of combined supering in this family."

When dinner ended and the party began to break up, we shared a drink with the Brennans. George showed us the gold custom-designed family ring. Each of the brothers wears one. It is a large ring. It features two outstretched hands—one for their mother, Bridget, and one for their father, Jack—arching toward a green shamrock in the center. The shamrock is surrounded by five white triangles, which contain the names of the five brothers. Recently, they have been giving thought to having the rings engraved with this generation's family motto. The motto is "For Apt See Supt."

HARD ANSWERS

HARD times. It often seems that there's nothing left but the darker side. How are you going to cope?

Courage

It's done every day, routinely, by millions of people very much like you. Sure, it's hard. Anything worth doing is hard. You say you've heard that before? Then try this: if you don't do it you won't eat, and one day they'll come and drag you into the street, naked and ashamed, as an example to us all. So get up, dammit. This sort of thing won't do at all. Snap to. Get *up!*

Not Your Fault

Well, it isn't. It's the book's fault. They weren't clear—how were you to know?

O.K., no sweat, take a *level* cup of shortening, melt it, and pour it in with the batter. Mix it now and then, so it doesn't lump up. Stick it in the oven.

Absolutely not your fault. It never was. Now that you have this shortening thing licked, you're good.

Machines

Don't let them intimidate you. Does a machine have eyes? Does a machine have hands, affections, passions? Pull up a chair. Have a cup of tea. Every last one of these companies covers up its work with polished aluminum and fancy buttons: dashboards, amplifier panels, consoles. Don't be fooled; two screws will adjust everything.

Are you calm now? Know who's boss? O.K., take a look from underneath. Do you see all the alligator clips? (An alligator clip is a hinge-like clamp with teeth. All machines are held together with similar simplicities. Take comfort in the fact that all machines are logical. They rather insist upon it.) Undo the clamps. See how easily the panel slips off? Don't be disturbed by all the wires, transistors, capacitors, harmoniums, catheters. See the screws, precisely in the middle? Turn the Phillips screw to the right. Turn Horatio's screw to the left. Now slide the panel back on and reattach the alligators.

Fixed!

Love

Oh, but it do get depressing, don't it? You think you've found your one and only, and then she brings in the Boy Wonder. So take some time off. Take a trip West. In Nebraska things are still pretty much O.K. Nebraska is the center of the seesaw.

So how will you know her, your true love? Watch for the glass of water. Does it arrive at all? Does it have ice in it? Does she spill it? Show you're thirsty: Drink it down. Some places they'll bring you no more; at others it will come too late, when you'd rather have coffee. One place you'll drink it down, go to the salad bar, and return to find a bigger glass, filled with carrot juice.

Follow her to the kitchen. You'll see her scraping carrots, and everything will make sense. "Oh, wondrous," you'll say, draining the glass. "Wondrous child of the prairies!"

"Pardon me?"

You hold out the glass. "More?"

She looks puzzled. You take her hand, wrap it under yours around the glass. "More?" you say. "Please? More?"

On the Job

It's time you made your move. Be firm. Practice firmness by installing a tape deck in your car. Drive around and play the "Eroica" at full volume. If it becomes too much for you, stop off at the park and pretend to shoot the cannons. Once at work, strike immediately at the problem. If it's a fellow-employee, knock the coffee from his hand and say, "I've had it with you, Muldoon!" If it's the boss—damned prima donna—challenge him to arm-wrestle before the entire staff, winner take all. If it's a machine, start looking for the alligator clips.

You Know Who You Are

You've made it. Everyone can see that you're terrific. Yes, there were hard times—that time you went to Nebraska. You saw some good men fall. But it's all behind you now. You're the New Man. Tough. Resilient. Sharp. You're the man the world's been waiting for.

Women? You can handle them. Taste? You've got it. Europe? You've been there. It's the cars you drive, the clothes you wear. Everything about you has that look. That Extra Something.

You *know* who you are. You're all you need.

The Way It Is

Let her know. Is she is or is she ain't? It's a matter of priorities. Times have changed.

The simple truth is that the problem has been exaggerated. Who did you hurt, really? Aren't you entitled to some privacy? Don't let her give you that business about the kids. You've got only one life to live. It's not a matter of selfishness. This martyrdom business never did make any sense. They've got to learn sometime. These are hard times. And it's a fact: children grow up a lot quicker than they used to.

Free

What did she say? Was that actually what she said? How could she have said such a thing about you? And have done what she did? It's true that she was free. Never once did you say, "No, I won't let you." She was free. Still.

Well, don't think about it too much. Just let her go, that's all. If she wants to act like that, let her go. Don't think about it. Aren't you free? You're free. You're incredibly free. Everything is free. It's very free. It's very much freer than it was.

Move with it. Be fluid. Everything is moving; be fluid. Don't stop.

Did she really say that?

Eat the Right Foods

Nothing's free. Nothing moves. You blew it.

A trailer park in Texas, stamp-collecting, swatting flies. You trade stories with your neighbor, talking of how it was. You try to eat the right foods. Do a little fishing.

It's too late.

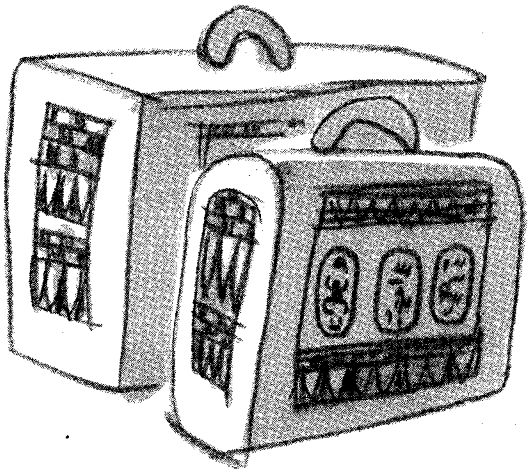
Hope Eternal

Is it too late? Are you worried what your friends will say? Are your teeth sufficiently white? Do you drink too much? Has sex gone sour? Does anyone love you? Are you very far from God? Is there any way to find Oneness?

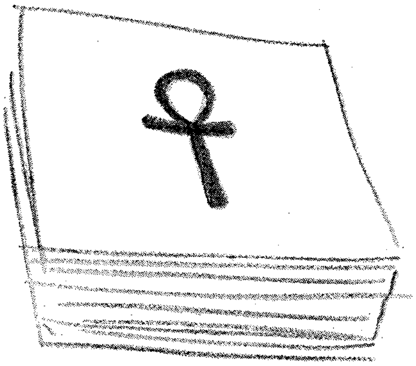
There might be. How? Through carrots, potatoes, yams, Jerusalem artichokes. Only through roots, you tell your neighbor, is there true awareness—*buried* roots! (The exposed ones, like turnips and beets, are impure. It's the air.) Your neighbor turns away.

Don't be discouraged. Think of rich, fallow ground. Lie in the loose warm soil, carrots growing around you. Eat of the root, rise up from the soil! It might work. —John Mort

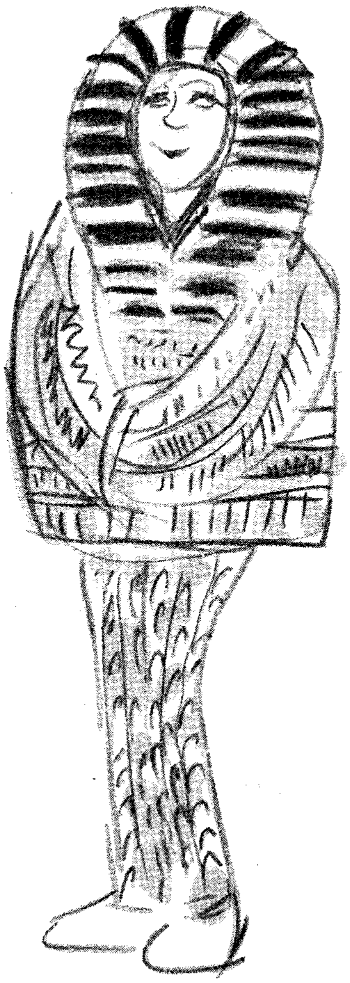
FURTHER CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FROM THE MUSEUM GIFT SHOP



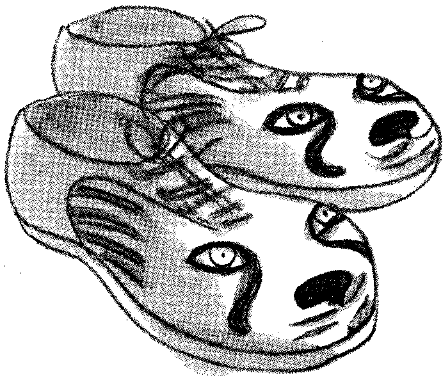
Matching Luggage



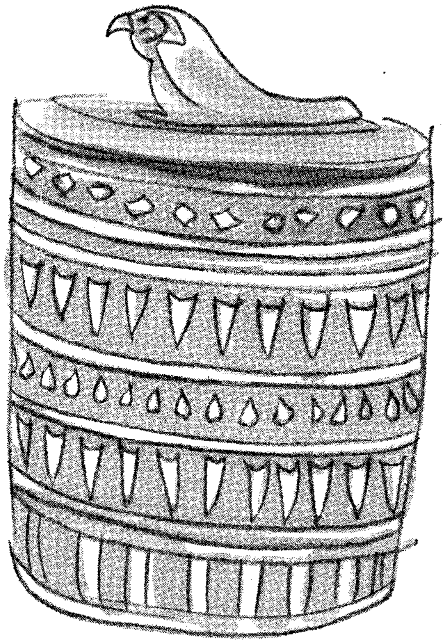
Cocktail Napkins



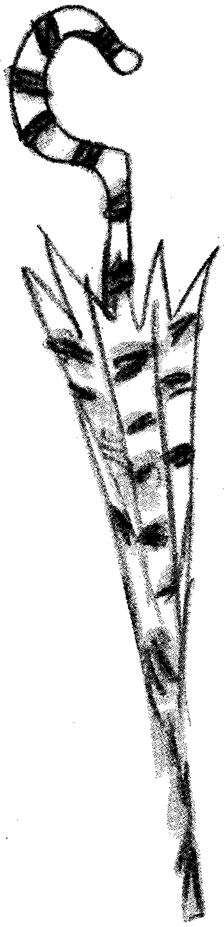
Ski Parka and Pants



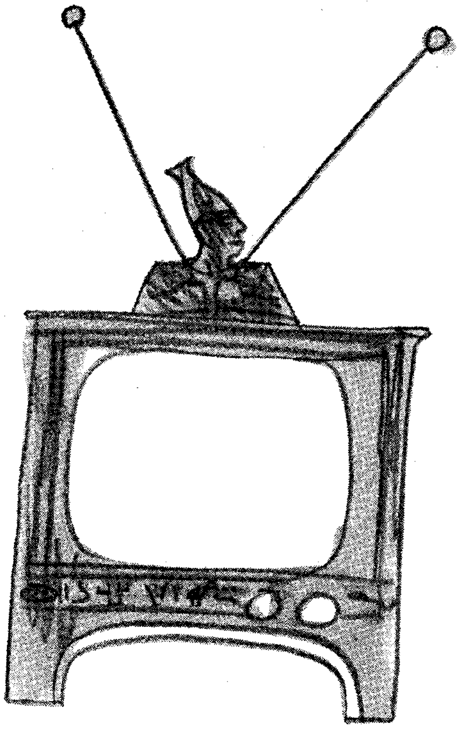
Sneakers



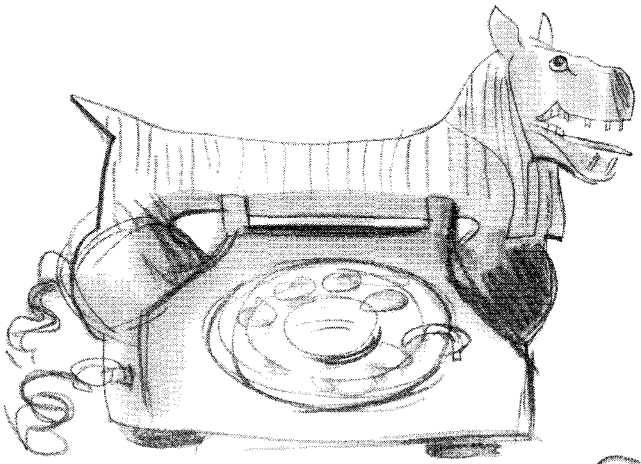
Ice Bucket



Umbrella



TV Set



Desk Telephone

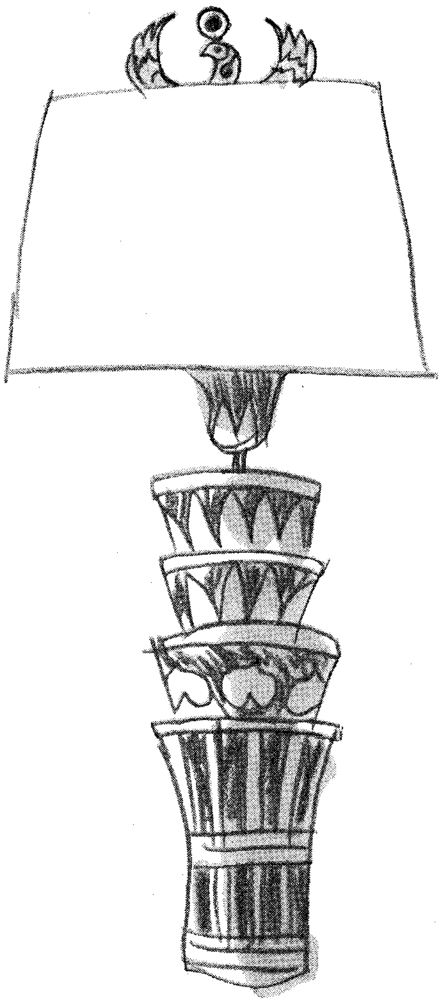
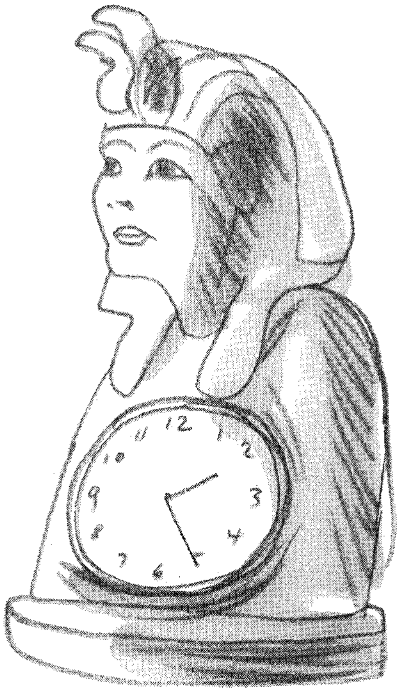
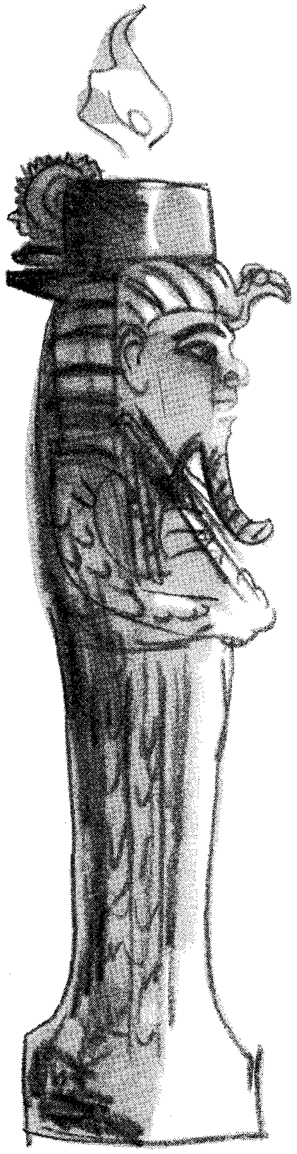


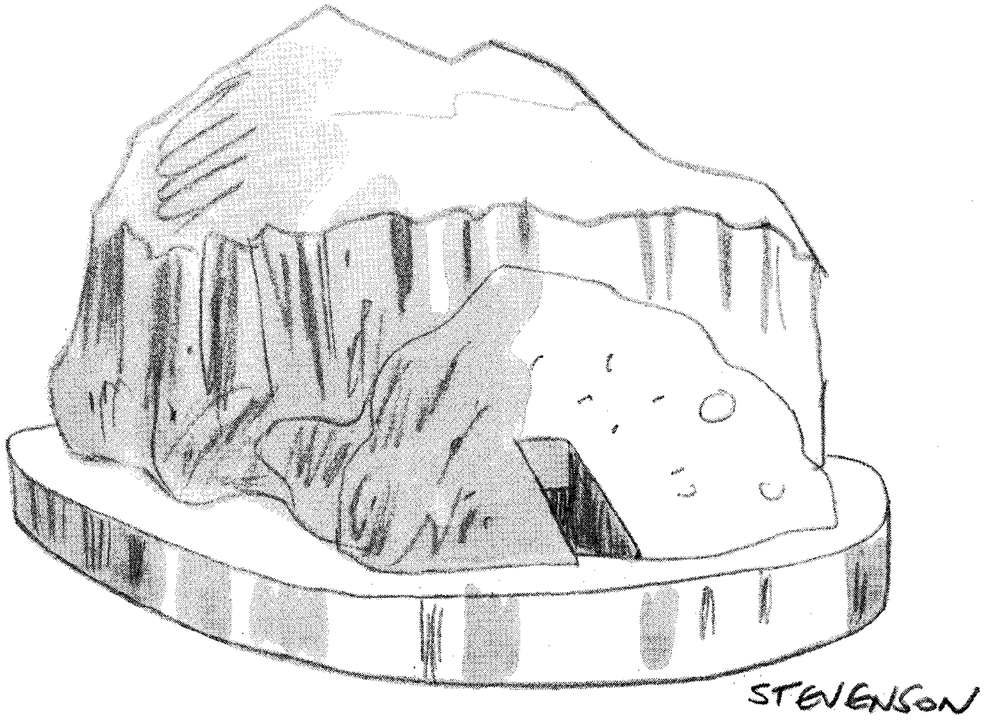
Table Lamp



Mantel Clock



Cigarette Lighter



Executive Paperweight

LIGHT FROM THE BAY WINDOWS

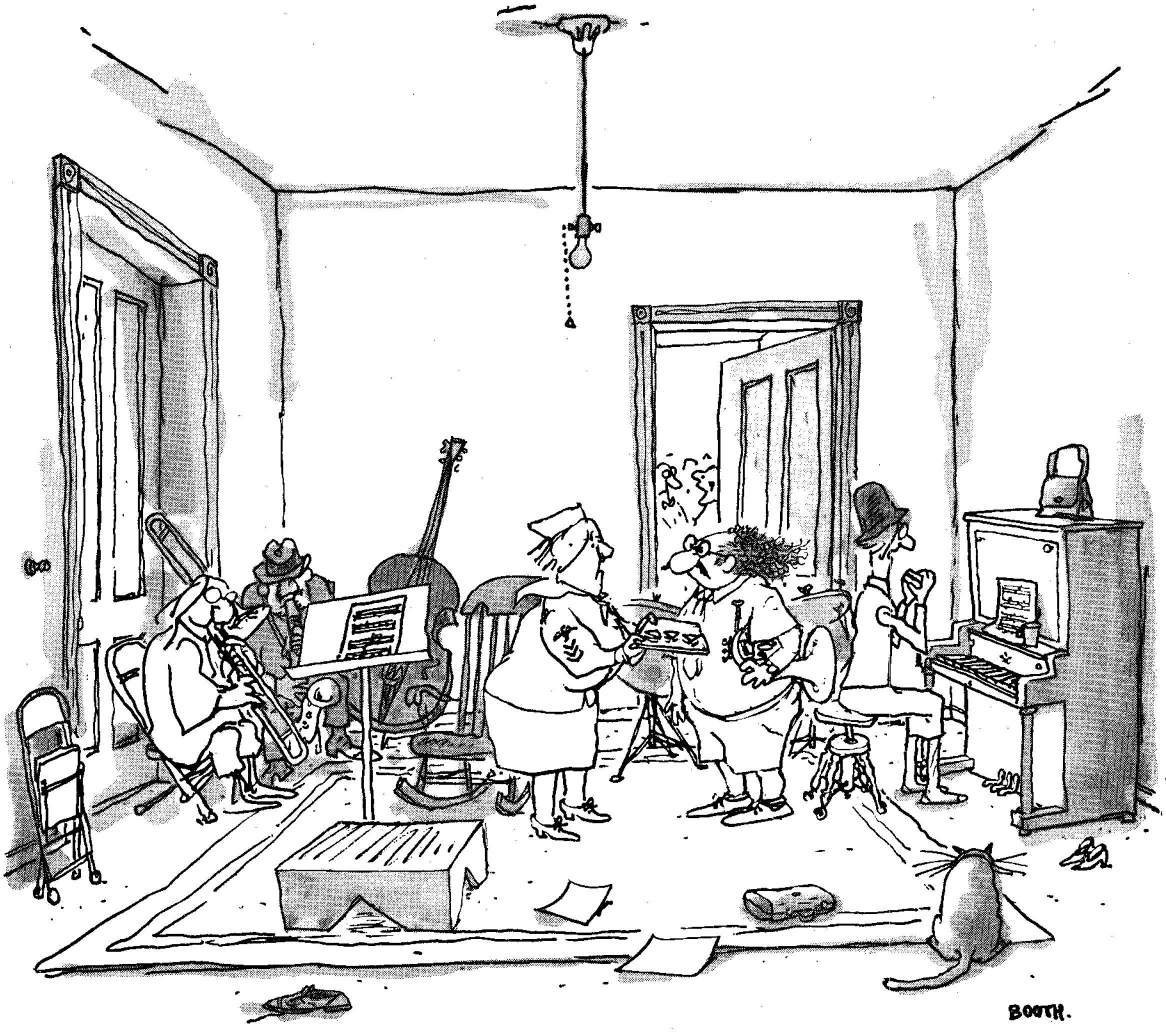
LYING in bed, my father had before his eyes, across the room, a doorway into the bedroom that I shared with my uncle. This door was usually closed. On the wall to the left of it hung a large photograph in a plain gilt frame, a three-quarter-length portrait of my mother in her wedding dress of 1905. She was twenty-six. She stood erect, with hands clasped behind her, her dark eyes looking seriously and serenely directly into the camera, slender and at ease in her gown, with understated lace at her bosom. In a moment, perhaps, the warm pliant figure would resume swaying a bit on the balls of her feet. The universe at which we are at liberty to rage permitted her eight more years of life before high and terrible fever—childbed fever midway through my third year—drove her out. The photograph was paper. One other object in my father's bedroom recalled her: a light rocking chair that had been hers.

If I had got up on the wrong side of the bed, my father would tell me not to be a crosspatch; if I did something foolish or slovenly, not to be a goop. If I were laggard and unaccommodating, he would invite me to be a sport. These were terms, I divined, that he and my mother had used together. He would sometimes say, if I tried to pull his leg, "Don't kid the actors, old-timer." If it were a matter of sticking to something—piano lessons, for instance, over which after the first few weeks I lost heart utterly—he would say, "Be a trouper, Fitz," and I would hear the idiom of that life he and she had briefly led. I understood that in the theatre, no matter how you felt or how high your temperature, the show must go on. He would never have mentioned it, but day in and day out, in fact, he lived by this rule.

He could not lie on his left side, but he could and did turn on his right side at times to rest his back. As a young man he had been robust, but in invalidism he was thin, and it brings a kind of fury in me to call up in memory his pallid ribby back creased with bed wrinkles, his patience as he waited, resting on his side. When he made his short bathroom trips, swinging on his crutches, you saw that his left leg wasn't much use. It was shorter, and the dangling foot pointed outward, as though the old break in his hip had slightly twisted his leg. Long knowledge of his body as a burden, irreparably crippled, gave an edge to his concern for me.

The worst bodily anguish I can remember I endured at eight or nine. On the advice of a surgeon who thought it efficient, the family consented to my undergoing tonsillectomy, removal of adenoids, and circumcision, all on the same occasion. I found myself in an operating theatre with figures in white masks around me, and then, pressed over my eyes and nose, a white sweet pungent cone that with a few inhalations became a spiral of light pulsing out of time. When time resumed, I awoke to a self wholly composed of pain. I asked at once that I please be shot, but no one would do me the favor. If anything could be what people later called traumatic, this experience must have been; a single, undifferentiated wound was what I felt myself to be.

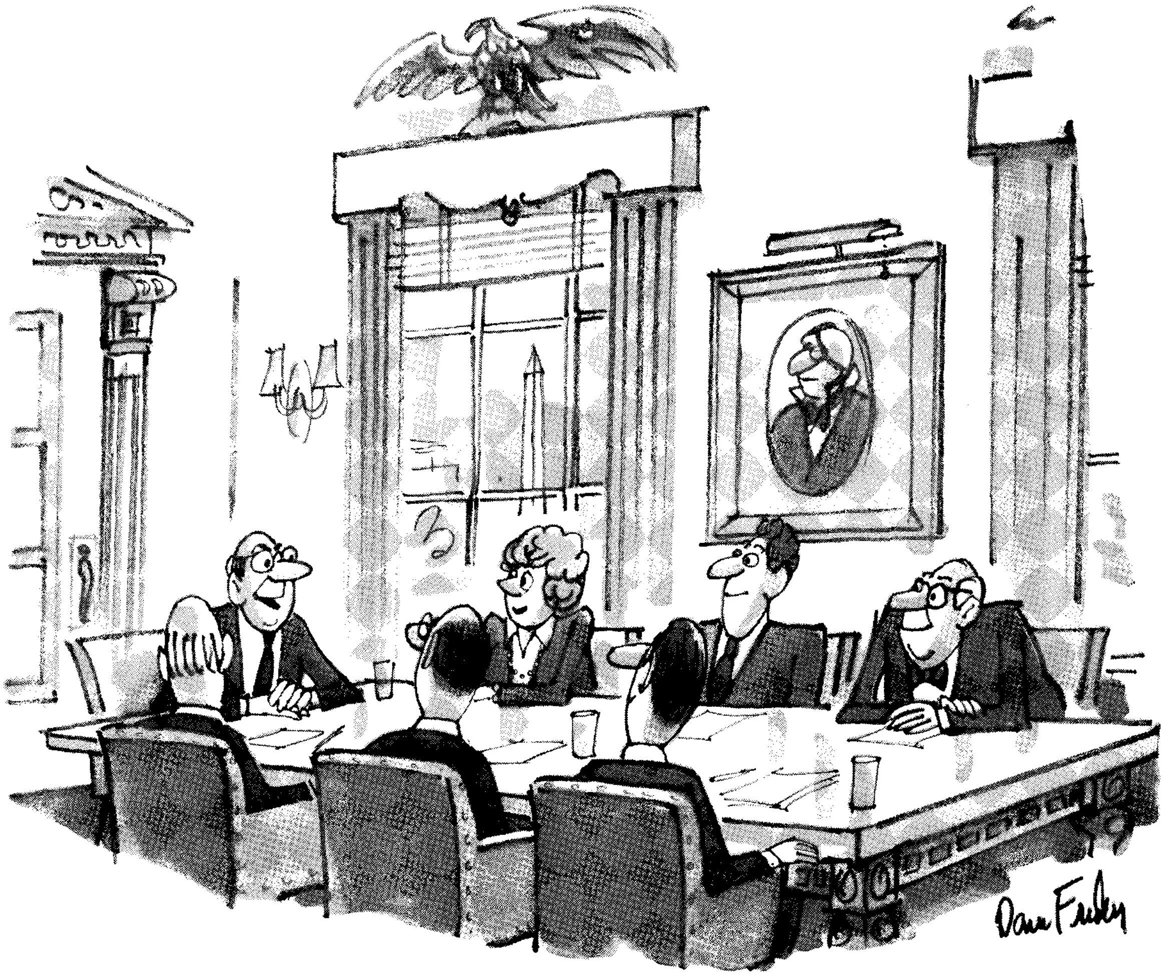
But my usual illnesses, too usual at first for my father's peace of mind, were grippe and what my grandmother called "bilious attacks." These collapses filled my father with gloom and apprehension. My small brother, Monty, had died of a kind of grippe. In the heat of fever, I would keep turning the damp washcloth on my brow; if I let a corner hang down to my mouth, I could suck a little moisture from it. One of the appearances under which my father has come back to me most distinctly is that of his hovering at my bedside in his chenille bathrobe, on his crutches, transferring the right-hand crutch to be grasped along with the other



"Before the break is over, I'm going to introduce you to our first violinist, Mrs. Ritterhouse. After one has had a good long talk with Mrs. Ritterhouse, all the barnacles let loose and fall off and one sits higher in the water. Here, have another watercress sandwich."

by his left hand while he leans forward to feel my hot forehead. His face above mine is tender and woebegone. He will prepare the calomel and quinine prescribed by Dr. Taylor, crushing a tablet in a spoon with water, and will promise me a new silver dollar if I swallow the spoonful of gritty, bitter sludge.

Once, my grandmother took me calling on an old wife who remarked with cronelike insinuation on how "well formed" I was. Her report of this to my father provoked one of his rare angers. For some years, though, I must have seemed sickly and neurasthenic, and it became clear to me that he had my physical well-being steadily on his mind. On any fine spring or autumn day when he could persuade my uncle to take me to a golf course, he would keep me out of school and write a formal note of excuse, saying that I had missed school that day with his permission. He saw to it that I had a set of cut-down clubs for golf, the Bancroft racquet that I coveted for tennis, a Flexible Flyer sled, a well-made bow and arrows, hockey skates, a good football. One of the old friends who came to visit him occasionally was a professional baseball umpire of the Three-I League, Matt McGrath, a grave, massive Irishman, always in worn and baggy blue serge, with a bullet head of closely cropped gray hair. Whenever he came, he brought me a pocketful of baseballs—three or four that had gone through a few innings of play. Apart from the grass stains, they were new: smooth unabraded white leather, smudged with green, tightly stitched in the interlocking tongue pattern that only a sphere could wear—cupped in my hand, authentic weights.



"Then we agree! We're doing the best job that can be done considering that the country's ungovernable."

• •

BEFORE I started off to school in the morning, I would open my father's door, put down his window, put up his shades, and turn on his radiator. A faint sweet odor came from the empty jigger glass in which, late at night, always long after I had gone to bed, my uncle had given him his prescription whiskey to help him sleep. "Wake up, Dad," I would say. I would empty and rinse out his urinal. On weekend days I would help him wash and shave, bringing basins of warm water from the bathroom. On his dresser there was an oblong mirror, with a hinged stand that served as a handle, and my main job was to hold this steady as he lathered, squeezing Mennen's from a tube onto his shaving brush, and then used his straight razor. The room would be full of light from the bay windows. The word "shave" sounded exactly like the blade making clean panels in the half-mask of fine white foam and stubble. The maid brought his breakfast on a tray: grapefruit, toast, a boiled egg, a glass of milk. He had a way of holding a sip of milk for a moment forward in his mouth, supposing, I think, that the mineral content would benefit his rather worn and stubby teeth. After breakfast he would use his commode and would preferably attend to it himself, covering the enamelled pail with its fitted lid and taking it down the hall to the bathroom. His right hand on the crutch handle would also hold the wooden handle of the pail.

The care of the wound or abscess in his hip involved the preparation with cotton and gauze of soft dressings perhaps six inches by three. One of these would be held in place by three strips of adhesive tape. Cotton soaked in benzene would be dabbed and pressed on the old tape until the attachment weakened and it could be stripped off; then the area of the wound would be cleaned with alcohol-soaked cotton, and the new dressing applied. Old dressings, stained more or less by the wound, were kept in crumpled newspaper to be burned in the wire burn basket in the back yard, where I would linger to watch the gauze blackening, the cotton flaring, the adhesive tape curling in the flames. The change of dressing took place every morning after breakfast and every evening after supper. In the evening, regularly, I would help him, holding the roll of adhesive tape as he cut strips with his scissors.

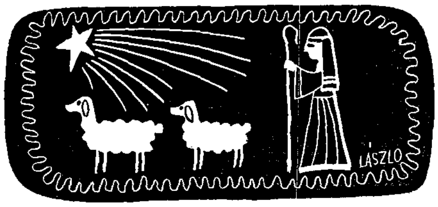
The words concluding the Mass never ceased to amuse my father—"V: Go, the Mass is ended. R: Thanks be to God." He was a believing Catholic, as my mother had been, but life in the world and his own suffering, with reading and thinking, had made him practical and modest about it. He never took a preacher's tone. His rosary lay on his bedside table, and sometimes when I came home from school in the afternoon I would find him going through it in silence and would wait for him to finish. Later, I supposed it likely that he had committed sins of the flesh for which the Rosaries were penitential. Pensive and grave on his pillow, he fingered the black beads.

Sometimes there would be an errand I could do for him downtown. His favorite Harvester cigars, named after a great trotting horse pictured on the paper band of each, were to be had at a tobacco shop and magazine counter on Fifth Street across from the Majestic vaudeville theatre. For dyspepsia he may require certain gray triangular tablets that came in wooden containers like tiny casks with screw-on tops; for these I will walk to Ryan's Drug Store on the corner of Capitol Avenue and Sixth Street, carrying an extra dime for a Coca-Cola. This drink is stylishly made with a jet of syrup pressed into a glass of crushed ice, a released gush of carbonated water, a long jabbing and swirling spoon, a flourish as the dark-brown foaming glass is placed before me. It is blissfully cold on a hot evening, and pungent to the recesses of the nose.

If my father's carafe needs to be refilled, I take it down to the kitchen, where I use the icepick to remove chunks and slivers of ice from the block in the icebox, ensack these in a clean dish towel, and belabor the lump with a hammer on the sink board until I have enough cracked ice. Then I will help him remake his bed, smoothing and tightening the under sheet and putting the top sheet and plaid blanket in order. When all is ready for the night, I will get up beside my father on the bed, on the side of his good right leg, where he makes a place on the blanket for cards or checkerboard. On this side he has a round wicker table holding his gold watch, his gold Eversharp pencil, his Waterman fountain pen with the gold band, his carafe and glass. We play cards or checkers by the light of his bedside lamp.

I can now feel the texture of the wool blanket and see my father's pale, patient hands cutting the deck of cards. Those years are gone, and yet I can be there for this hour so many times repeated, when in casual talk he will recall things out of the past for me. After diphtheria in boyhood, on Dr. Ryan's advice, he was sent away to school in California, to Santa Clara College, south of San Francisco, where he went through his high-school years in the eighteen-nineties in that valley filled with orchards of plum trees. It amuses him to remember how the Jesuit teachers drilled Latin into a class, lining the boys up and having them recite, one voice after another without breaking the rhythm, conjugations and declensions: *hic*, *haec*, *hoc*, *huius*, *huius*, *huius* . . . Once he opens his pen and neatly makes the characters of the Greek alphabet for me. Xenophon and the frequent parasangs of the "Anabasis" remain in his mind as a schoolboy drollery.

HALF a century later than these evenings with my father, I have found two photographs of him at Santa Clara. One is in an envelope with the legend, in my mother's hand, "Bob at age fifteen, taken in California." He is wearing pale trousers, a dark jacket, a pale hat, sitting with one leg over the other, a dim, smooth-faced, jaunty boy. The print is faded and so brittle it will crack to slivers unless I can do



RAIN FOREST

The green mothering of moss knits shadow and light,
silence and call of each least bird where
we walk and find there are only a few words
we want to say: water, root, light, and love,
like the names of time. Stunned from ourselves,
we are at tour's tail end, our guide long gone,
dawdling deep in what cannot be by any human
invented—a few square miles of the concentric
universe intricate as the whorls of fingertips.
The frailest twigs puff and flag in the giantism
of this elaborate grotto, and we are the dream,
before we know better, of an old grotesque
stonecutter who squats under a brow of sweat,
the afternoon a long glowing stalk of marble.
We have entered the huge inward drift behind
his eyes and wait to become ourselves. We stare
through limpid eyes into the vapor-lit past
where breath, wordlessly, like a near river,
seams up, seams in and out and around darkness.
Somewhere far back in the hunch of shadows,
we stood by this wall of vines, and he, angry,
froze us in our tracks and in the blade of belief.
That tree there bore the same long slithering
of light from a sky he owned. Disfigured now,
its trunk rises thick and black as a monument
that rings when struck. Here the hiking path,
a crease, stops, then spirals around into stumps.
Our party has gone that way, stumbling quietly.
From time to time, someone calls out but we know
only the words whispered from the wall of leaves:
water, root, light, and love. We stand silent
in the earliest air remembered, hearing at last
the distant and precise taps of the mallet
until our clothes, as if rotted, fall away
and the feckless light fixes us on the column
of our spines. Without warning, we begin to dance,
a bird cries, and another. Our feet seem to spark
on the hard dirt as we go round the black tree
and for no reason we know we see ourselves
throwing our heads back to laugh, our gums
and teeth shiny as cut wood, our eyes marbled,
straining to see where it comes from, that
hoarse rasp of joy, that clapping of hands
before which we may not speak or sing or ever stop.

—DAVE SMITH

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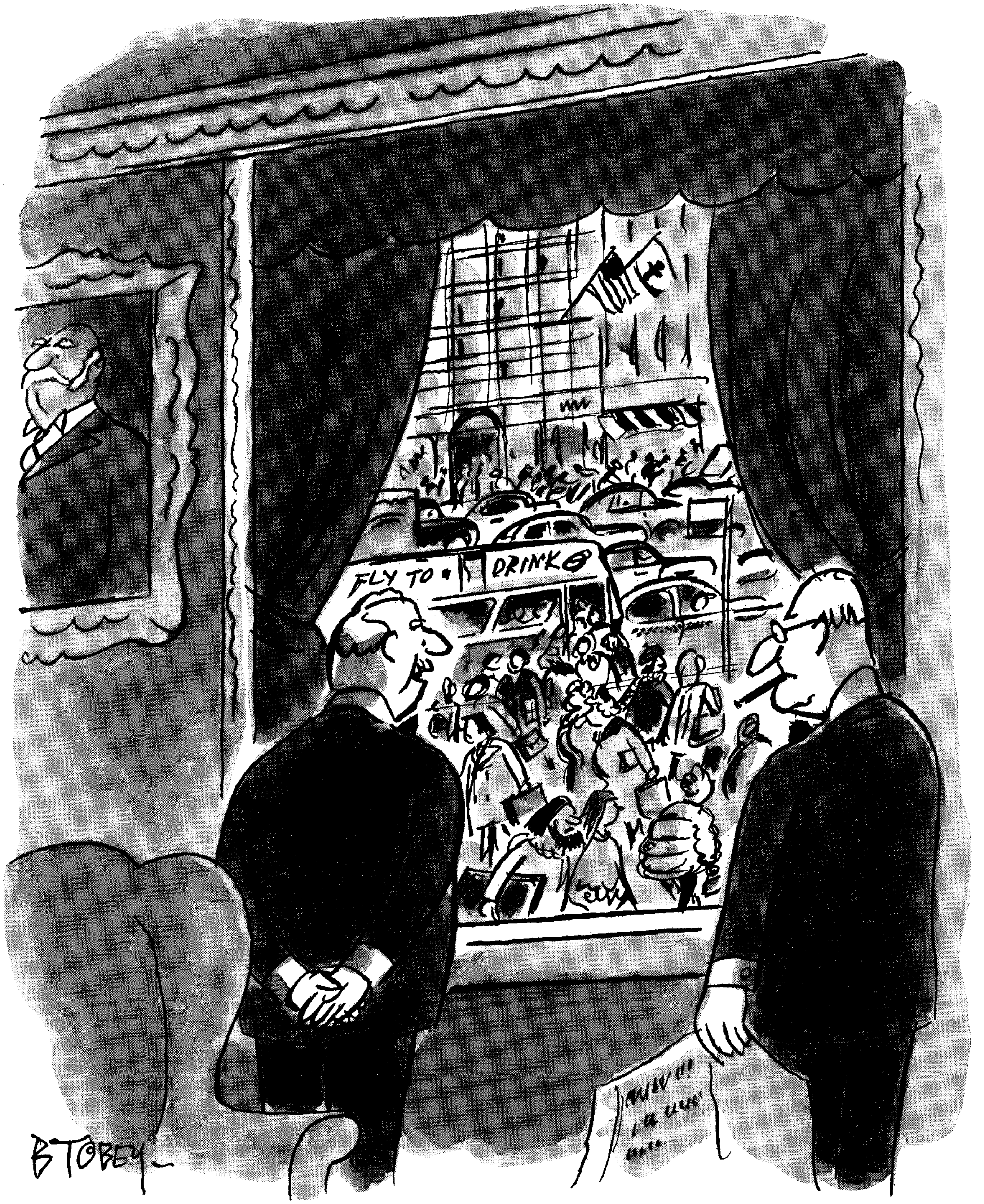
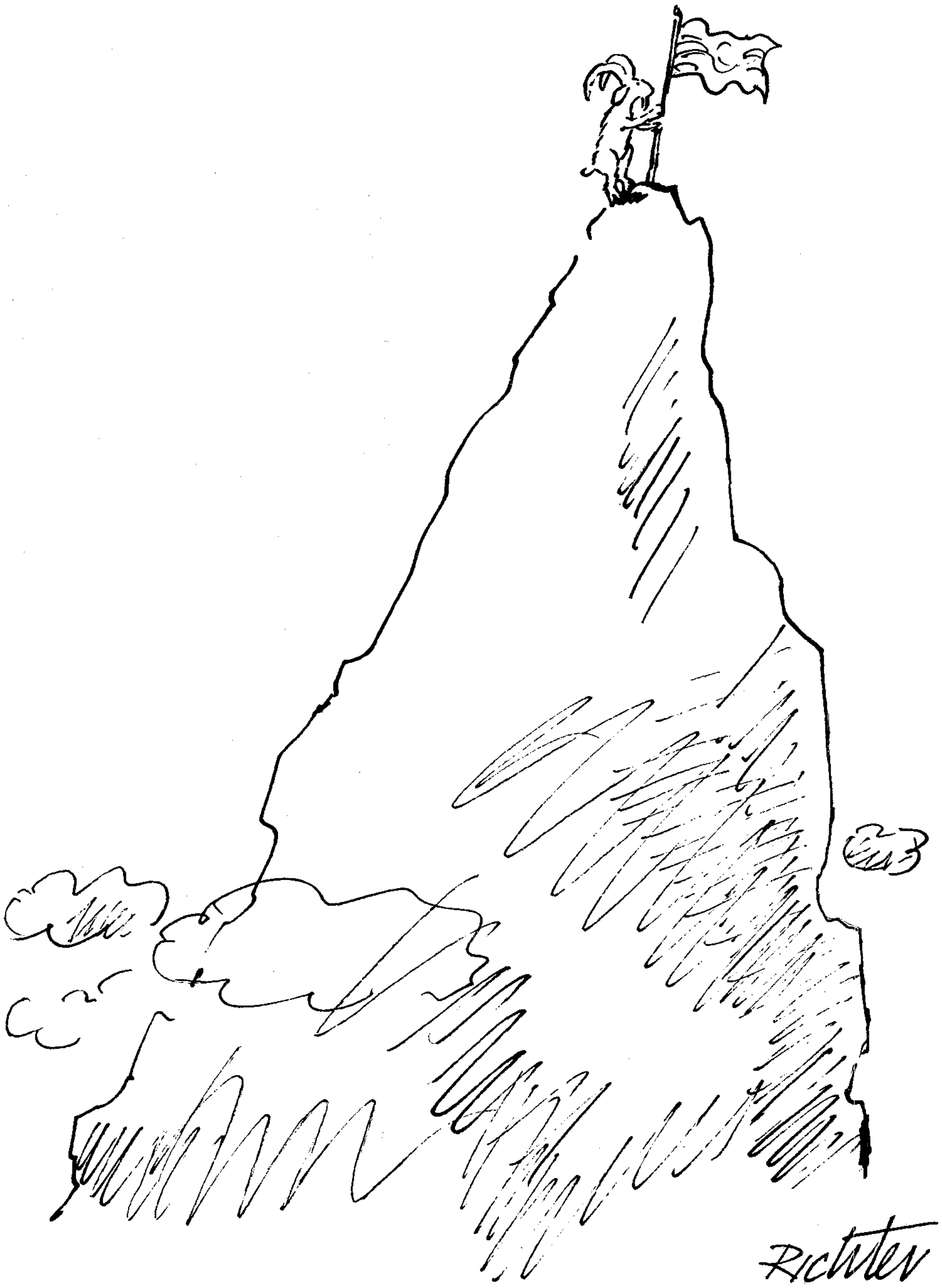


"Sanford, the city is proceeding without us."

• •

something to preserve it. The other photograph is less faded and printed on heavier card. It shows the Santa Clara football team of 1894 or '95. There are sixteen boys in turtleneck sweaters—a number, including my father, in the tight canvas sleeveless lace-up jackets they used then. His hair is parted in the middle, as always, and there is plenty of it, in the fashion of football players before they wore helmets. My father looks out quietly at the lens. There is no truculence in his capable look.

After California came the scene often alluded to as Ann Arbor—a beautiful place name to my ears. There my father helped to found the Comedy Club during his years at the law school, and lived in the Phi Kappa Psi house, as did his younger brother, my Uncle Art. In the attic of our house in Springfield I turned up copies of the *Michiganensian*, the university yearbook, for 1901 and 1902, in which there were photographs



of my uncle in the Mandolin Club and my father as a slightly chubby young man, mugging merrily in Comedy Club productions. The most haunting thing remembered from Ann Arbor was a song, which the new radio (superheterodyne in a cabinet) one year brought back to my father from a banked stadium where thousands of voices were hushed and slowed in deference to one couplet:

> Yellow the fields where ripens the grain
> And yellow the moon on the harvest wane . . .

He sang this, as he sang everything, with a slight nodding vibration of the head—a habit I have inherited.

After we had played several hands of rum or two or three games of checkers, I would take up my book to read. My light came from the bulb in the frosted hood of the central chandelier. My mother's rocking chair was of dark cherry wood, with a seat of finely woven cane. I placed it under the light, near the foot of the bed, and reentered the world of Ivanhoe or Lord Greystoke or Renfrew of the Royal Mounted. My father would read his Womrath Library book or one of his magazines, the *Saturday Evening Post*, or *Collier's*, or *Cosmopolitan*. At the regular hour, he would remark that it was time for bed, and I would say that I had only a few pages to go to the end of the chapter.

As long as I was a small boy—until, that is, I had grown so much that it would have been embarrassing to us both—after washing and putting on my pajamas and brushing my teeth I would get into bed beside him and lie there warm for a while, with my head on his shoulder, talking a little or sometimes silent, and I knew that in my father's mind at those times my mother, too, was present; that just as when I occupied her chair but more distinctly now he felt that my physical presence was all that remained to him of hers. If I had an itch between my shoulder blades, my father would give me a gentle scratching, as to which it needed no saying between us that in this, too, my mother was being recalled, for she had liked him to scratch her back. I understood that on those occasions he had felt honored and amused that such a fine back had need of such homely service.

So my father and I shared my mother, although all I could bring to the sharing out of my own memory, even as a child, were a few faint sensations, far distant: one of her being with me at the top of a flight of stairs when in the dusk Big Bob appeared below and called up to Little Bob, while a church bell from nearby tolled some evening hour; another of her tallness and skirts near me during a catastrophe, when my ivory-headed cane fell through a downtown grating. By the time I was ten or twelve, even these sensations were a matter of remembering that I had at one time remembered them.

Poking around in my grandmother's room one day I found in the big drawer of her writing desk a letter to her in my mother's fine swift angular hand. The date must have been early in 1905, because in this letter my mother formally declared her attachment to my father and her wish to marry him. "I cannot live without Bob," said one of the sentences, and the force of that grownup passion startled and awed me. Did I who owed my life to it understand it? It seems to me that I did then, essentially as well as I do now. Whether I knew it or not, I felt as she had felt: I could not live without my father, either. I had no words for this revelation, and I never told anyone about it.

—Robert Fitzgerald

•

Phoenix, Ariz. (AP)—Remember the old-time farmer whose notion of when to water crops depended on whether they felt cool or warm to his hand?

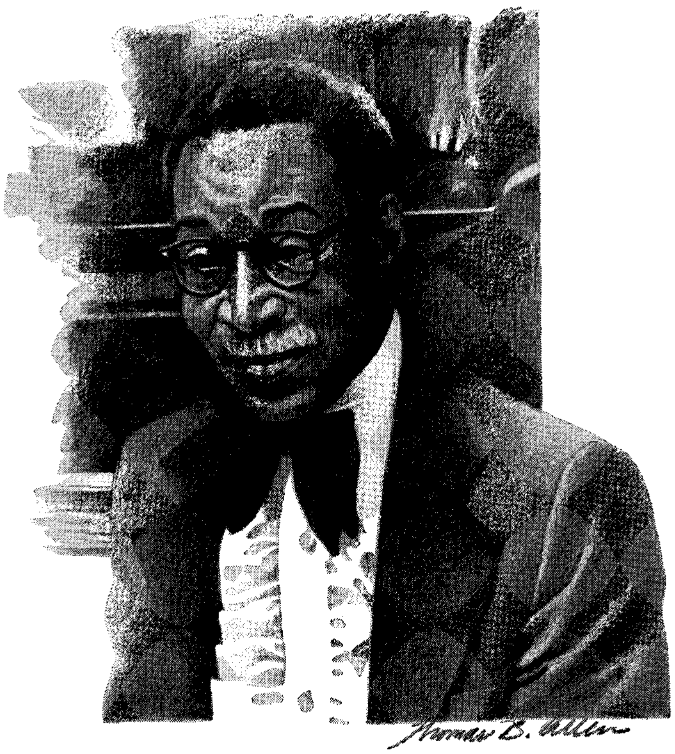
In 1948, the Philadelphia Eagles defeated the Chicago Cardinals, 7-0, in the NFL championship game that was played in a blizzard in Philadelphia.

—*Durham (N.C.) Sun.*

And so it goes.

PROFILES

EINFÜHLUNG



Ellis Larkins

THE defenses of the brilliant, elusive jazz pianist Ellis Larkins seem not so much conscious as a hapless reaction to a notorious childhood. Larkins was born in Baltimore in 1923, and at the age of eleven made his début as a classical pianist by playing a movement of Mozart's Coronation Concerto with the Baltimore City Colored Orchestra, which thrived during the Depression. The newspapers hailed him as a "prodigy" and a "genius," who would rank with "Shura Cherkassky, the other lad whose career was launched in Baltimore." (Prodigies were a big business in the thirties and early forties, and included precocious film stars, the Quiz Kids, twelve-year-old college freshmen, and child vaudevillians like Buddy Rich, Bobby Short, and Sugar Chile Robinson.) A newspaper photograph made of Larkins before the concert resembles a tintype. He is dressed in a dark suit with knickers and a Buster Brown collar with a flowing cravat, and he is standing stolidly beside a grand piano, his left arm draped over the treble end of the keyboard. His hands are much as they are today—big, square, and strong—and so is his masklike face, with its downturned mouth, alarmed, myopic eyes, and windmill ears. During the next five or six years, Larkins, in the manner of the tri-motor literati of the period, was often billed as Ellis Lane Larkins, and he gave a series of appearances, one of which was covered in a Baltimore paper in April of 1937:

> Ellis Larkins, a thirteen-year-old Negro, gave a piano recital in the Common Room at 4:30 o'clock on Sunday, the eighteenth. The recital was sponsored by Mr. Privette. Though it was scheduled for four o'clock, it was half an hour late in starting, because the young pianist arrived a few minutes late.
>
> The program started with a Pastorale by Scarlatti in C Major and contained also Mozart's Sonata in C Major; Seven Preludes, A Flat Major Etude, and Fantaisie Impromptu by Chopin; Brahms' Rhapsody; a Moment Musicale by Schubert; Lento by Cyril Scott; and a Prelude in G Minor by Rachmaninoff.
>
> When questioned after the performance, the young aspirant said, "I don't like to practice." His playing, however, plainly showed that he had practiced very much since he started taking lessons at the age of six. During the whole hour, Larkins had no music before him, but sometimes played so fast that his fingers could not be seen.
>
> When Larkins commenced playing, he had a small audience, but more arrived as the recital continued. His playing was continuous, with only two intermissions of two or three minutes each. To the audience it seemed that he played unlike a young boy, but like a great pianist.

The great pianist would change in certain ways and remain unchanged in others. He still cares little for practicing or for rehearsals (an hour and fifteen minutes is about all he can manage), and he still doesn't use music. But he is punctual nowadays; his hands, though fast, are generally visible; and his two- or three-minute intermissions sometimes last upward of an hour, and divide sets just fifteen or twenty minutes long. Larkins came to New York in 1940 to attend Juilliard, and before long he began an ongoing retreat into various encircling shadows. To help support himself, he went to work in night clubs, which are eternally dark. (He had learned jazz from recordings and from frequent visits to the Royal Theatre, in Baltimore, where the big bands played.) He tried being a sideman, and even a leader, and then slipped into the near-anonymity of accompanying singers. In the mid-fifties, he vanished into the studios as an accompanist and vocal coach, and except for a short turn with Larry Adler in 1959 he didn't reappear until 1972, when he took a job as a solo pianist at Gregory's, at Sixty-third Street and First Avenue. But his mini sets and maxi intermissions made it seem as if he were barely there. He lasted at Gregory's a surprising two years, and after that he flitted from The Cookery to Michael's Pub to Tangerine to Hopper's to Larson's to Daly's Daffodil before settling down again last spring at the Carnegie Tavern, at Fifty-sixth and Seventh Avenue.

Larkins' style gives the impression of continually being on the verge of withdrawing, of bowing and backing out. It is uncommonly gentle. His touch is softer than Art Tatum's, and the flow of his melodic line has a rippling, quiet-water quality. Nothing is assertive: his chords, in contrast to the extroverted cloud masses that most pianists use, turn in and muse; his single-note lines shoot quickly to the left or the right and are gone; his statements of the melody at the opening and closing of each number offer silhouettes. But Larkins' serenity is deceptive, for his solos have a strong rhythmic pull. It is clear that he once listened attentively to Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson, and possibly to Jess Stacy. Larkins' short, precise, dashing arpeggios suggest Wilson, and so do the even, surging tenths he uses in his left hand. He attempts a vibrato effect by adding the barest tremolo to the end of certain right-hand phrases, recalling Stacy and the early Hines. His intent is immediate pleasure—for the listener and for himself—and it is also to celebrate the songs he plays. He endows and sustains them, indirectly fulfilling a nice maxim laid down not long ago by the drummer Art Blakey. "Music," Blakey said, "should wash away the dust of everyday life." There is probably no better accompanist than Larkins. When a

REFUSING TO SERVE—DAWN, 1952

1
Dawn. 1952. Late in the year.
The man I was chosen to be
wakens early, as he always does,
even on the morning of the day he died.
He stares into the darkness—the men
are all asleep except for him, and he
hears them around him breathing
and thrashing—and wonders: Why here
in this Korea against a people
we had never heard of? He wishes
he could cry, put his head between
his hands, and rock forward and let
the tears held back for so long
stream between his fingers. He wishes
his life had somehow been another's,
someone tired and bored, rising
for work in a cold apartment
this morning on Chicago Boulevard
across from the barred, forbidden seminary.

2
But I said, "No, no, I will not go," and
they let me go, knowing I was nothing.
I did cry. I put my hands between
my legs, alone, in the room I came
to love because it was all the room
I had, and pitched forward and cried
without hope or relief, for myself
and for all the others who haunted me
half the world away from their going.
I could still walk the streets of
this city, and there might be children
in the day's last light asking for coins,
there might be trains heading for
other towns or pulling the tanks
and half-tracks destined for that war.
In a bar somewhere there might be
the woman who'd say, "Everyone loses,"
and put her arm around me for no reason.
I wanted to die in flames and be reborn.

3
I cannot now remember the flames
except those of the great forge room
where the burning metals pressed me
down into a silence deeper than still water.
The men around me quieted long before
dawn and worked on with sudden gasps
of breath crying out even over the roar
of the huge descending presses. I can
remember the little fire of paper and scraps
in a bleached-out oil drum in the snow
on the shoulder of U.S. 24 where we
stamped our feet and took the day's
first drink even before the day had
come leaking one flaring match at
a time. Suddenly the shapes of men,
parked cars, the long road stretching
to another state south of us, a world
no one hoped for was here on
a cold day in late 1952. And if
it was work you wanted there was
plenty of it to get you through the day.

—Philip Levine

• •

singer accepts accompaniment, he asks the accompanist to take over part of the arduousness of performing, for which he repays the accompanist by excelling. The perfect singer-accompanist relationship is contrapuntal. The singer creates one melodic line and the accompanist another line: they move separately but indivisibly. Larkins provides an aura for the singer—a constant cushion of chords, melodic suggestions, dynamics, and rhythmic pushes and retards. He anticipates and celebrates the singer, guessing unerringly where the singer will take the melody next and applauding apt phrases. He embraces the singer without touching him and leads him without pointing. Accompanying provides Larkins with what he has sought since childhood: to be an indispensable second voice.

THE singer Anita Ellis rarely uses any other accompanist. On a recent afternoon, she and Larkins rehearsed for an album they were soon to record. Larkins arrived at Anita Ellis's apartment, on the upper East Side, at one o'clock sharp. He was dressed in a gray Glen plaid suit and a bright-yellow sports shirt—an ensemble that resembled a muffled yell. Larkins talks as little as possible, but when he does talk he issues clumps of words. Some are intelligible and others he swallows, leaving curves of sound that have more to do with music than with words. But he offers help in the form of hand signals, which he hoists once or twice during almost every utterance. These are the shadows of his words, spoken and unspoken, and they are a pleasure to watch, for they flicker and insinuate and dance. Larkins still has a boyish figure. His stomach protrudes, and his back is concave. His arms and legs are spindly, and he has long, anchoring feet. He wears heavy, protective horn-rimmed glasses, and his only expressions are a smile that passes over his face so quickly that his teeth never show and a flaring of the eyes that he uses when an exclamation point is needed.

Before he sat down at the piano, which he addresses flawlessly—his back straight, his knees just below the keyboard, his elbows clamped to his sides—he cracked all his knuckles and violently shook each hand at the floor, as if he were a swimmer forestalling cramps. Anita Ellis, got up in a white Castelbajac blouse and white pants, stationed herself behind the piano. She said she had talked that morning with Gil Wiest, the owner of the Carnegie Tavern and of Michael's Pub, where she and Larkins held forth for seven classic weeks in the fall of 1974. "He told me that you're a complete gentleman, Ellis," she said in her lyrical, quickstep way of talking. "And that you pack them in."

Larkins opened his mouth in mock amazement and held up three fingers. "I haven't seen Gil for three months," he said. "He leaves me absolutely alone."

"All right, Ellis," she laughed. "Shall we do Burke and Van Heu-

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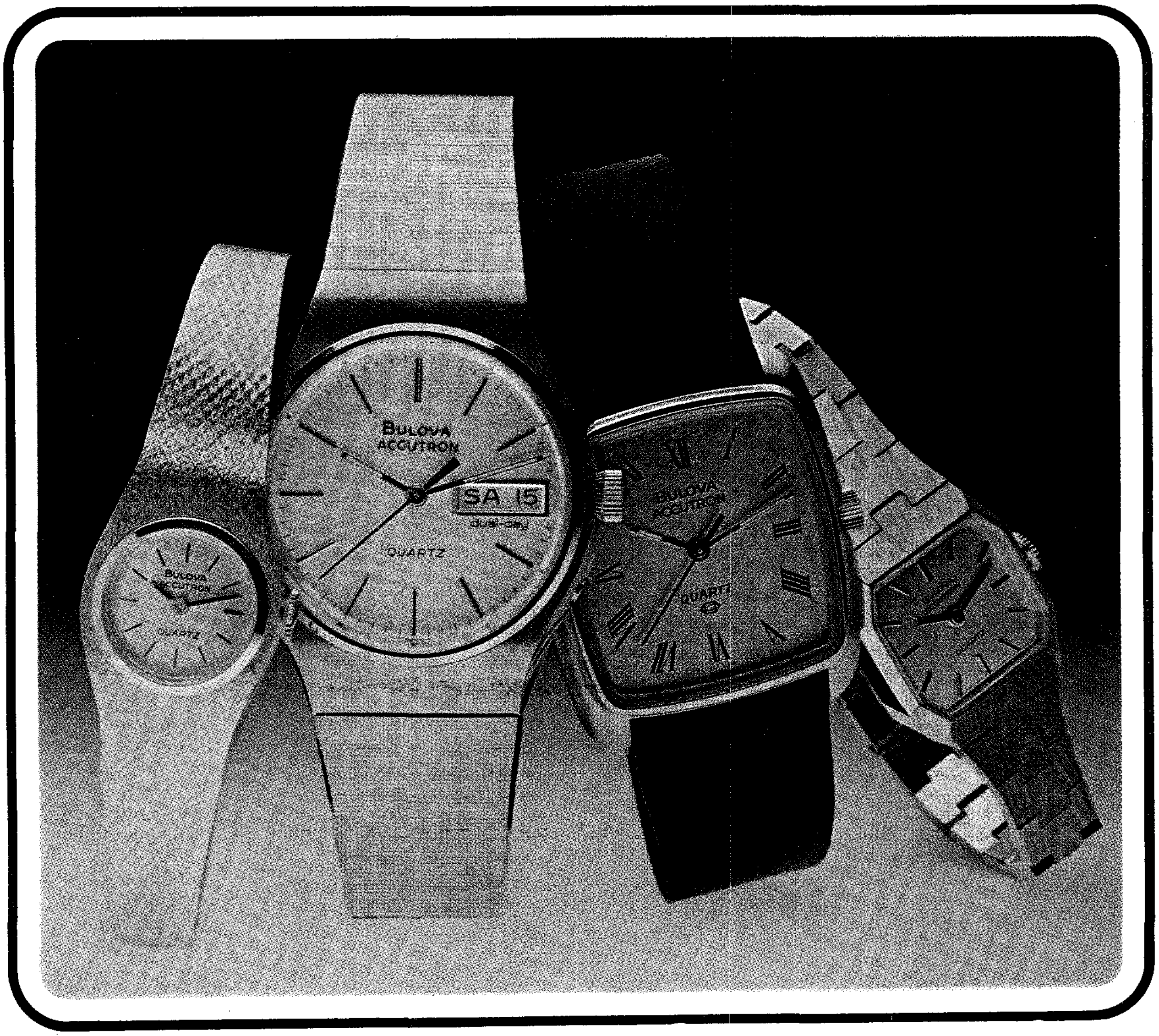
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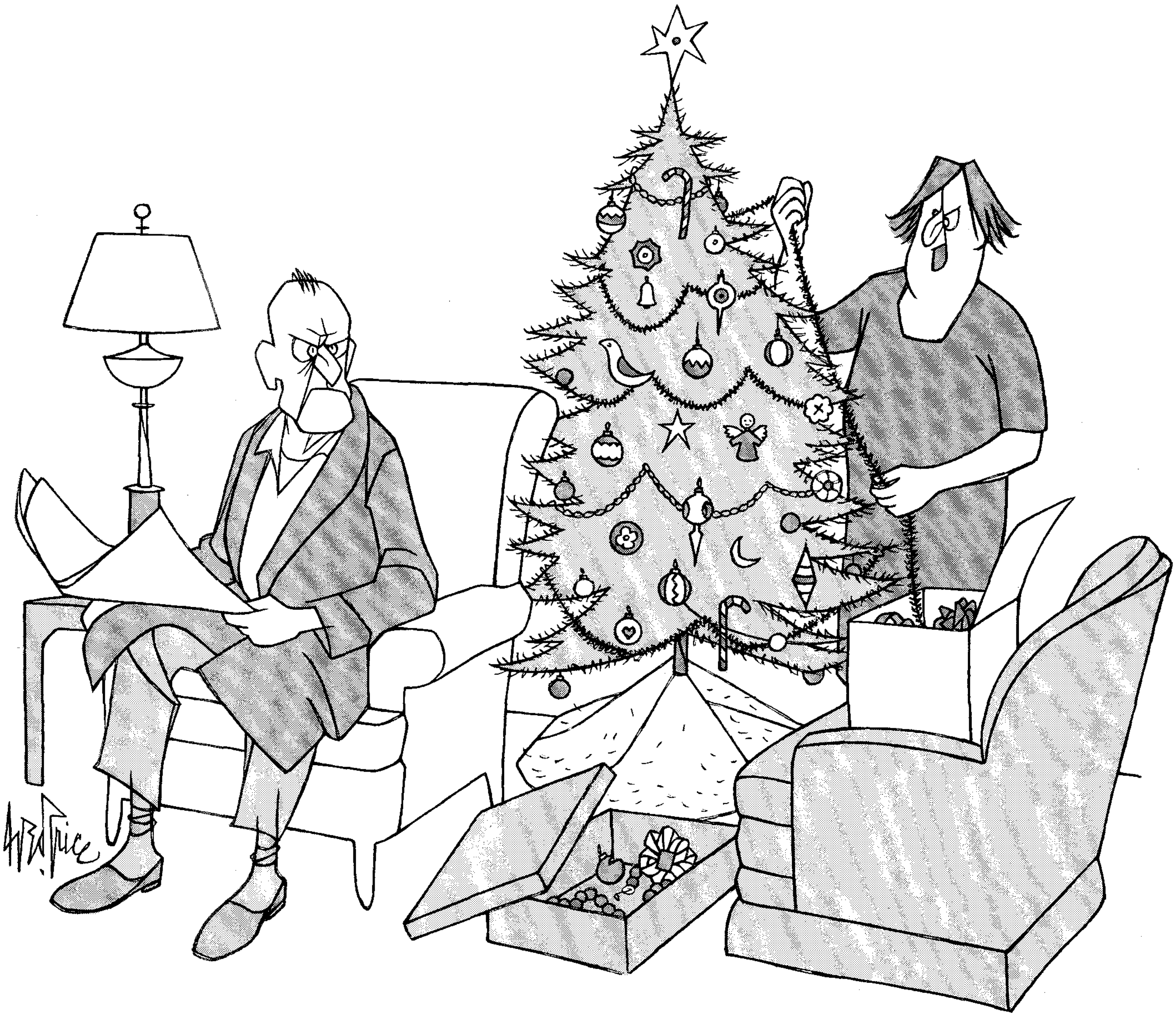


"Can you complete the following? ''Tis the season to be . . .?'"

sen—'But Beautiful'?" She sang, "Love is funny or it's sad, or it's quiet or it's mad," and Larkins began pedalling beside her, supplying coloring chords and anticipatory runs. He took an eight-bar solo, and, as is his wont, mouthed the lyrics as he improvised. She went into a sudden crescendo in the last eight bars, and they finished quietly.

She put the music of Duke Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss" on the piano, and Larkins played the first eight bars in slow, legato fashion. He stopped, and she said, "You do that so laid back it's marvellous. I want to try it, too. Will that interfere?"

He shook his head and began, and she sang with him. He stopped at the end of four bars. "That's *too* far behind, Anita," he said. He began again, and she followed more closely. His chords moved along with her, and he led her into the bridge with a bright cluster of single notes, and at the close of the bridge he paused and said, "Should I wait for you?"

"You don't have to wait for me, Ellis."

He finished the chorus and said, "You were too far behind."

"I haven't been listening to you. I've just been doing my thing."

They did one more chorus, and at its end she inserted four bars of humming. They were slightly off pitch, as she had been in several places in the song. "The trouble with that song," Larkins said, "is that if one tone goes off, it all seems to go off." She nodded and laughed.

They did a slow, delicate, almost transparent version of Billy Strayhorn's "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing." The melody, as in most of Strayhorn's pieces, has a misterioso quality, and it moves in long, gradual steps. It is not a singer's song, and when they had finished she said, "We'll go back to that next week. I don't know, I can't seem to *find* that song. I can't seem to get it in place. Maybe it should be a half tone higher."

Larkins shrugged and, holding one hand horizontally over his head, raised it an inch. "Maybe we can try it in a different key," he said.

They did buoyant, swinging versions of "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year" and Stephen Sondheim's "Anyone Can Whistle." She sang forcefully, and Larkins grew appropriately loud, and on the last eight bars of "Whistle," when she sang "I can slay a dragon" Larkins churned and boiled, leaning on his loud pedal and moving his shoulders up and down.

"Wheeeee," Anita Ellis cried. "Let's take five."

Larkins went to the kitchen to get a drink, and when he got back she said, "Ellis, after this album let's do one with just bar songs, the songs that any old piano player and singer used to sing in any old bar—songs like 'I Don't Want to Cry Any More' and 'You've Changed' and 'You Don't Know What Love Is.' "

Larkins nodded and opened his eyes very wide.

"Speaking of bars," she said, "I saw 'The Joe Louis Story' the other night on television. Do you remember that, Ellis? We were in a bar scene, and I sang 'I'll Be Around.' I think the producer had heard us do it at the Village Vanguard. We were much better than I thought. They filmed it at Grossinger's, and we met Louis."

Larkins nodded and made a single fist in the air.

They did Alec Wilder's "Who Can I Turn To," and Larkins gave it extra sparkle just before the bridge by slipping in a sleek arrangement of double-time chords which had the effect of throwing Anita Ellis's words into graceful slow motion. "I love to do that song," Anita Ellis said. "It's such a collaboration. Let's do 'Summertime,' Ellis."

"Let's wait until next time," he said, a smile flickering across his face.

She ignored him, and began the song a cappella. Larkins joined her with loose chords and a sprinkle of ascending single notes. They created a sense of "quietude," which she had earlier said she wanted in the album. But when she sang "One of these mornings, you're going to rise up singing" she gave a startling shout that Larkins answered with quick, heavy chords. The thunder died away, and she hummed the repeat ending of the song, and the two pure and beautiful voices—voice and piano—crossed and recrossed one another.

A Basie-like "I Hear Music," with a lot of galloping Larkins chords, was followed by a bluesy "Moanin' in the Mornin' " and a studied, careful "Out of This World," which slid in and out of tempo.

Larkins struck a final chord and jumped to his feet. He offered Anita Ellis his gossamer handshake and said, "That's it. It won't do any good, but I have to take my beauty nap. I'll be here next week." He was in the elevator before the front door had closed. An hour and twenty-two minutes had elapsed since his arrival.

Anita Ellis crossed her living room and sat by a picture window that looks over Carl Schurz Park and the East River. "The most remarkable thing about Ellis is that he has such *Einfühlung*—such in-feeling, or sympathy. He really feels *with* you. I can change my way of doing a song and not say anything to him, and he will catch it immediately. I *think* all the time when I sing, making up my own stories behind the songs. The song isn't Alec Wilder or Burton Lane any longer. Ellis understands this, and the song becomes just Ellis and me and what's going on in my head. Theatre singers don't generally like Ellis. He's not a pounder. He's too inventive, too corrective. If he finds what he considers a weak chord in a song, he changes it. He listens and invents. He composes all the time. And he doesn't compromise. He plays and you have to *sing*. Of course, a temperament goes with all his sensitivity. Sometimes his mind is just on other things and he clump-clump-clumps. But that's rare, and I can usually jolly him out of it.

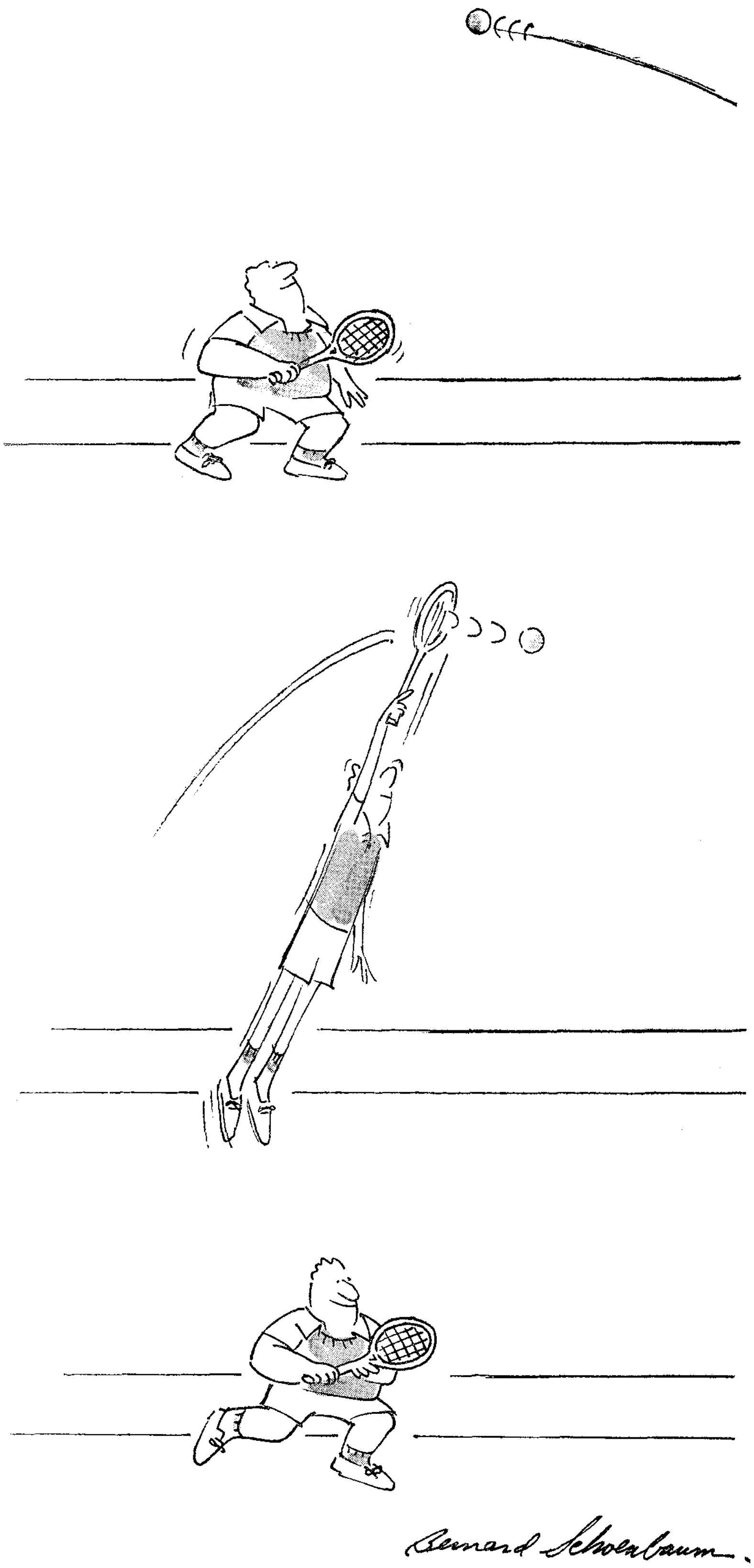
"I first met him at the Blue Angel around 1950. When he played for me, I realized he was *there*, and I became freer than I'd ever been before. He was quiet and gentlemanly, but you knew right away that he was a feelingful and articulate man. He'd call me once in a while, sounding so tentative, and ask me if I'd like to go down to Bon Soir with him and hear Mildred Bailey sing, and he'd tell me how much he liked to accompany her and what a fine musician she was. My opening night at the Blue Angel, I was so frightened that he sent me flowers and said I was the best singer he'd ever heard. He lived in a hotel in the West Forties, and I think he led a very Spartan life. There were always pretty ladies around, but they didn't seem to be *with* him. He was always just Ellis. Although he has been married twice, you don't think of Ellis as having a life outside music. His friends are mostly musicians, and when he isn't playing or with them he's watching television or he's asleep. In the late fifties or early sixties, he had a son. When the child was two or three, Ellis would take him to rehearsals, and I think he was a genius—a miniature Ellis. Once, I had to rehearse a Japanese song, with all these quarter tones, and I was having a time of it, but Ellis's little boy sang the notes just like that. The child became his lifeline. Ellis is rather remote, but to see him on a piano bench with his son right beside him was a rare oneness. It reminded me of a drummer I'd seen in the jungle in British Guiana on a trip with my husband. The man sat there hitting this great drum with his huge hands, and all the while his little son, who was folded into his lap, kept his hands right on top of his father's. But Ellis's son was suddenly taken away from him by the child's mother, and Ellis didn't know what to do. Finally, he went to the Coast to get away from here, and he worked for Joe Williams. After he came back, in the early seventies, the boy reappeared, and Ellis was beside himself. Then, not so long after, the boy was killed in a motorcycle accident in Montreal. It was a dark, destructive, tragic thing. But Ellis goes on, and he plays as beautifully as ever and looks as elegant as ever. Ellis is never dégagé. He has an air about him that makes certain people feel better about liking jazz. I sometimes think of Ellis's playing as being so of a piece that it comes down to one note—one perfect, hypnotic note."

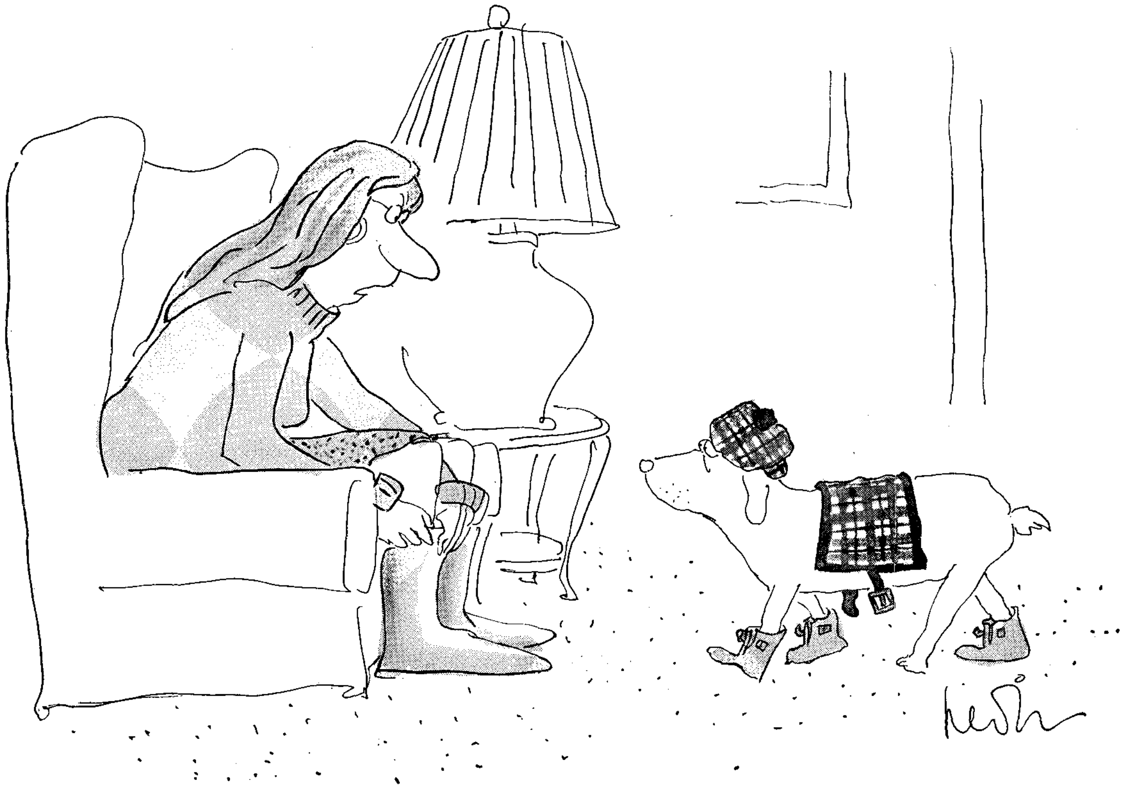
Judith Shahn

Larkins arrived at work that night a few minutes before eight. He wore a tuxedo with a ruffled shirt. He ordered a brandy at the bar and sat down with some friends on a banquette opposite the bandstand. It has been clear since he opened there that the Carnegie Tavern is just right for him. It has a first-rate piano—a brittle but brilliant August Förster, made in East Germany. The room is warm but impersonal, and is done up in a variety of safe browns, lit by occasional mirrors. It is spacious enough to absorb Larkins' coterie—which, paradoxically, can be fervent and noisy—and retain its composure. Larkins moved to the piano at eight-fifteen. He cracked his knuckles and shook out his hands, and started a medium "Stormy Weather." He often does medleys at the Tavern, and when "I've Got the World on a String" followed, it was plain he was into Harold Arlen. (Some of Larkins' admirers have complained lately of his narrowing repertory, which tends to revolve around the best-known songs of composers like Arlen, George Gershwin, and Cole Porter. He knows hundreds of songs, they point out, but simply leaves most of them on the shelf.) "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" came next, and by the close it was also clear that so far he was only idling, that he was, perhaps, somewhere else and would in all probability not be back until the next set. Everything in his style was in place—the cycling tenths, the shapely chords, the reverence for melody—but it was in soft focus. “Ill Wind” gave way to “Come Rain or Come Shine,” and he completed the set, which lasted twenty minutes, with a careful “Blues in the Night.”

Larkins sat down at a table near the piano with an admirer from New Zealand who was passing through New York and had spent the four nights of his visit listening to Larkins. The New Zealander asked Larkins why he hadn't made a solo recording in twenty years, and Larkins explained that in 1973 he had recorded enough material for Ernest Anderson, the public-relations man and old-time jazz fan, to fill seven L.P.s, but the editing hadn't even been done. The New Zealand man said he had heard that Larkins had been a child prodigy and asked if he would talk about his childhood.

Larkins let loose a barrage of abstract hand signals, looked quickly over his left shoulder, and stared briefly at the man. Then he shrugged, and said, in approximate translation, “I was the oldest of six children, of whom three boys and one girl are left [*counts off four fingers of his right hand*]. My father was short and stocky and very strict. He did catering and janitoring, and sometimes he'd take me with him. He was also a violinist, and he played with the Baltimore City Colored Orchestra and Chorus, which was formed in 1931 or 1932. He started me on violin when I was two, and he began showing me notes on the piano when I was four. I'd spin one of those piano stools as high as it would go, and perch on top [*rapid spinning motions with his right forefinger*]. The Baltimore City Colored Orchestra played at various high schools for black audiences, although whites were welcome. I'd go with my father to rehearsals and play cymbals and triangle [*holds an imaginary triangle in the air with his left thumb and forefinger, and makes striking motions with his right hand*], and, when I got old enough, violin and assistant piano. My first piano teacher was Joseph Privette, and I went to him through a Dr. Bloodgood, whom my father worked for. Then I studied with Privette's teacher, Austin Conradi, and eventually with Pasquale Tallarico and Gladys Mayo. I made my début with the Baltimore Orchestra when I was just eleven, and I gave a lot of recitals after that in churches and schools and at friends' houses. My father arranged everything. Both my parents were born in Baltimore. My mother was a quiet, pretty, easygoing person, and she played the piano. One day when I came home from school, she was playing a hymn and I told her it was in the wrong key, and she said, ‘That's right, but I just transposed it’ [*rolls his eyes and cocks his head*]. So she knew what she was doing. Between 1936 and 1938, when I was in high school, I also studied at the Peabody Conservatory. But I was aware of what was going on on the other side of the fence. I heard a lot of jazz on the radio [*cups one ear, as if listening*]—Fats Waller and Count Basie and Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson—and I caught all the big bands at the Royal Theatre. I graduated from high school in 1940 and came directly to New York to attend Juilliard, where I had a three-year scholarship. This came about through a young divinity student in Baltimore named Godwin who'd heard me play and brought me to Juilliard to audition. I lived on Manhattan Avenue with a woman whose mother was in our congregation in Baltimore, where I'd been an altar boy and all that [*pats the top of his head with one*





"Well, we're not going out looking like that."

hand]. When I came to New York, I had every intention of being a classical pianist, but I started working as a jazz pianist simply out of the need for money. The guitarist Billy Moore heard me and told John Hammond, who got me into the union. I joined Moore's trio, and we went to Cleveland. I was still at Juilliard, and my teacher told me he didn't care *what* I played so long as I didn't lose my *approach* to the instrument. *I* didn't hear Art Tatum until I came to New York. The first time was at an after-hours place uptown. All the pianists there played, then Tatum sat down with his beer next to him and washed them all away [*pretends to clear the tabletop with one vigorous sweep of his hands*]. I went into Café Society Uptown with Billy Moore on September 14, 1942, and when he got sick in December I took over with a trio made up of Bill Coleman on trumpet and Al Hall on bass. Teddy Wilson had a sextet there, too, with Emmett Berry and Ed Hall and Benny Morton and Sid Catlett, and we alternated playing for dancing between the floor shows. If Teddy got sick, I'd replace him. I went into the Dubonnet in Newark, and Max Gordon came all the way over to ask me to come into his Blue Angel. I was there with the trio a year. In 1945, I went back to Café Society with Ed Hall, who had taken over the band, and after that I divided my time between the Blue Angel and the Village Vanguard [*makes piano-playing motions in the air to his right, then to his left*]. The Blue Angel closed in the early sixties, and rock came in, and I went into the studios as an accompanist and a vocal coach. It kept me alive through the fifties and sixties, and in 1968 I moved to the Coast and became Joe Williams' accompanist."

The New Zealander thanked Larkins and asked him how he liked being an accompanist.

Larkins nodded his head quickly up and down once, and looked at his watch. "I first comped for my father when I was five or six, and in high school I played for vocal groups and did a little arranging. I try and keep my ear alert and I try and keep myself aware of the lyric. After a while, you sense where a singer is going and where she isn't. You lead her and you keep out of her way. The two voices—the pianist's and the singer's—should move side by side and contrapuntally, and it becomes a little game between them [*shakes cupped hands, as if they contained dice*]. I can play by myself anytime, but it is a great challenge to play off of someone else. I never lose the melody when I play solo. I give the melody at the beginning of a song and at the end. In between, when I improvise, I make little melodies of my own, and it becomes a way of expressing myself, of improving the original—you hope [*opens his eyes wide*]. Three things go on in my head when I solo: the melody; the lyrics, which I say to myself as I go along; and a kind of imaginary big band, which directs the voicings—the chords I play—so that some will resemble the reed section and some the brass. I also see things impressionistically in my head [*shields his eyes scout-fashion with one hand*], and this is triggered by certain words in the lyrics. The word 'shimmering' in 'Autumn in New York' makes me see shimmering leaves and shimmering lights, and the light lyrics of 'Bidin' My Time' make me see life just rocking easily along. But some songs you leave alone, some songs you can't improve, and you just play them and get out—songs like 'Willow Weep for Me' and 'Someone to Watch Over Me' and 'The Man I Love.' "

Larkins checked his watch again, and excused himself. He went to the piano and into a Gershwin medley, and it was immediately apparent that he was back. He experimented with time all through the set, playing an exquisite slow "I Got Rhythm" and a rocking " 'S Wonderful." He did "The Man I Love" at three different speeds, keeping the melody clear and in the forefront, and he did an ad-lib "Lady Be Good." "Someone to Watch Over Me" was precise and languorous, and he closed with a medium, extended "I've Got a Crush on You," which he made into a love song and a hymn and a lullaby. Then, in one unbroken motion, he stood up, bowed and clapped his hands to the applause, dropped down the bandstand steps, and covered the four feet to the bar, where he held up one tall finger. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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CORRECTION

Two City Council reports by Joseph Glascott contained errors yesterday. Alderman A. Briger, not Alderman C. Boag, defended the wearing of robes. Alderman D. Sutherland was not present; the Labor aldermen wearing skivvies were R. Tickner and A. Reeves. The cost of a proposed sculpture for Martin Place was correctly reported as $80,000, but it would be a gift to the council. The Herald regrets the errors.—*Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald.*

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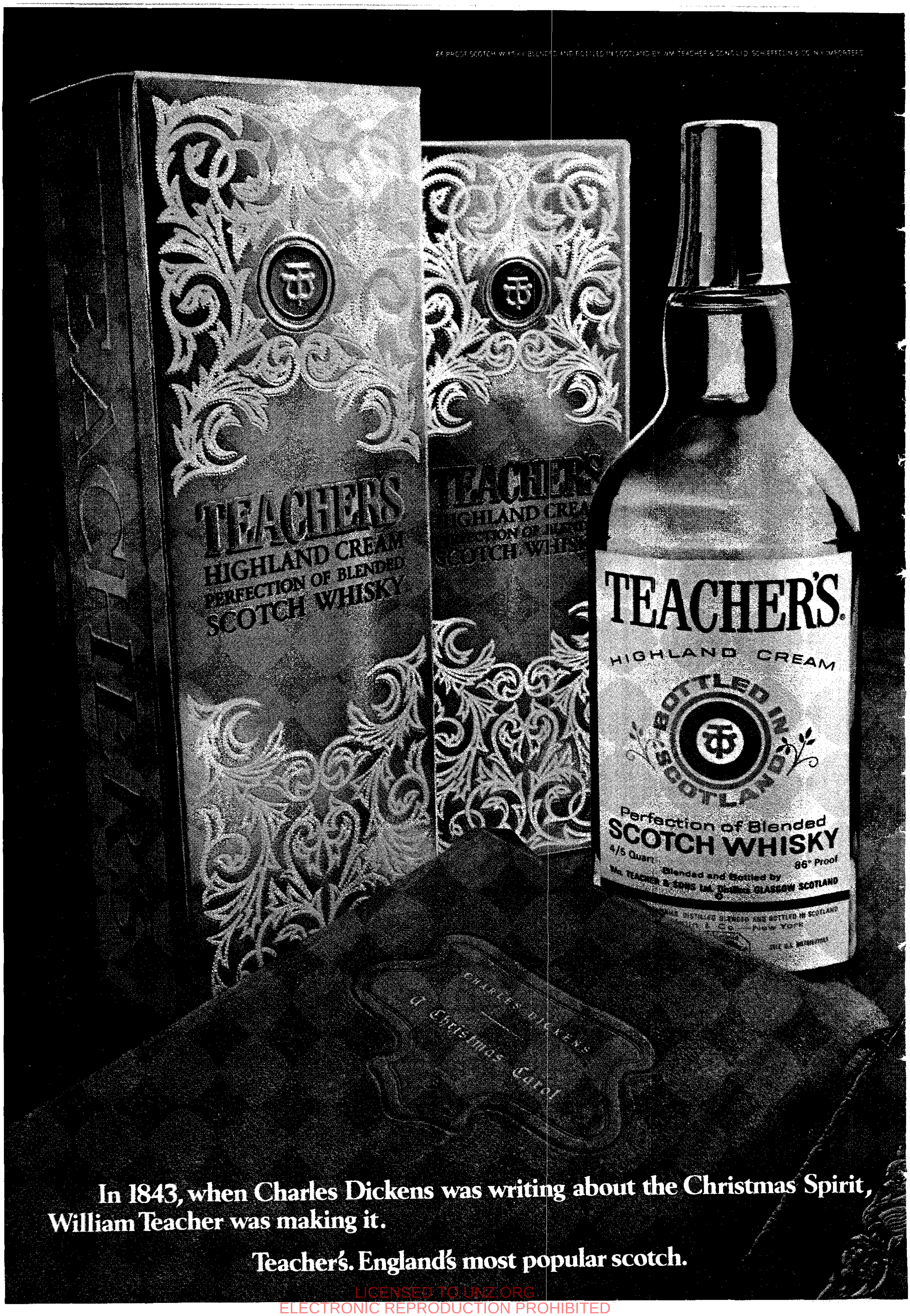
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THE THEATRE

Love in Old Age

"THE KINGFISHER," at the Biltmore, is an old-fashioned, welcomely brief drawing-room comedy by William Douglas Home—the drawing room, in this instance, being a pretty garden in the depths of the green countryside not far from London. Garden and offstage house belong to an exceedingly prosperous novelist, whose first name is Cecil, whose nature is selfish, whose tongue is sharp and on occasion witty, and whose manners are at once courtly and querulous. Cecil built his house after the success of his first novel, and he has been waited on there in considerable luxury for upward of fifty years by a faithful manservant, Hawkins. The siting of the house and garden was an act of sentiment: under a beech tree that is now the chief feature of the garden, Cecil once skirmished passionately (though to little physical effect) with a girl named Evelyn, who, seeing that he wished to make love to her but had no intention of proposing marriage, went off and found herself a more conventional young man to turn into a husband.

After half a century of a loveless but by no means unhappy relationship, the virtuous prig of a husband has died on his favorite golf course in Cornwall (nothing in his life became him like the leaving it), and his widow has accepted Cecil's invitation to stop off on her way back from the funeral and renew their acquaintance over a cup of tea. The years have been, as the saying goes, kind to Evelyn and Cecil, but each is put off by the other's having so obviously grown older; politely they parry and thrust, seeking to find their way back to the young flirts they once were and to measure from that starting point the long distance they have travelled. Having announced that he has never married because he has never stopped loving her, Cecil suggests that they should set about repairing his early miscalculation; Evelyn protests that marriage at their age would be in every way an act of supererogation. They bicker amicably not only with each other but also with Hawkins, who sees that if Evelyn consents to marry Cecil his own cozy domestic life with Cecil is certain to come to an end. Round and round they go, these three old folk, in a stately pavane of reminiscence and false witness; tea turns into dinner, dinner into brandy, brandy into bedtime, bedtime into breakfast. Mr. Douglas Home is an artful music master, and since we have assumed from the opening curtain that the play is bound to have a happy ending—indeed, we would be understandably indignant if it didn't—we are content to await the moment at which the last chords will be struck and the not very fateful question of will she?/won't she? be answered.

In comedies of this sort, nothing matters more than the charm and skill of the cast, and "The Kingfisher" succeeds because all evening long we are in the presence of Rex Harrison, as Cecil; Claudette Colbert, as Evelyn; and George Rose, as Hawkins. Mr. Harrison's Cecil is his Professor Higgins some twenty years on, with the Professor's notorious misogyny mitigated by time. In the portrayal of Evelyn, Miss Colbert's only fault is the fortunate one of looking twenty or thirty years younger than her age; how pleasant it is to hear that warm, chuckling voice once again! As for Mr. Rose, he is the most accomplished and unscrupulous scene stealer of the day; so light-fingered is he that even Mr. Harrison, to whom the practice is not unknown, must fear turning his back on him for a single moment. The setting of the play is by Alan Tagg, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the direction is by Lindsay Anderson. The kingfisher for which the play is named is a nonpasserine bird of the Alcedinidae family; one of its cousins lives in Australia and is ordinarily referred to, I am sorry to say, as "the laughing jackass." Every family has its troubles.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Birthday Party

THE Negro Ensemble Company, at the St. Marks, has opened its season with "Nevis Mountain Dew," Steve Carter's strong, funny, and tragic play about a proud West Indian family in Queens. The family is the Philiberts, and the action takes place in their house, where, in an upstairs bedroom, Jared Philibert (a masterly performance by Graham Brown) lies in the respirator that has imprisoned him and kept him alive for years—the respirator whose sound (crescendo and then down) underscores every line that is spoken, every move that is made, almost to the end. Jared's face is visible only in the mirror above his head, his eyes wary and watchful and alert, but his voice is everywhere—eloquent, wry, embittered, amused, always dominant. Jared is cared for by the elder of his two middle-aged sisters; the younger of them goes to work—as does Jared's wife, who is a charwoman in an office building. The time of the play is the night of Jared's fiftieth birthday, a night that changes the life of everyone around him. Present for the celebration is the younger sister's lover, who is Jared's closest lifelong friend, and he has brought as a birthday present a case of West Indian rum (Nevis Mountain Dew), which, freely partaken of by all, acts as a catalyst. Also present are a co-worker of the wife's—the maintenance man in the office building—and his helper. The plot of the play is deceptively simple; its richness is in its characters—in all their emotional need and complexity, as revealed in scene after scene—and in the force of its sexual undertow. Jared is not the only prisoner in that house, but it is he who sets his women free. In the climactic scene, he calls them and the men into the bedroom and talks to them about his marriage and his illness. ("What's so infantile about this paralysis?") He mercilessly makes clear the devastating effect that the effort of keeping him alive and at home has had on all of them, and he ends by pleading—insofar as a man as proud as Jared can be said to plead for anything—for release. His plea is answered.

The actors are the cream of the company, and, under the firm, canny direction of Horacena J. Taylor, they bring the script completely to life. Frances Foster is the elder sister—prim, tight-lipped, tense, and bitterly jealous of her sister-in-law, although she doesn't know it. When Jared tells her off, she almost collapses with horror and rage—a strong scene, although I don't much care for telling-off scenes, which are far too easy and usually serve only to tell the audience what it already knows. Ethel Ayler is the delightful, humorous younger sister, now in her forties, and Arthur French is her equally delightful, staunch, rather rough-mannered lover. The scene in which Miss Ayler and Mr. French speak of their love and passion is, for all its humor, the most beautiful in the

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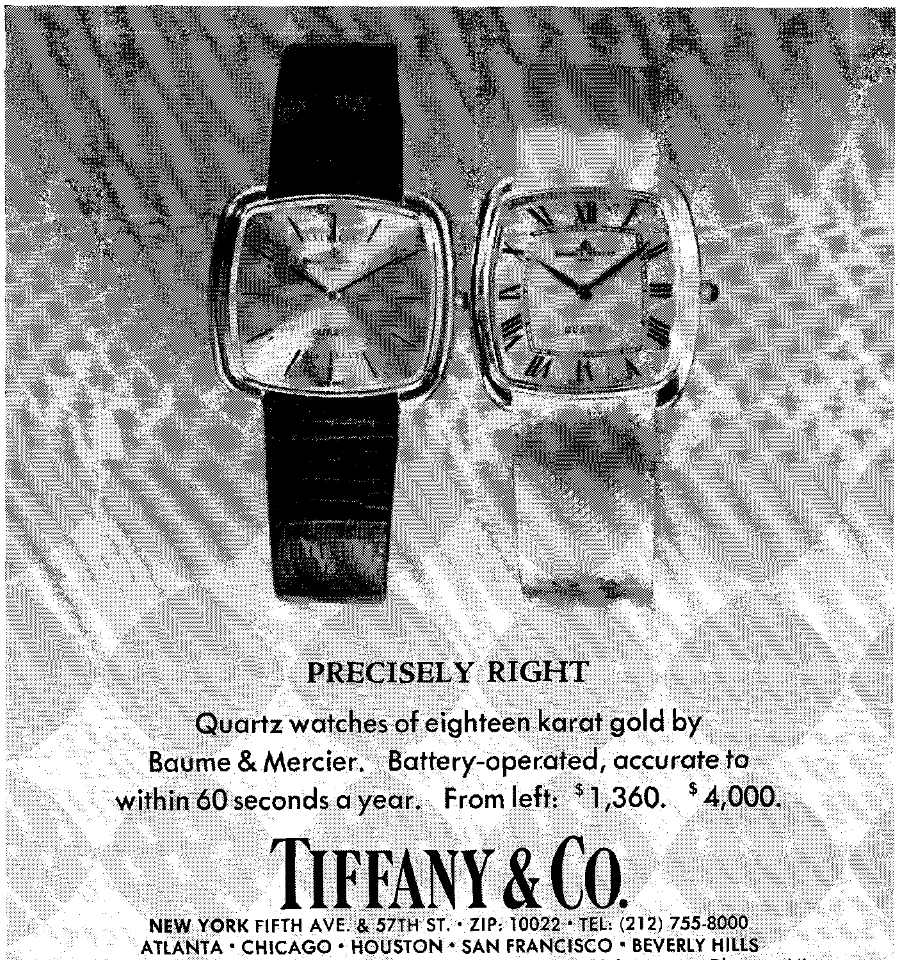

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play. Barbara Montgomery is Jared's wife, technically faithful to him yet almost numbed by guilt over an episode in her past, and helplessly attracted to her colleague in the building. Samm-Art Williams is exactly right as this not so helpless maintenance man, and Charles Brown does well in the small part of his helper. "Nevis Mountain Dew," the first of four productions to be staged for a couple of weeks apiece at the St. Marks, will close on Sunday, but it will surely reappear for the long run it deserves. The production once again proves the N.E.C. to be the most valuable resident company in town. Good scenery, good costumes, and good lighting, by Wynn Thomas, Alvin Perry, and Larry Johnson, respectively.

"IN THE RECOVERY LOUNGE," by James Farrell (no "T."), at the Circle Repertory, is a non-play, as feckless and infirm as its characters, who wander in and out of said lounge (in a private hospital in this city), pre- and post-op. Mr. Farrell, a fledgling dramatist whose second play this is, is obviously a keen student of "The Hot l Baltimore," by the far more experienced Lanford Wilson, and his theme, I guess, is the accidental, fly-by-night intimacy of people who happen to occupy the same space for a certain amount of time. Some of the scenes do jell, and some of the comedy pays off, although none of the emotion does. The acting doesn't amount to much (*how* can it?), but Helen Stenborg plays a tart-tongued woman waiting to hear whether she has cancer with a professionalism that is most welcome, and Sharon Madden does all that can be done with the cliché role of a depressed young spinster. Types, types, types. Tom Lynch's setting, well lighted by Dennis Parichy, is a model of literalness. The audience walks through an antiseptic white hospital corridor, complete with elevator, into the theatre, where the seats look down on the lounge, at floor level. I was gratified to see plenty of ashtrays in the lounge, along with a large electric wall clock that works. —EDITH OLIVER

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

A man whose nose was bitten by a crocodile may be charged under the Dangerous Animals Act.

The jaws of the 2ft reptile had to be prised apart in a bookshop at West Bromwich, where the injured man and a companion had taken the crocodile for a walk.

THE RACE TRACK

Going Out on Top

SOME of the better fillies and mares had a last fling in the $53,650 Firenze Handicap, over a sloppy track at Aqueduct last Saturday, and it was a good one. Mrs. Warren, a four-year-old daughter of Hail to Reason out of Easy Virtue, by Native Dancer, made the final race of her career a winning one, coming from behind to beat Water Malone in a driving finish under strong handling by Jorge Velasquez. Three furlongs from home, Mrs. Warren was fourth, then she moved to the outside and drew away with a burst of speed. Velasquez and Jeffrey Fell both pulled off hat tricks during the afternoon's racing, in their nip-and-tuck competition for the New York jockey championship. At the end of the day, Fell was still one win up on Velasquez, but in the Firenze, though Fell had had One Sum, the 6–5 favorite, in the lead at the head of the stretch, his mount couldn't match Mrs. Warren's finishing burst and fell back to third. White Star Line, Mrs. Warren's stablemate, was fourth, and the two of them will go to Kentucky for breeding next spring—Mrs. Warren to Hoist the Flag, and White Star Line to his son Alleged, the winner of the last two Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

JACK STAFFORD's home-bred, pint-sized three-year-old Overskate—he stands barely fifteen hands high and weighs nine hundred and eighty pounds—was voted Canada's 1978 Horse of the Year in the annual poll conducted by the Toronto edition of the *Daily Racing Form*, incidentally becoming the winner of three Sovereign Awards (top Canadian horse, best three-year-old, and best grass horse). He won eight races, seven of them major events, earning $243,554 in prize money. Robin Platts rode him in all his starts, including the Manitoba Derby, the Prince of Wales Stakes, the Breeders' Stakes, the Carlsberg Invitational Handicap, and the International at Woodbine. In the Queen's Plate in June, Regal Embrace beat him by a neck, but he beat Regal Embrace by a head in the International a month later. Last season, Overskate was the best two-year-old in Canada. A chestnut colt by No-double out of Overstate, by Speak John, he is trained by Gil Rowntree. Breeders of thoroughbreds and students of pedigrees are particularly interested in Overskate, because he brings to this continent a new strain of the blood of Hyperion, England's famous racer and sire, owned by Lord Derby. Incidentally, Hyperion was also on the small side—no bigger than Overskate.

AS no doubt you know, Hawksworth Farm's Spectacular Bid will winter in Florida and do his training for the Triple Crown at Gulfstream Park. According to word from Hallandale, he arrived from Maryland last Thursday, and Bud Delp, his trainer, was on hand to see that he was properly bedded down in his stall. Present plans include running him in the Hutcheson Stakes, the Fountain of Youth Stakes, the Florida Derby, and the Flamingo. As the winner of seven races in nine starts, he has a big following. Chick Lang, the general manager of Pimlico, whose father rode Reigh Count to victory in the 1928 Kentucky Derby, said recently of Spectacular Bid, "I think he is about to rewrite the record. He's the most impressive youngster I've ever seen. His race in the Laurel Futurity was simply awesome. Some good horses, such as Affirmed, Honest Pleasure, Secretariat, and Riva Ridge, had a shot at breaking the mile-and-a-sixteenth track record at Laurel, and they ran fast and well. But Buddy Delp's colt smashed it by four-fifths of a second and simply annihilated General Assembly."

THE week before last, Bernard Rome, the president of the New York Off-Track Betting Corporation, released a ninety-four-page policy statement in which he charged that the New York Racing Association has been "nothing more than a pretense to a business, a sham, and a failure" in its twenty-three-year administration of New York's thoroughbred racing industry. "The N.Y.R.A.'s incredibly costly borrowing has been paid for by reductions in the state's percentage share of the pari-mutuel handle," Rome said. "It has cost the state $180 million to keep the N.Y.R.A. afloat, and these costs are going up." Rome proposed a thirteen-point program to abolish the N.Y.R.A. and replace it with a New York State Sports Authority, which would integrate the six OTB corporations and the thoroughbred race tracks into a single opera-

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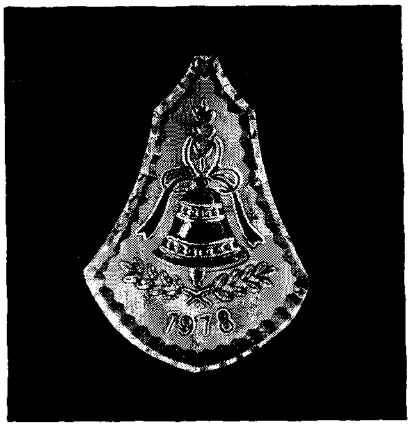

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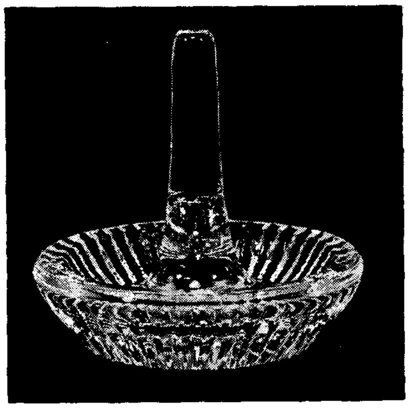

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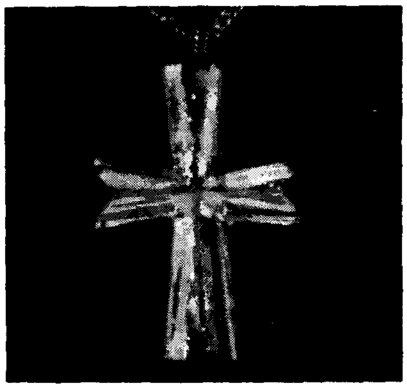

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tion. Such a sports authority, Rome said, "could pay off all of N.Y.R.A.'s debts and still afford to pay the State of New York ten million dollars more for the franchise than is now paid by N.Y.R.A."

The N.Y.R.A.'s reply was quick. Ogden Mills Phipps, the chairman of the association's board of directors, and James P. Heffernan, its president, put out a statement of their own, calling Rome's proposal "a curious mixture of inconsistency, arrogance, selfishness, and questionable motives." The statement continued, "Since the facts argue against his contention that the current management has been deficient, one is left with the conclusion that he merely wants management that is different. One can only speculate as to the motives behind such a demand." This department is awaiting a sonorous statement from the Jockey Club.

HORSEMEN at Laurel and Bowie are talking as much about the suspension of Dickie Dutrow, Maryland's favorite trainer, for violation of the rule on medication as those at Aqueduct are about Rome's bombshell. The affair involves Butazolidin, a non-stimulating painkiller that will help a bad-legged horse run the last furlong of a claiming race with as much zing as the first. "Bute" is permitted in Maryland, though forbidden in many other states. But there's a curious twist to the Dutrow affair. It seems that, although Early Double, whom Dutrow ran in the ninth race last November 24th, is listed in the records as running on Bute, he refused to take the stuff that day when Dutrow's son and a groom tried to give it to him, and ran and won without his required prescription. It all reminds me of the order of a steward in the bad old days, who said to the trainer of a winner, "Next time you run that horse, send him out like he was today." Dutrow was granted a stay of his suspension, pending a hearing.

CHICAGO'S Hawthorne track will have a new grandstand, a new clubhouse, a new jockeys' room, and new administrative offices to replace those destroyed by fire a month ago—Illinois investigators have since declared that it was a case of arson—and will reopen next fall. It has already been granted dates for seventy-five racing days—from September 24th to December 19th—by the Illinois Racing Board. Old Hawthorne patrons won't know the place.

—AUDAX MINOR

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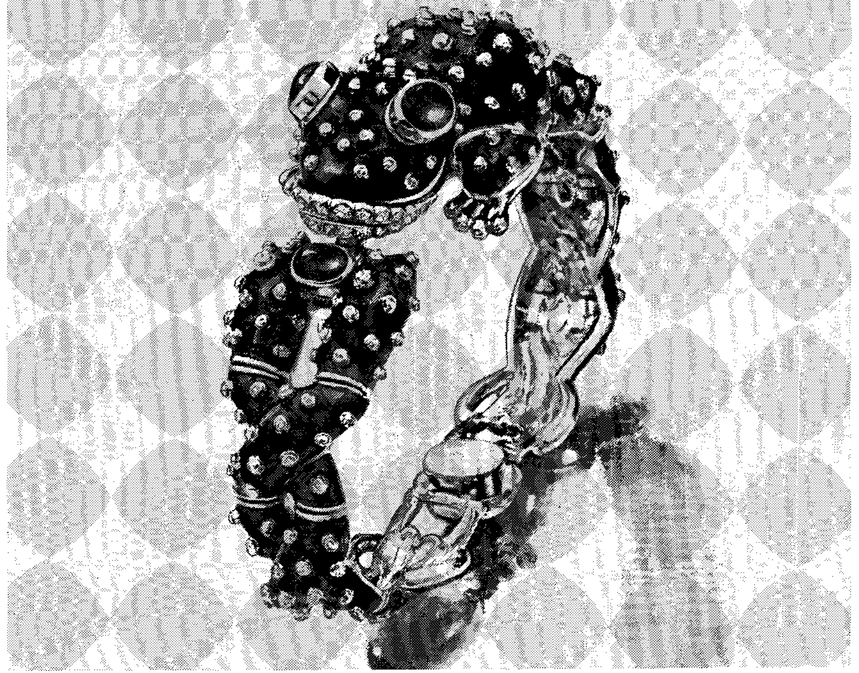

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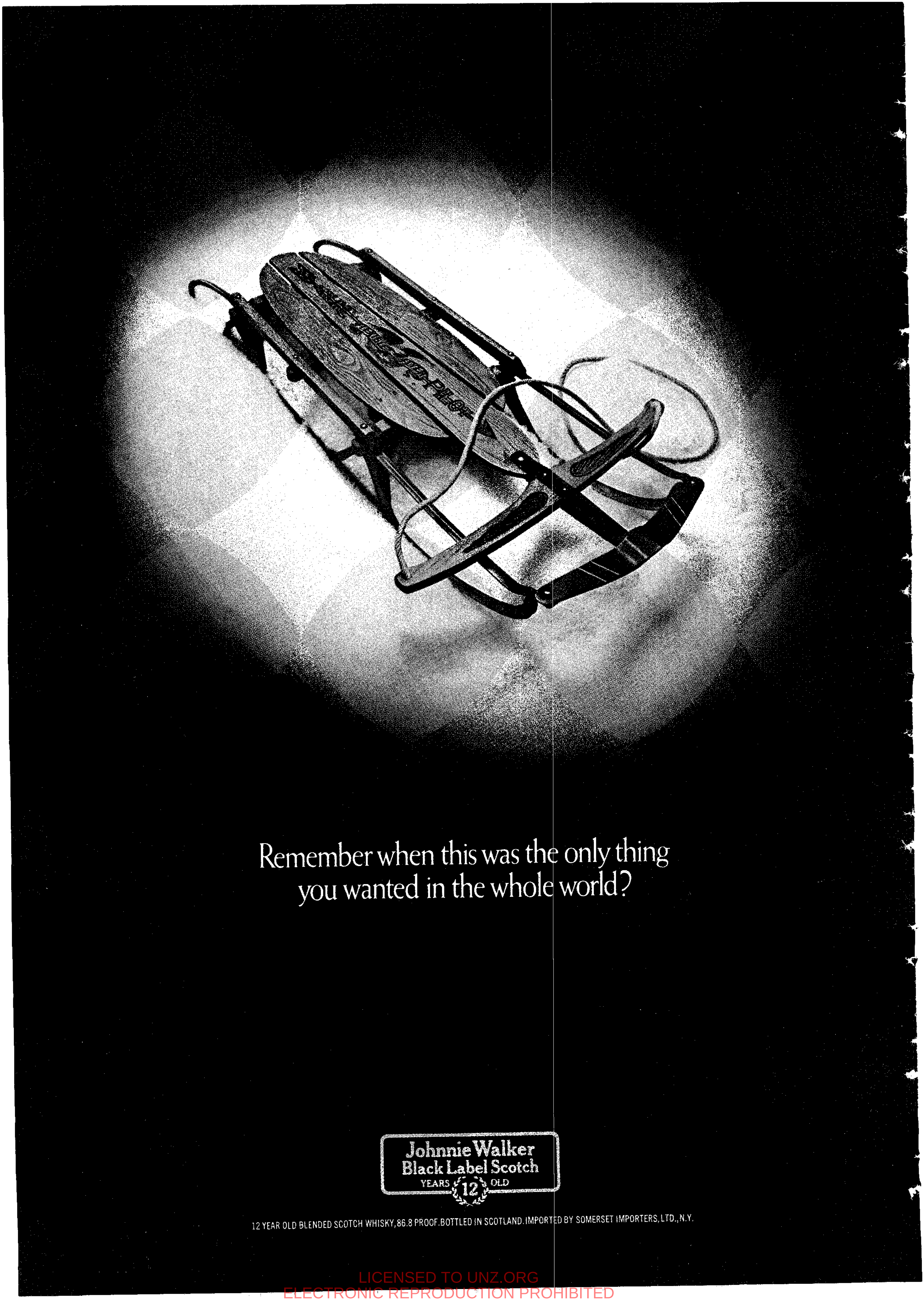
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REFLECTIONS

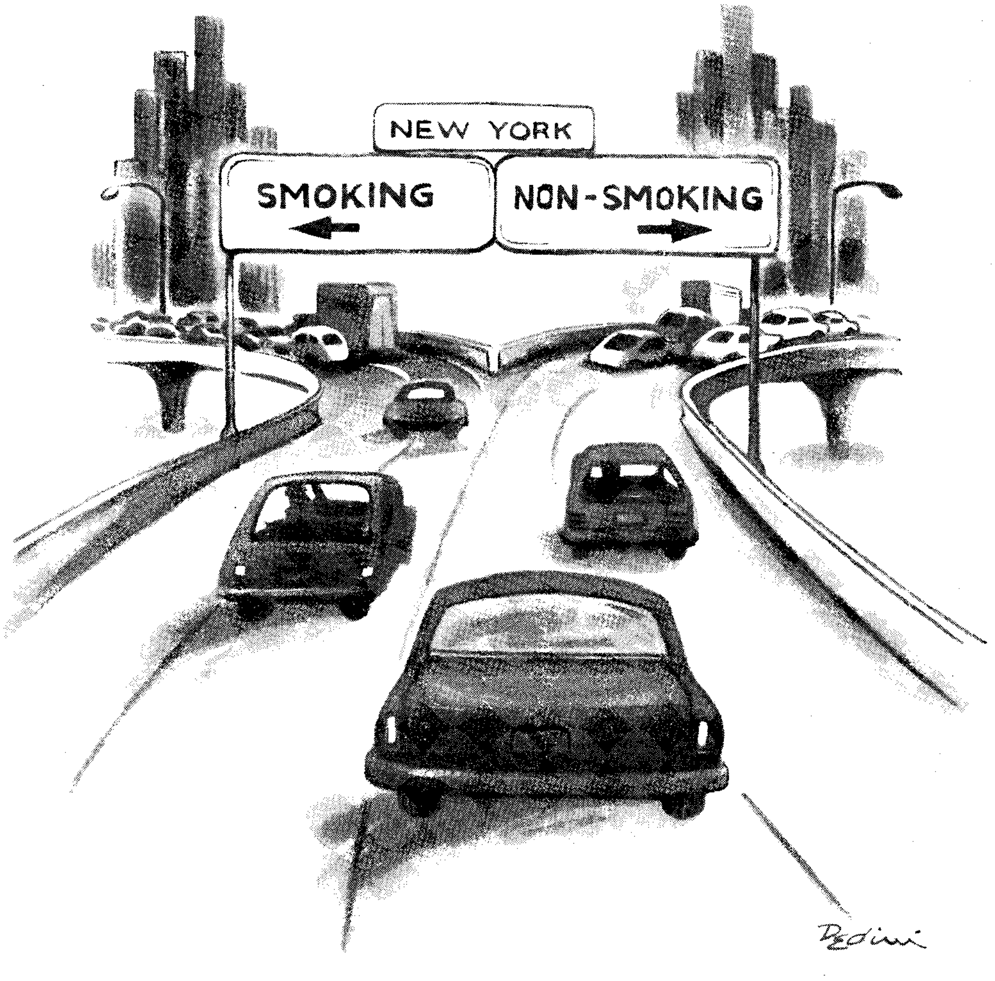
THE PEOPLE'S TEMPLE

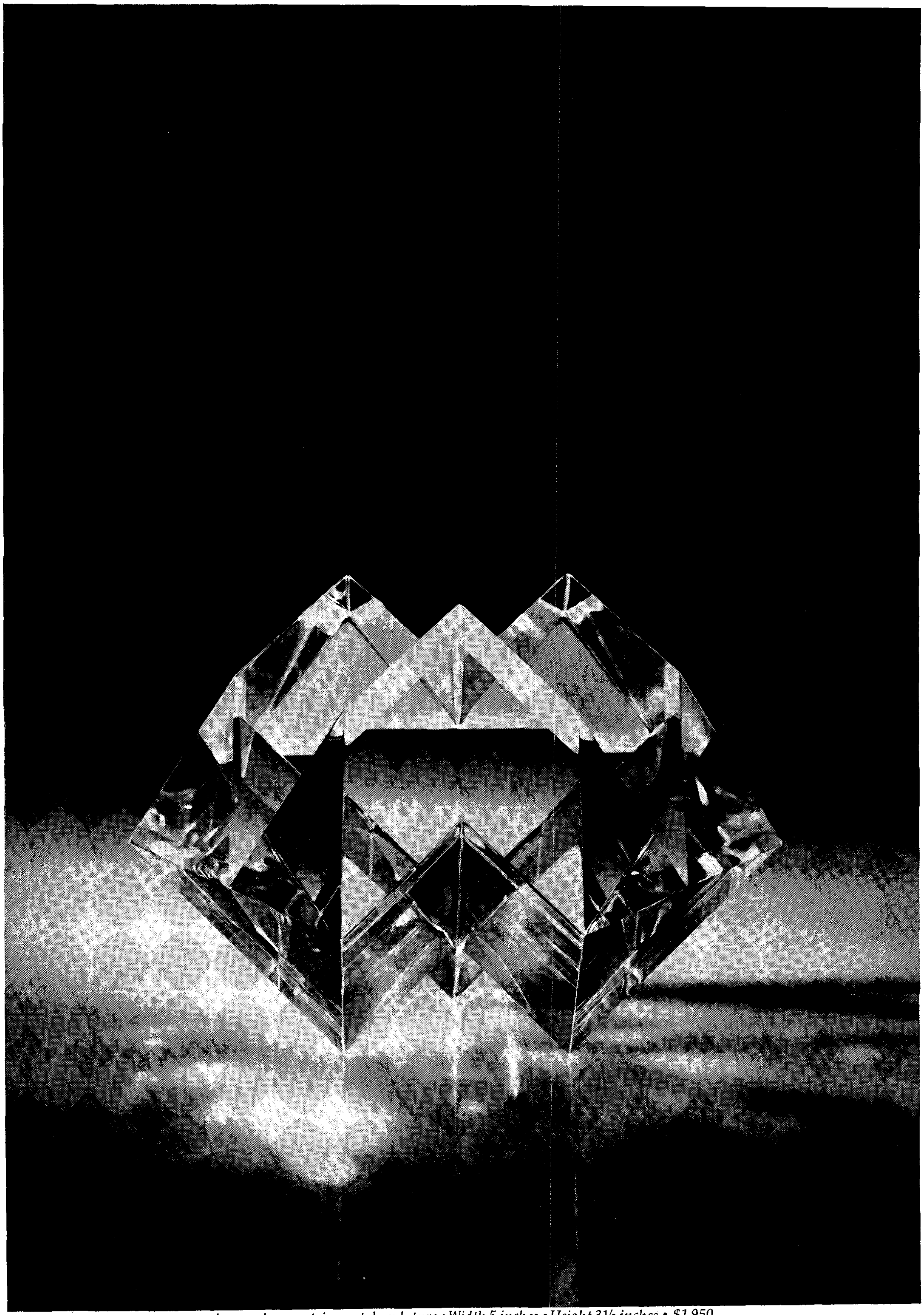
THE Reverend Jim Jones' People's Temple was a messianic cult of a kind familiar not only in American history but in that of other countries. In the events that took place last month in Jonestown, Guyana, there were resemblances to things that have happened in the past. But there were also sharp differences, differences that have their origins in a particular society—our own—and it is these differences which are most disturbing.

Messianic cults commonly arise in periods of trouble or social crisis, as at the time of the Black Death in the Middle Ages and during the great social dislocations provoked by the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. They can also occur at any time among uprooted people, among marginal people without an assured place in society, or among those whose accepted values or social assumptions have been broken down or undermined. They developed again and again in Africa and Asia under the pressures of colonialism and Christian missionary proselytism. Vittorio Lanternari calls these "religions of the oppressed." They include syncretic cults such as the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai in modern Indo-China, where, as a French official remarked in 1885, "we have destroyed the past and nothing has taken its place." They also include the nativist African cults that multiplied during the early years of this century: Kitawala and Kimbangu, the "Antonians," and the Epikilipikili prophetic sect in the Congo. (We saw the lingering influences of the last one in the Stanleyville uprising of 1964, when what the Western press and governments chose to call "Marxist" rebels invoked fetishes to confer immunity from the white man's bullets.) In addition, there were the cargo cults of Melanesia, the Taiping movement that convulsed China in the eighteen-fifties, and the ghost-dance cult among America's Indians. A good many religious movements have originated in the United States, some with constructive and lasting effects on our history. From a people trying to put down roots in a time of great change, with a constantly moving social as well as geographical frontier, came the Mormons, the Seventh-Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses, Father Divine and his Kingdom of Peace, the Holy Rollers, the snake-handlers of Appalachia. And we have new cults today that have made particular appeal to ghetto people, the most wretched and excluded of Americans, and to the adrift young of the American middle and upper classes.

These religions are usually quite simple, or they used to be. A prophet tells a troubled group of people that they are or can become specially elected to bring a message of redemption to the world, or discover a promised land free from suffering, or survive an impending apocalypse that will sweep away their oppressors and enemies. Our own Mormons, practicing polygamy and claiming the possession of a newly revealed book of the Bible, had to trek across the continent to find security by the Great Salt Lake. The Rastafarian movement, which began in Jamaica in the nineteen-thirties (and was to have an influence in Harlem), promised black laborers a magical freedom if they could get to Haile Selassie's Ethiopia. It said that Jamaica's blacks were a lost tribe of Israel, exiled for their sins. The lost tribe is a frequent theme in these movements. The Black Muslims claim, in effect, to be a lost tribe of Islam. These cults often provide hope and discipline in people's lives by promising eventual justification or salvation. Some kind of apocalyptic climax to history will occur, but the cult members will be spared, after which the meaning of their sufferings will be revealed and they will be rewarded. Such themes obviously are taken from the Old and New Testaments, and in the non-Western world the modern syncretic and messianic cults are usually made up of naïve combinations of the old religion of the place—often animist or pagan—with a half-understood notion of what Western missionaries have taught. In the Cao Dai, Victor Hugo figured with Christ and Confucius as an object of veneration. The founder of the Taiping movement claimed that he was the younger and more meritorious brother of Jesus.

The function of these movements is to provide an escape or a justification for the mean lives of people on the margin of society. From oppression, the members of the cult are transformed into an élite. They may or may not have a mission to redeem the rest of society. Some cults send their follow-





Arcus • A geometric crystal sculpture • Width 5 inches • Height 3½ inches • $1,950.

Arcus
by Peter Aldridge

A sculptor's special knowledge turns geometry into a crystal design

Peter Aldridge is a young British sculptor who graduated from the Royal College of Art, London, and later served there as a tutor in glass.

His work in crystal has been exhibited in London, Frankfurt, Copenhagen, Finland, and in the United States.

In Arcus, the first of his crystal designs for Steuben Glass, he has brought together the two important skills that distinguish his work as a sculptor.

First is a strong knowledge of geometry, and how geometry can be used to reflect light in unusual ways. Second is a mature understanding of the crystal medium, and particularly of the precision cutting techniques he has developed to shape it.

Arcus, a geometric crystal sculpture, is cut and polished into multiple light-reflecting planes to suggest a controlled flight of arrows shot from a bow.

The arrowhead motif, pointing both up and down, is repeated symmetrically throughout the design.

The piece was formed from a solid crystal cube with six V-shaped cuts, and utilizes many 90-degree angles, equilateral triangles, and rectangular surfaces to reflect and refract light inside the glass. The resulting relationships are geometrically precise and fascinating to look at.

Says Steuben's head designer, Paul Schulze, "the light going into the piece begins to bounce from one surface to another, giving you illusions of light in areas you wouldn't expect it to be."

This comment reflects Aldridge's own view of crystal sculpture. He believes it should not exist merely in relation to other things, but should provide within itself a focus for its own environment.

And that is exactly what Arcus achieves, whether it is displayed as an ornament or sculptural design on a desk or low table. It attracts the eye, and with each changing viewpoint, creates captivating new images and illusions.

As an example of the third of Steuben's three glassmaking disciplines—glassblowing, engraving, cutting—Arcus belongs in a category of pieces which shine on their own, without subject matter or adornment.

It is on display now, with other prismatic sculptures and designs, at Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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ers into the streets to ring doorbells, preach, dance (like the Hare Krishna), pass out their literature (like the followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon). Others turn in on themselves, to shun the world or defend against it by creating an autarchic world, as the Black Muslims have done and as the People's Temple did in the Guyanese rain forest. In America today, cults often take their doctrines from Eastern rather than Western religions—a situation that reflects a more general alienation from industrial society, urban life, technology, the entire Western inheritance. Nevertheless, the pattern of exclusive knowledge and special salvation is the same among all such groups.

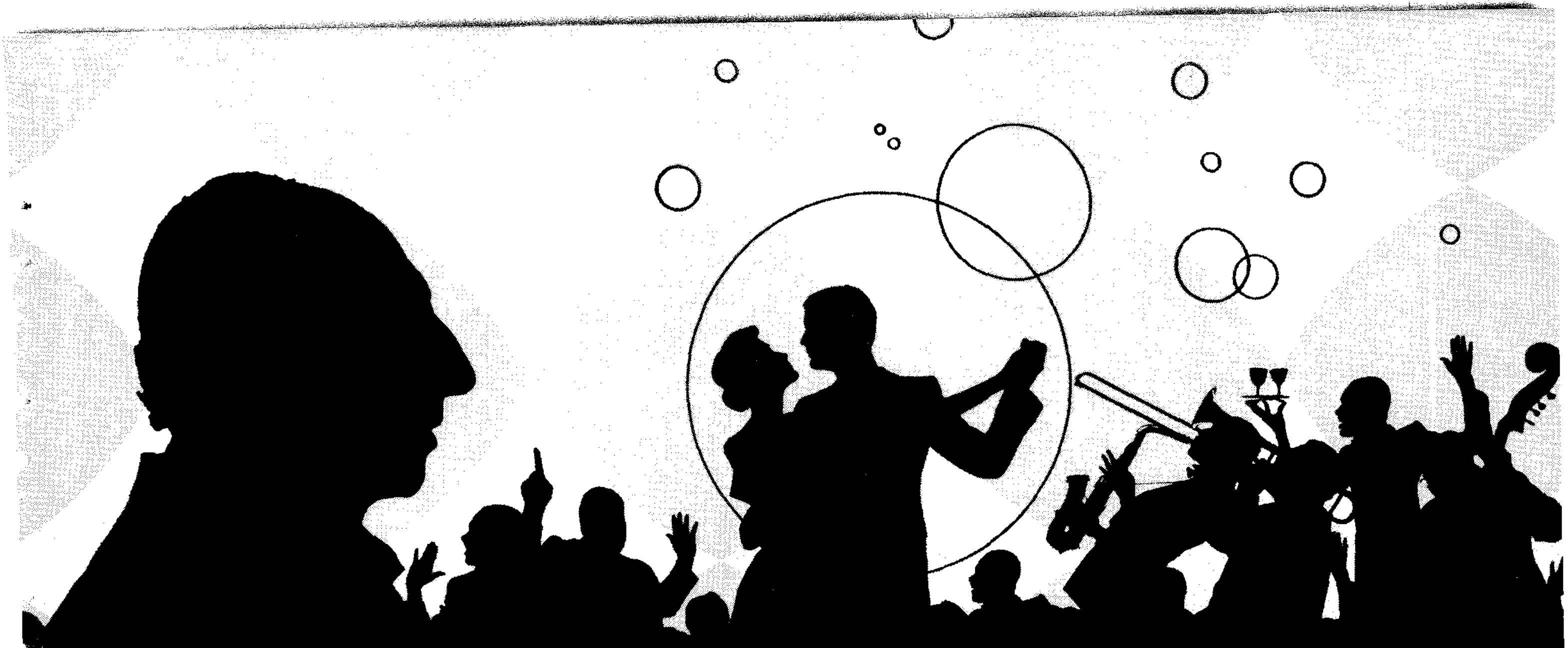
THE influence of the messianic cults of the European past on modern totalitarian politics has been described by the historian Norman Cohn in his book "The Pursuit of the Millennium." According to Cohn, what sets Nazism and Communism "so utterly apart from the ordinary run of political parties in Europe—whether conservative or reformist—is precisely their way of endowing social conflicts and aspirations with a transcendental significance—in fact with all the mystery and majesty of the final, eschatological drama." But totalitarian politics, it becomes clear, have produced their own sinister effect upon the latest messianic cults. The religions have become politicized. Their modes of thought and imagery have darkened, become totalitarian.

The makers of cults used to work from the common experience of religion in Western society, and thus their movements would bear one or another kind of resemblance, even if only a caricatured one, to the major religions. But now they are finding their materials among the moral and intellectual debris of the great totalitarian movements of the twentieth century. And they have discovered a second doctrinal source in modern American society. They draw upon science and science fiction, conjuring up redemptive fantasies, but also paranoid ones, from stories of interplanetary visitations, advanced civilizations on other planets, androids and supermen. For some, the chiliastic message is of the impending reign on earth of super-beings, and the exaltation of a leader as the agent of a shining interplanetary intelligence confers liberation from earthly morality and justification for any action. Redemption for the followers is no longer mere refuge from suffering, mere happiness. It can be power through advanced knowledge, paranormal techniques, psychological discipline and manipulation. Power may also mean vengeance upon enemies, imagined ones as well as real ones. There is an acting-out of paranoid and sadomasochistic fantasies by some leaders and their followers, producing aggression, beatings, kidnappings, ordeals to test faith, persecution of those who lapse or leave, murderous attacks on critics.

The syncretism of these cults thus incorporates notions of supermen and super-knowledge, the stuff of our comic books and science fiction, technology, psychology, and parapsychology—and also the confused influences of Marxism, Socialism, and Fascism. Race is often important: sometimes the promise is racial reconciliation, and sometimes (even at the same time, as in the People's Temple case) it is race war. The Reverend Jim Jones began his career as a conventional Protestant minister. By the end of it, he claimed to be a Socialist, savior of the poor, reconciler of the races, healer, miracle worker able to raise people from the dead, the reincarnation of Lenin, God himself. He had taken his followers to the Guyanese jungle because he believed there were vast political conspiracies against him. He thought the C.I.A. and other American government agencies were working to destroy him. He and his people fled California because they expected an apocalyptic war between blacks and whites, followed by Fascism in America.

Charles Manson was also waiting for an apocalyptic war between the races. A member of Manson's "family" said that it would be "the last war on the face of the earth . . . all the wars that have ever been fought built one on top of the other." After this paroxysm, Manson and his band would survive as masters. Manson's prosecutor, Vincent Bugliosi, says that the Tate-LaBianca murders were meant to be taken as the work of black people and thus to touch off white reprisals and the awaited race war.

Millenarian movements have sometimes been violent in the past, but ordinarily their violence has been in more or less rational response to their actual situation. Their challenge to established religion and society has provoked aggression against them, and they have fought desperately, even suicidally, to defend themselves—as did, for example, the Anabaptists in sixteenth-century Germany. Now, however, aggression is turned not only against the world but against the members of the



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cult themselves. And it is hard not to see in this change a direct influence, raised to a hysterical pitch, of the violence of the larger society from which the sects spring. Among the traditional older sects, the reënacting of Biblical themes—the search for a promised land, endurance of an ordeal, submission and purification in anticipation of the end of the world—was an intensified version of the religious preoccupations of conventional society. And there may be a sense in which all marginal religious cults represent obsessions that are much more widespread—and tell us things about ourselves that we do not want to know.

We have always lived with a good deal of violence in the United States, but for a considerable time now we seem to have been trying to make it more acceptable—or, at any rate, more bearable—by increasing the technical and verbal screens between us and its reality. Since the nineteen-forties, there has been a systematic substitution of euphemisms for the real names of things that are connected with war and violence—begun, at least symbolically, when the United States government stopped having a War Department and a Secretary of War in the President's Cabinet, and acquired a Defense Department. We prefer our violence to be neutered—in name, at any rate—and to be enacted on our movie and TV screens by fictional super-heroes and machines, so that it becomes non-personal, and thus seemingly without grave consequence. But violence does have consequences, and we should not be too surprised that what happened in Guyana did happen, and to Americans.

IT may be that what spared the older cults from madness is that they were in some way, if only perversely, based upon the major religions, which gave them gravity, some restraint, an accord with humanity. The essential quality of the great religions, whatever else is to be said about them, is that they respond in deep ways to human need and do not affront humanity. Thus, in the past when some isolated preacher told his afflicted neighbors that they counted more in God's eyes than the rich, he would find his inspiration and his symbols in Moses leading the Jews through the desert, in Job's terrible tests, or in Christ's doctrine of love and of a Second Coming. The new prophet possesses the modern imagination, politicized, revolutionary, packed with the technology of war and the images of totalitarianism—concentration camps, beatings, brainwashings, spies, conspiracy. He thinks naturally of drugs, mind control, robots, outer-space visitors, supermen from super-civilizations, intelligences that are beyond humanity, global manipulation, and cosmic transformations. There is no limit on such beings, such possibilities. Previously, there was always a limit to what man could do, for God had imposed that limit. Now man is God, the prophet preaches himself, his message becomes his own power and aggrandizement, his followers become his creatures and his victims, and he brings not life but death.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

• •

GUITAR

I have always loved the word *guitar*.

I have no memories of my father on the patio
At dusk, strumming a Spanish tune,
Or my mother draped in that fawn wicker chair
Polishing her flute;
I have no memories of your song, distant Sister
Heart, of those steel strings sliding
All night through the speaker of the car radio
Between Tucumcari and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
Though I've never believed those stories
Of gypsy cascades, stolen horses, castanets
And stars, of Airstream trailers and good fortune,
Though I never met Charlie Christian, though
I've danced the floors of cold longshoremen's halls,
Though I've waited with the overcoats at the rear
Of concerts for lute, mandolin, and two guitars—
More than the music I love scaling its woven
Stairways, more than the swirling chocolate of wood

I have always loved the word *guitar*.

—DAVID ST. JOHN

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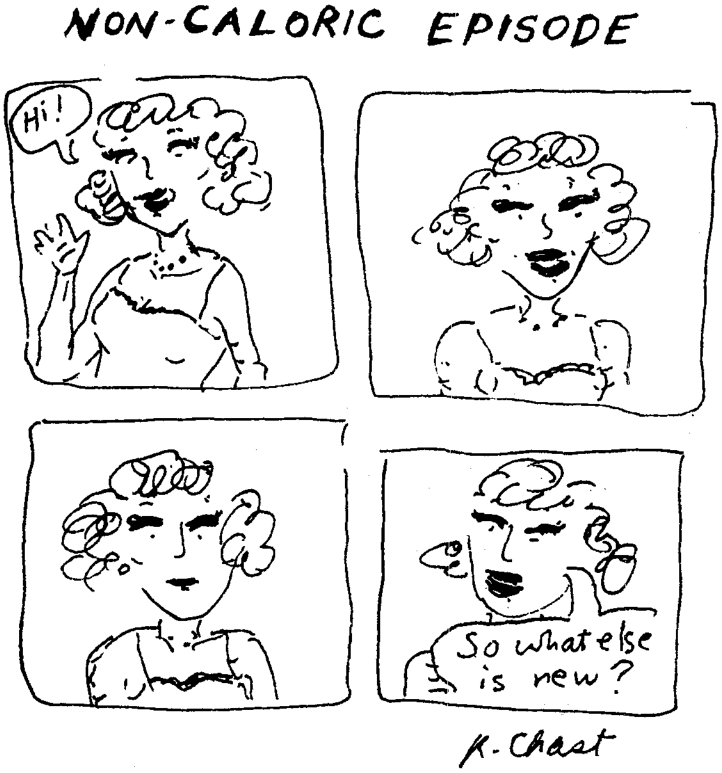
THE CURRENT CINEMA

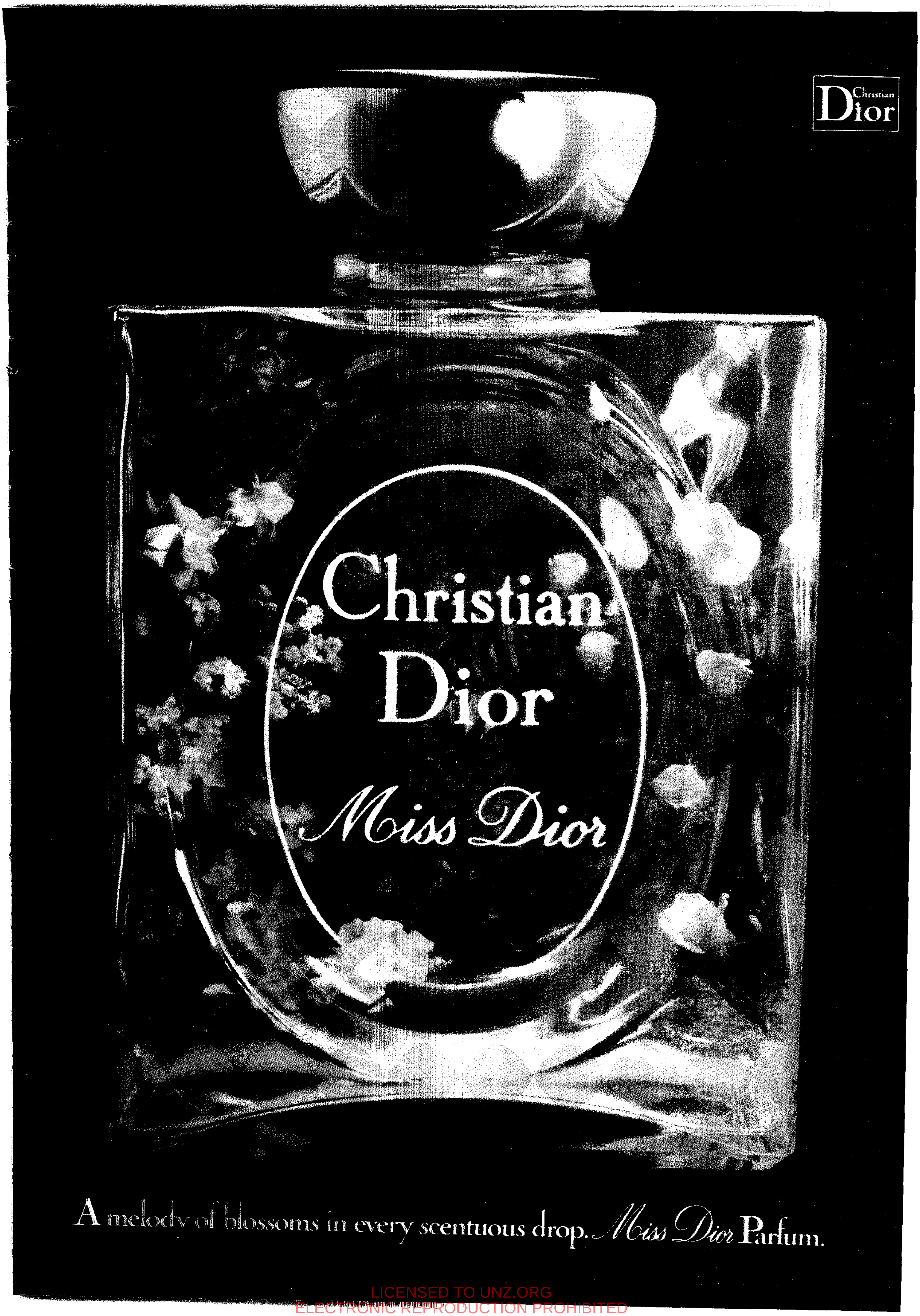
The God-Bless-America Symphony

A "MAGNIFICENT hermaphrodite born between the savage and the civilized": that's how Balzac described Hawkeye, the Deerslayer—the idealized frontier hero of James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales. The steelworker hero of Michael Cimino's "The Deer Hunter" is the newest version of this American "gentleman" of the wilderness, and the film—a three-hour epic that is scaled to the spaciousness of America itself—is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. It is steeped in boys' adventure classics, with their emphasis on self-reliance and will power, and their exaltation of purity of thought—of a physical-spiritual love between men which is higher than the love between man and woman, because (presumably) it is never defiled by carnal desire. The American wilderness of our literature is (as D. H. Lawrence wickedly put it) the boys' Utopia. "The Deer Hunter" is a romantic adolescent boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War perceived in the Victorian terms of movies such as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. Yet you can feel an awareness of sex just under the diffused sensuality of the surface. The whole movie, with its monumental romanticism and its striving for a symphonic shape, is sexually impacted. It takes the celibacy of football players before the big game and attaches it to Vietnam. The hero, Michael (Robert De Niro), and his friends—Nick (Christopher Walken) and Steven (John Savage)—are as chaste as Norman Rockwell Boy Scouts; they're the American cousins of hobbits.

Cimino, who is in his late thirties, has directed only one previous film—"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot," with Clint Eastwood and Jeff Bridges, in 1974, which he also wrote. He's a New Yorker and a Yale M.F.A. in architecture who went into the Army and was a medic attached to a Green Beret unit training in Texas. When his interest turned to movies, he worked in documentary film and in commercials before he was able to use writing as a way to break into directing. His first credit was on "Silent Running," in 1971; then he (and also John Milius) worked on the script of "Magnum Force" for Clint Eastwood, who had already arranged to give Cimino his chance on "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot." His new film is enraging, because, despite its ambitiousness and scale, it has no more moral intelligence than the Eastwood action pictures. Yet it's an astonishing piece of work, an uneasy mixture of violent pulp and grandiosity, with an enraptured view of common life—poetry of the commonplace.

When we first see the three men, it's 1968 and they are in a steel mill, on the floor of the blast furnace; at the end of the shift, they go from the blazing heat to the showers. It's their last day on the job before they report for active duty, and the other workers say goodbye to them. Then they move through the casual sprawl of their hilly mill town, Clairton, Pennsylvania, to their nearby hangout—Welsh's bar—to guzzle a few beers and loosen up. Each step of their day is perceived in ritual terms. The big ritual is to come that night: Steven's wedding at the Russian Orthodox Church and then the celebration at the Clairton chapter of the American Legion, which is also the farewell party for all three. We spend about three-quarters of an hour in the church and the hall; the moving camera seems to be recording what's going on in this microcosmic environment—to be giving us an opportunity to observe people as they live their lives. The long takes and sweeping, panning movements are like visual equivalents of Bruckner and Mahler: majestic, yet muffled. Because of the length of this introductory section, and because it isn't dramatically focussed, we feel an anticipatory ominousness. Derivative as this opening section is (it's easy to see the influence of Coppola and Visconti, and probably Minnelli, too), it conveys a very distinctive love of rootedness and of the values of people whose town is their world. (It's the sort of world we used to see in French films of the thirties, with Raimu.) Cimino brings his architectural sense into play in his collaboration with the cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, whose style here recalls his smooth long takes in "Deliverance" but has a crisp vitality, like his more recent work in "Close Encounters." There may be a touch of *National Geographic* in the first views of the beautiful, gaudy interior of the Byzantine-primitive church, yet Cimino and Zsigmond take the curse off the usual limitations of Panavision and the heightless wide screen by panning down, down, slowly. They provide such an illusion of height that it's hard to believe the screen is the same shape that George Stevens once said was good only for high-school-commencement pictures. In the church, we see the faces of people we have already met; our eye is caught by John Welsh (George Dzundza), the cherub-cheeked bar owner, singing in the chorus. Here and in the Legion hall, there are uninterrupted panning movements in which we see people singing and dancing, flirting and fighting, and moving from one group to another. And it has a detailed clarity: we feel that we're storing up memories. There's something nostalgic about this ceremonial view of ordinary American community life even as it's going on. This town of Clairton is actually a composite of a number of locations, most of them in Ohio, but it becomes a clear geographical entity





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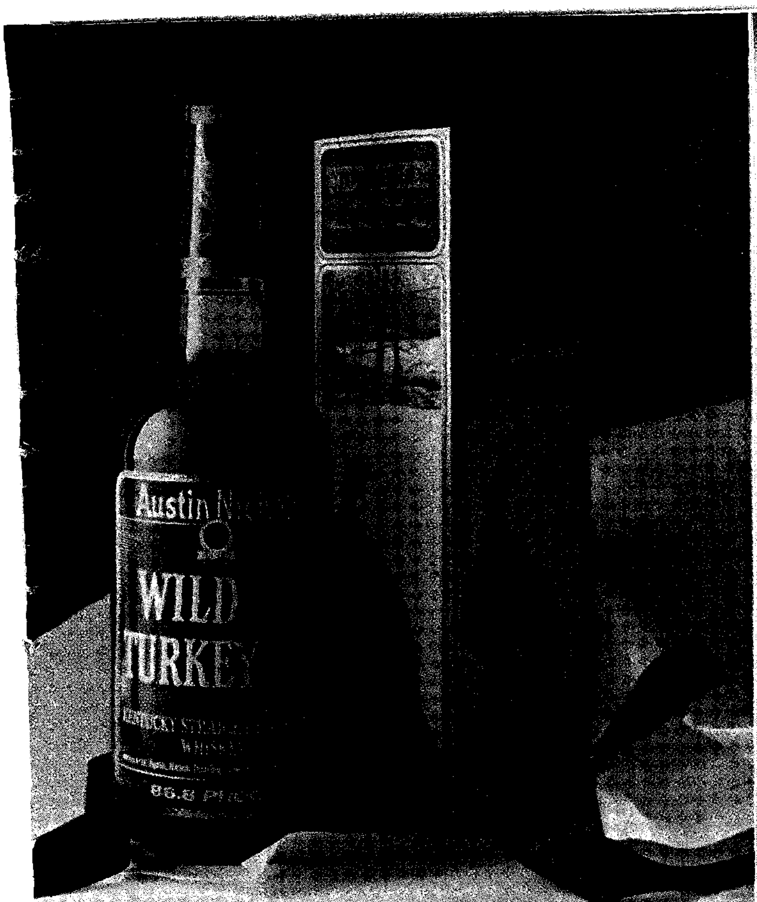
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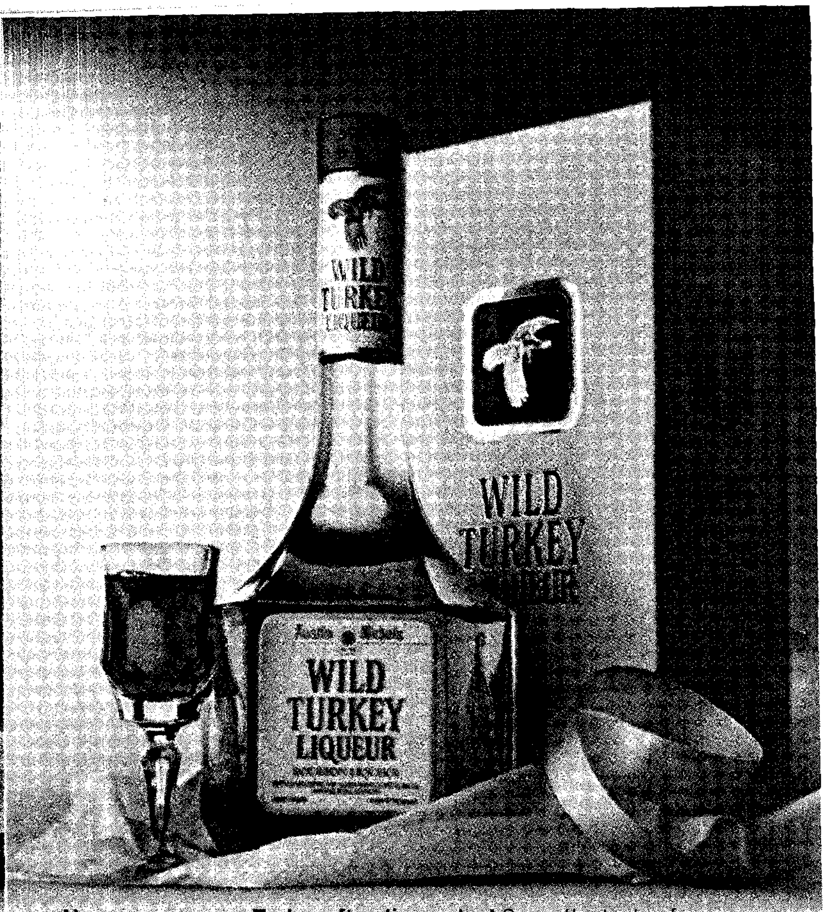
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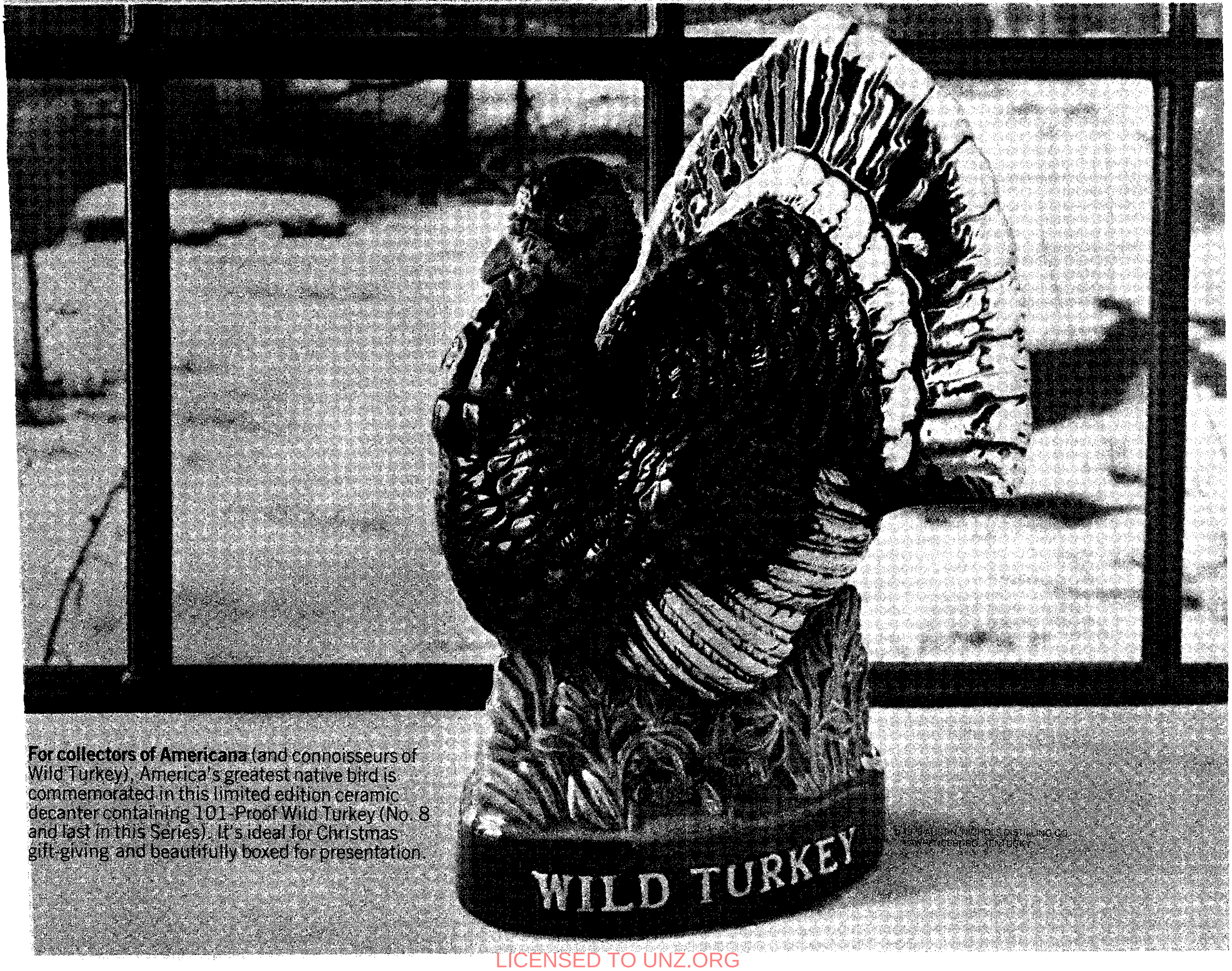
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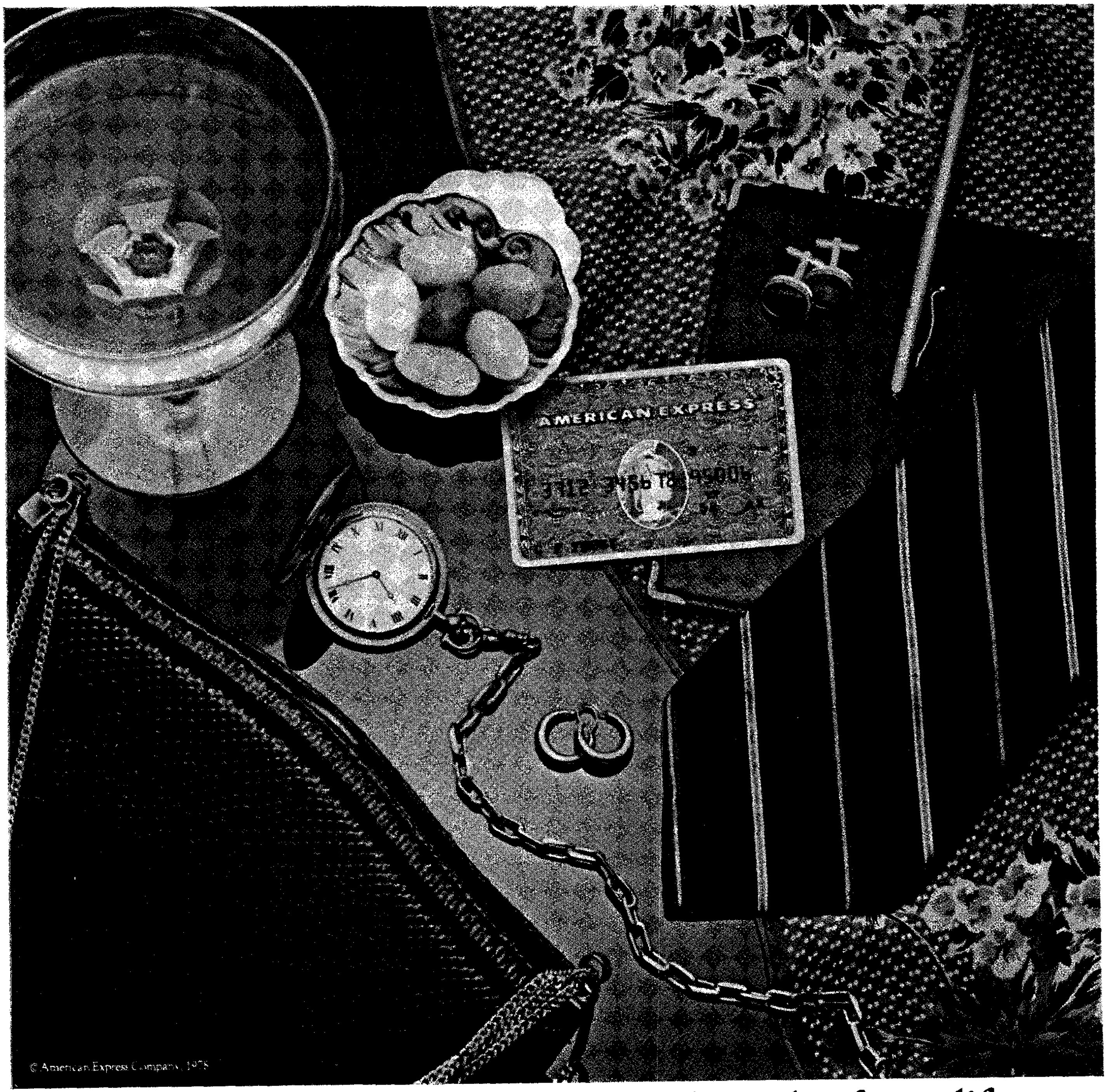

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for us, and even the double mobile home that Michael and Nick share feels so accurate that it, too, seems rooted. Nothing was shot in a studio.

Cimino's virtuoso staging has a limitation: the brilliance of his panoramic ensembles sometimes gives us the idea that in seeing so many things so quickly we have come to know these people. They don't actually reveal much more than the convivial crowds in a beer commercial do, yet we're made to feel that what we see is all they are. (A great director would plant doubts in us.) And even with the dozen or so principal characters, the casting and the actors' physiognomies and intuitive byplay do most of the work of characterization; the dialogue is usually just behavioral chatter. When Cimino wants to make a point, it's usually an outsize point—a portent or an omen that reeks of old-movie infantilism. Someone draws Michael's attention to a nimbus around the sun, and he explains what the Indians used to say this formation meant. (Is Cimino invoking the mythology of Hawkeye and the great chief Chingachgook?) Steven and his bride, who is pregnant but not by him, are served wine in a double-cupped goblet, by the priest, who tells them that if they drink it down without spilling a drop they will have luck all their lives, and we see the small stains forming on the bride's white lace bodice. (Here it's "Smilin' Through" that's invoked.) Nick, the best man, makes Michael promise that, whatever happens to him, he will be brought back to this place, these trees. A grim-faced Green Beret just returned from Nam comes into the Legion bar during the party; the men ask him "What's it like over there?" and he replies with an obscenity. And so on. Cimino's talent is for breadth and movement and detail, and the superlative mix of the Dolby sound gives a sense of scale to the crowd noises and the voices and the music; we feel we're hearing a whole world. But Cimino doesn't know how to reveal character, develop it, or indicate what's going on in a human relationship. When Linda (Meryl Streep), one of the bridesmaids, catches the tossed bridal bouquet, and Nick asks her to marry him and she says yes, we don't know if she's in love with him or with Michael, with whom she exchanged glances earlier, or what Michael feels. Probably, Cimino doesn't know; he may think it doesn't matter. Michael keeps his distance from people, and he seems too pure to have anything particular in mind when he looks at Linda; he's saving his vital juices for chivalry.

After the party is over and the bride and groom have left for their weekend honeymoon, Michael and Nick and their pals—John Welsh and skinny, dark Stan, played by John Cazale, and huge, bearded Axel, played by Chuck Aspegren—climb into Michael's white '59 Cadillac with tail fins and drive to the mountains, for a last, ritual hunt before Vietnam. A couple of the men are still wearing their rumpled tuxedos, but Michael, who is the leader of the group yet also a man apart, emotionally hidden, and with a compulsive orderliness that makes the others uncomfortable, has stripped down and dressed for his date with the deer. Unlike such makers of epics as Coppola and Bertolucci, Cimino doesn't seem to want his themes to rise to our full consciousness (or perhaps even to his own), but he can't resist eroticizing the hunt—it's a sexual surrogate, a man's-man wedding. Michael climbs to the top of a virgin mountain and, with a snow-capped peak behind him and a male choir in the sky singing a Russian Orthodox liturgical chant and rain clouds swirling about him, stalks a buck and fells it with one clean shot. That's his consummation.

The five hunters drive back down to Welsh's bar, and there follows a scene that is possibly too clever: fat, baby-faced Welsh plays a Chopin nocturne, and the others listen attentively. It's a moment of communion before the parting of the ways. The music is lovely, and if one of the men—the amiable nonentity Axel, perhaps—had only fallen asleep this scene might have been as great as it wants to be. But with all of them demonstrating their innate sensitivity, showing us that beer sloshers' savage breasts are soothed by music and that their inarticulate feelings go far beyond what they talk about, it's too much like those scenes in which roomfuls of Hitler's lieutenants all swooned to Wagner. And it's just a shade too effective, too theatrical, when Cimino cuts from this solemn grace to the noise and hell of Vietnam.

It's in the contrast, though, between the Clairton sequences, with all those people joined together in slowly rhythmed takes, and the war in Viet-

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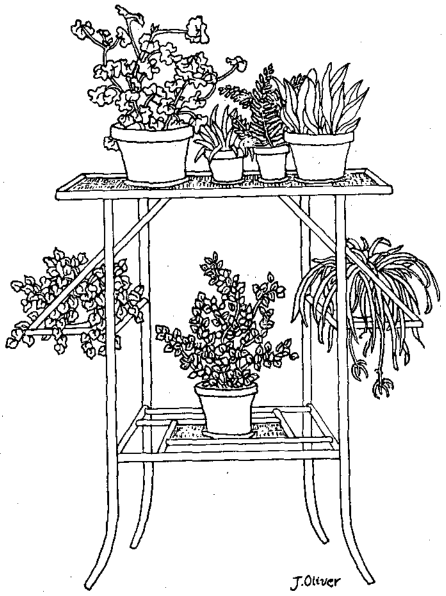
nam, where everything is spasmodic, fast, in short takes, with cuts from one anguished face to another, that Cimino shows his filmmaking instinct and craft. But also his xenophobic yellow-peril imagination. It's part of the narrowness of the film's vision that there is no suggestion that there ever was a sense of community among the Vietnamese which was disrupted. We are introduced to Asians by seeing a soldier (North Vietnamese, or, perhaps, Vietcong—we can't be sure) open the door of a shelter, find women and children cowering inside, and then thoughtfully lob in a grenade. Michael, a Green Beret Ranger in an advance reconnaissance unit, spots the soldier machine-gunning a fleeing woman and her child, yells "No!," and hits him with a flame thrower. The impression a viewer gets is that if we did some bad things over there we did them ruthlessly but impersonally; the Vietcong were cruel and sadistic. The film seems to be saying that the Americans had no choice, but the V.C. enjoyed it. Michael meets up with Nick and Steven again, and the three are taken prisoner and are tortured strictly for their captors' pleasure. The prisoners are forced to play Russian roulette in teams while the Vietcong gamble on which one will blow his head off.

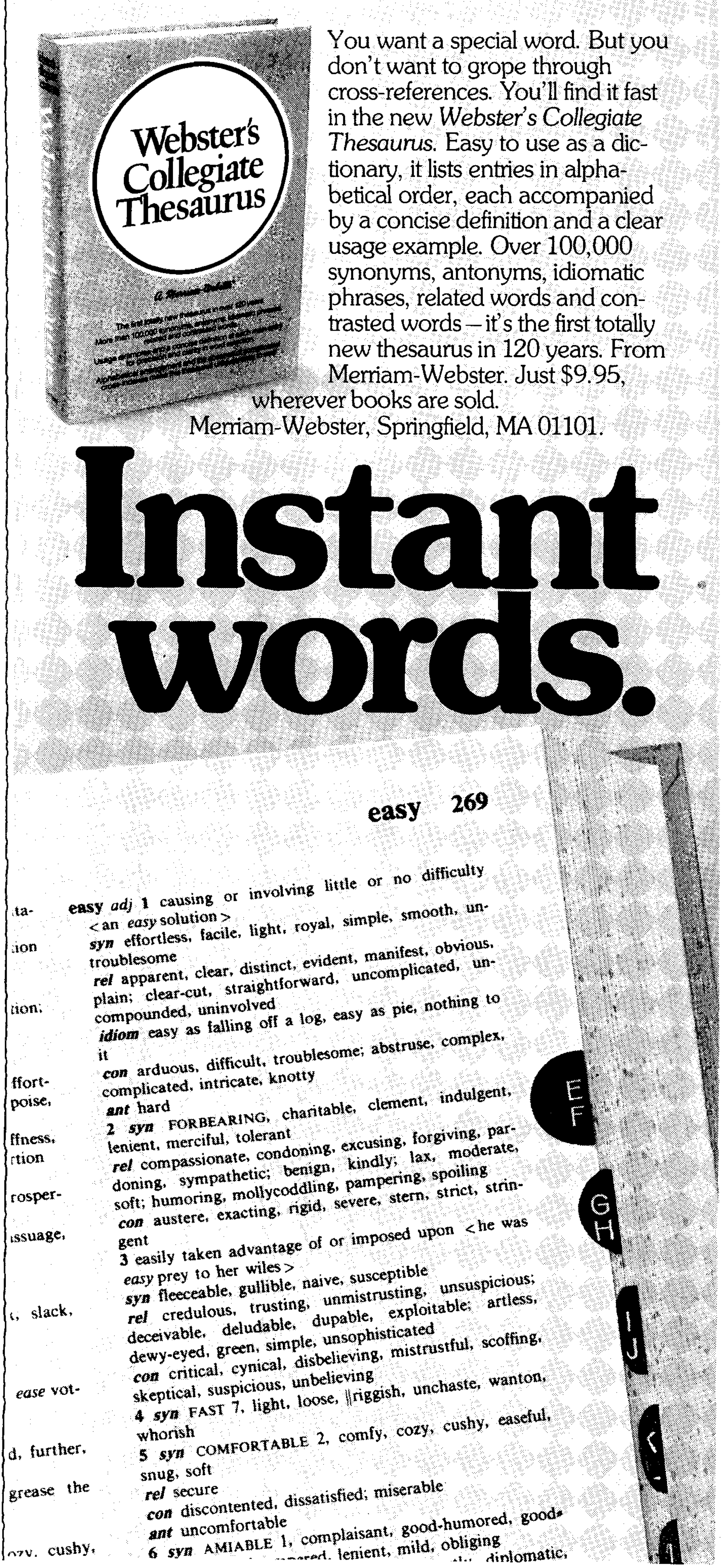
The Vietnam War—and, more particularly, Russian roulette—serves Cimino metaphorically as the Heart of Darkness; Michael, the disciplined Deer Hunter, doesn't succumb. He has the will and courage to save the three of them. These prison-camp torture sequences are among the finest-edited action scenes that I know of; they are so fast and powerful—and so violent—that some people will no doubt be forced to walk out. They are the very center of the film—the test it was preparing for. Although Michael, the superman who forces his friends to develop the will to survive, belongs to the boys'-book world of grit and sacrifice, the sheer force of these pulp atrocity scenes takes over one's consciousness. I say "pulp" because the Vietcong are treated in the standard inscrutable-evil-Oriental style of the Japanese in Second World War movies and because Russian roulette takes over as the ruling metaphor for all the action scenes in the rest of the movie, even in the later episodes in Saigon and back home. Why is Russian roulette used this way? Possibly because it goes so completely against the American grain—it's like a metaphor for the General Westmoreland theory that Asians don't value human life the way we do. But also because it has a boyish vainglory about it: does one have the guts to pull the trigger? It's a boy's kicky idea of courage.

If "The Deer Hunter" had been a serious consideration of boys'-book values, it might have demonstrated that they did not apply in the mechanized destructiveness of modern warfare—that Michael was basically as vulnerable as everybody else. But the fact is that Cimino believes they do apply, and so Michael is put up against curs and sadists; he's in a Victorian test of manhood. And no doubt many people will go along with the film and accept Michael, the superior being, as a realistic hero, because of the general understanding that comradeship and depending on your buddies and helping them is finally all that you can believe in when you're in the midst of war. Cimino, who believes in those Hemingwayesque one-clean-shot values that Michael (whom he has obviously named for himself) represents, has framed the whole war in terms of that kind of courage. Everything that happens appears to be the result of the atrocities of the Vietcong. Yet the film's point of view isn't clear. The American helicopters are like Walpurgisnacht locusts coming down on your head, and no one who believed that the Americans behaved honorably in Vietnam would have staged the evacuation of Saigon as Cimino has done, with thousands of Vietnamese abandoned and despairing. And, although Michael proves himself by performing extraordinary feats of valor, he is not ennobled by them, as movie heroes used to be. "The Deer Hunter" is Beau Geste-goes-to-Viet-



nam, all right, but with a difference: when Michael returns to his home and goes up to the mountain peaks again, and the male choir chants, he has the deer in front of him but he doesn't kill it. Cimino has made a film that vindicates the boys'-book values (without them, Michael and his friends would not have survived the prison camp) and then rejects them.

This movie may offend conventional liberal thinking more by its commitment to parochial, "local" values than by any defense of the Vietnam War—for it makes none. Neither does it take any political position against the war. But the film's very substance—the Clairton community in contrast with the Asian chaos—is the traditional isolationist message: Asia should be left to the Asians, and we should stay where we belong, but if we have to go over there we'll show how tough we are. This parochialism may be the key to why some people will reject the film in toto—even find it despicable in toto. Although cosmopolitan values were actually the ones that got us into Vietnam (the government planners weren't small-town American Legionnaires; they were Harvard men), it has become the custom to pin the guilt on the military "hawks." Michael is not a liberal hero, like the Jon Voight character of "Coming Home;" we can feel (without being told) that he's grounded in the rigid values of people who are suspicious of science and world affairs and anything foreign. Cimino is as careful to leave controversy out of his idealized town as Louis B. Mayer used to be. Clairton is abstracted from even those issues that people in beer joints quarrel about; no one ever asks what the Americans are doing in Vietnam, there are no racial jokes, and there isn't as much as a passing reference to strikes or welfare, or anything else that might show dissension, anger, or narrowness. And, of course, there are no homosexuals in the town (or even in the war); if there were, the film's underpinnings would collapse, and its eerie romanticism would become funny. In this film, evil itself is totally unsexual; Russian roulette is the perfect solution—Nick, who has had his soul burned out by it, goes AWOL and disappears into the dives of Saigon, where civilians play that game. Without sharing the implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions of "The Deer Hunter," one can see, I think, that, even with its pulp components and the racism of its Saigon dens-of-vice scenes and its super-



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easy 269

easy *adj* **1** causing or involving little or no difficulty <an *easy* solution>
syn effortless, facile, light, royal, simple, smooth, untroublesome
rel apparent, clear, distinct, evident, manifest, obvious, plain; clear-cut, straightforward, uncomplicated, uncompounded, uninvolved
idiom easy as falling off a log, easy as pie, nothing to it
con arduous, difficult, troublesome; abstruse, complex, complicated, intricate, knotty
ant hard
2 ***syn*** FORBEARING, charitable, clement, indulgent, lenient, merciful, tolerant
rel compassionate, condoning, excusing, forgiving, pardoning, sympathetic; benign, kindly; lax, moderate, soft; humoring, mollycoddling, pampering, spoiling
con austere, exacting, rigid, severe, stern, strict, stringent
3 easily taken advantage of or imposed upon <he was *easy* prey to her wiles>
syn fleeceable, gullible, naive, susceptible
rel credulous, trusting, unmistrusting, unsuspicious; deceivable, deludable, dupable, exploitable; artless, dewy-eyed, green, simple, unsophisticated
con critical, cynical, disbelieving, mistrustful, scoffing, skeptical, suspicious, unbelieving
4 ***syn*** FAST 7, light, loose, ‖riggish, unchaste, wanton, whorish
5 ***syn*** COMFORTABLE 2, comfy, cozy, cushy, easeful, snug, soft
rel secure
con discontented, dissatisfied; miserable
ant uncomfortable
6 ***syn*** AMIABLE 1, complaisant, good-humored, good-

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man hero, it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices—it is also caught in its own obsessions. And, because it plays them out on such a vast canvas, it has an inchoate, stirring quality. Audiences can project into "The Deer Hunter" in a way they couldn't with such male-comradeship films as "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," because it gives us the feeling that it's got a grand design lurking somewhere in those sensual rhythms and inconsistent themes.

In traditional American literature—in Mark Twain, say—the boys with pluck run away from proprieties, restrictions, manners, chores. Women represent the civilization that must be escaped. But in "The Deer Hunter" women are not even that much: they exist only on the margins of the men's lives. Steven's mother (Shirley Stoler, in a poor, mostly one-note performance) is a virago, his bride is a sallow weakling, and the bridesmaids are overly made-up and have too many curls; they're plump—stuffed with giggles. The only woman we see in Clairton who could attract a man of substance for more than a quick fling is Meryl Streep's Linda, who works in the supermarket; Streep has the clear-eyed blond handsomeness of a Valkyrie—the slight extra length of her nose gives her face a distinction that takes her out of the pretty class into real beauty. She doesn't do anything standard; everything seems fresh. But her role is to be the supportive woman, who suffers and endures, and it's a testament to Meryl Streep's heroic resources as a mime that she makes herself felt—she has practically no lines. There were three writers on this project in addition to Cimino (Deric Washburn, Louis Garfinkle, and Quinn K. Redeker worked on the story with him, and Washburn did the screenplay), but Linda is a presence rather than a character. She's a possibility glimpsed, rather than a woman, or even a sex object—least of all, a sex object. Michael and Nick, the two central characters, both have some sort of commitment to her, without our knowing what either of them feels for her—it's a very limp triangle. She is the film's token of romance, and Cimino's unwillingness to go beyond Victorian tokenism muddies the film when Michael returns from Vietnam and his relations with Linda consist mostly of the exchange of unhappy, solicitous looks. Does he love her but feel that she's pledged to Nick, who he thinks is dead? (There's no clue to why he would think Nick was dead.) Michael shows no physical desire for Linda. They lie on a bed together, he fully clothed—should we know what they're thinking? We don't. And when, for one night, they're under the covers together, without their clothes, and he rolls over on top of her, the scene is deliberately vague, passionless. He never even kisses her—would that be too personal? He was hotter for the deer.

Finally (and improbably), Michael learns that Nick may still be alive, and goes back to Vietnam to find him and pull him out from the Heart of Darkness. The scenes in Vietnam, with all those people clamoring to survive, and with him going back in there to rescue a man who doesn't care to live, are so sweeping yet so slick that they're like Coppola without brains or sensibility. Exotic steaminess is pushed to the melodramatic limit, as Michael, looking for his friend, passes through the inferno of war and enters Saigon's sin city, operating in the midst of flames and human misery. The film's last hour, in which it loses its sure progression and its confident editing, would have been far less wobbly if Michael had not come home until after he had made this rescue attempt. As it is, he returns from Vietnam twice, and during the period when he's home for the first time the story weaves back and forth, with fumbling scenes of Michael trying to make up his mind whether he should go see Steven, who's in a hospital. This period is unformed; it lacks resonance and gives us the impression that we're missing something—that pieces of the plot have been cut out.

It's possible that Cimino grew as an artist during the years of making this film (the production costs doubled, to thirteen million) but was locked into certain fantasy conceptions, and was never able to clarify the characters without violating the whole deer-hunting mystique he'd started with. And even after he'd shot the sequences that re-created the obscenity of the evacuation of Saigon, he was still committed to the gimmickry of the roulette game of life and death. "The Deer Hunter" is a small-minded film with greatness in it—Cimino's technique has pushed him further than he has been able to think out. His major characters don't articulate their feelings; they're floating in a wordless, almost plotless atmosphere, and their relations

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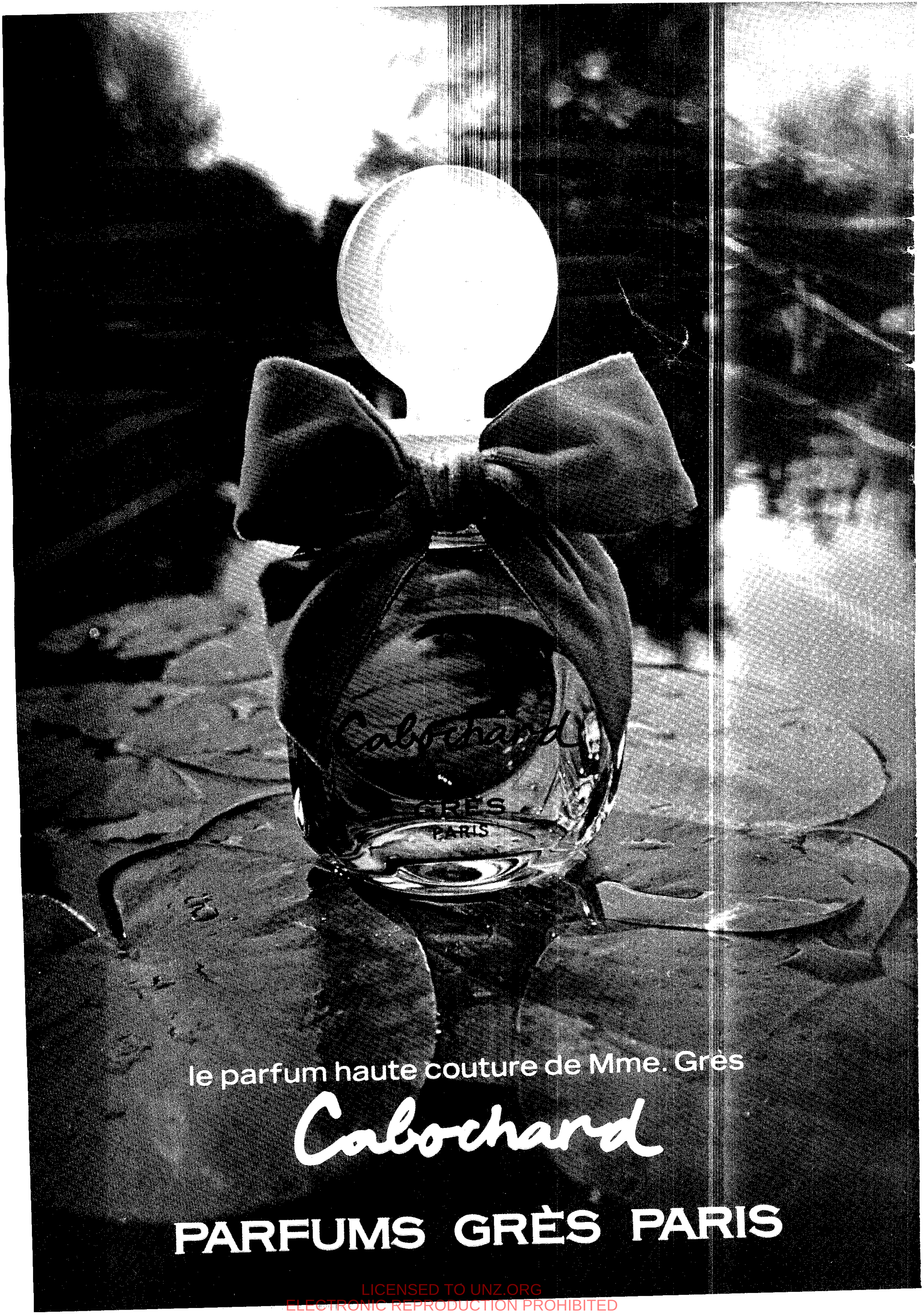
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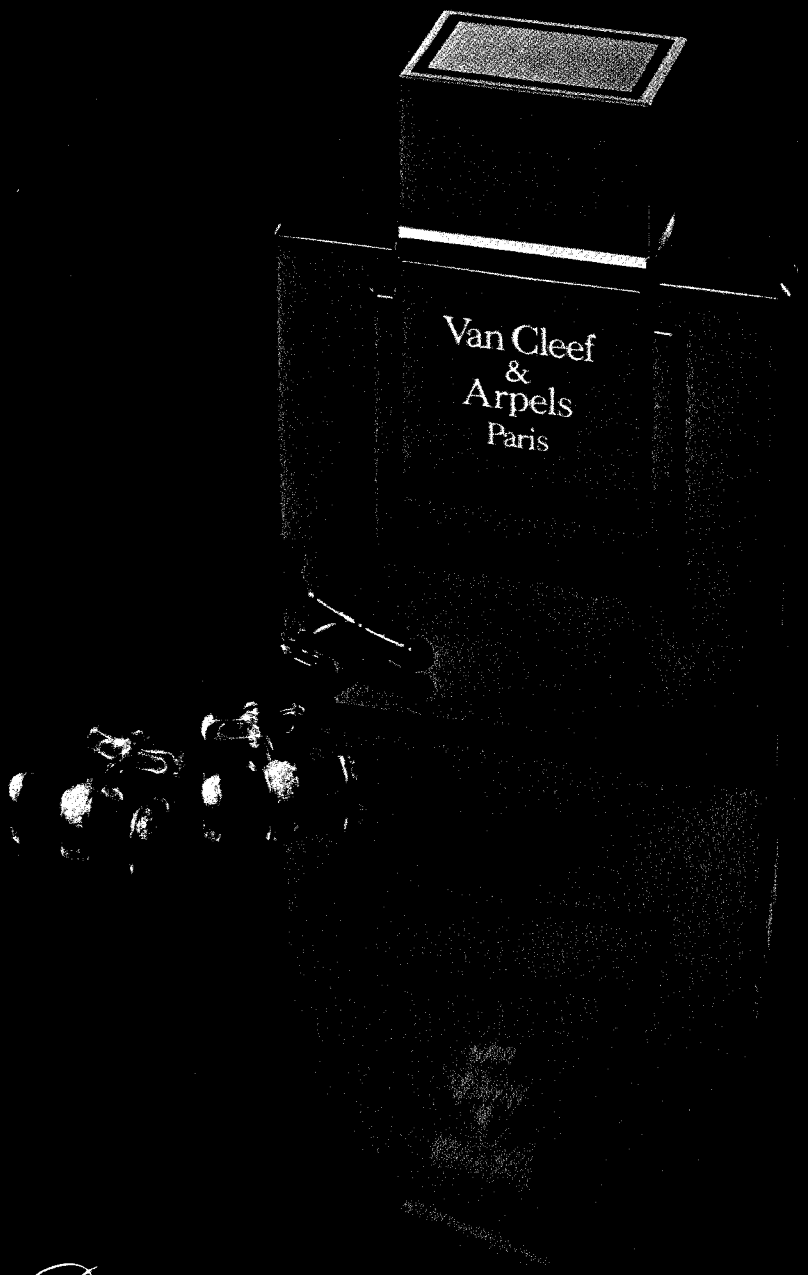
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Cointreau Liqueur. 80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd. ©Cointreau Corp., 1977 aren't sharp enough for us to feel the full range of the film's themes. Too many of the motifs are merely symbolic—are dropped in rather than dramatized. At times, we feel that we're there to be awed rather than to understand. We come out knowing the secondary characters—John Cazale's weak Stan (who hits women and kills deer sloppily) and George Dzundza's music-loving Welsh and John Savage's simple-hearted, ingenuous Steven—far better than we know Michael or Nick.

This isn't because De Niro and Walken don't do their jobs. Walken seems completely authentic one minute and totally false the next, because he has so little that's definite to project that he's straining. Yet he has never been so forceful on the screen, and when he's feverish and wet in the Vietnamese jungle and his hair is plastered down on his head, his large eyes, sharp chin, and jutting cheekbones suggest Falconetti in "The Passion of Joan of Arc;" he has a feminine delicacy without effeminacy. He's right for his part, but his rightness for it is all that the part is. And this is true of De Niro. He's lean, wiry, strong. Physically, he's everything that one wants the hero to be. (The only thing that's unheroic about him is that he's still using the cretinous grin he developed for "Bang the Drum Slowly.") He fails conspicuously in only one sequence—when he's required to grab Nick's bloody head and shake it. You don't shake someone who's bleeding, and De Niro can't rise above the stupidity of this conception; even his weeping doesn't move us. We have come to expect a lot from De Niro: miracles. And he delivers them—he brings a bronze statue almost to life. He takes the Pathfinder-Deerslayer role and gives it every flourish he can dream up. He does improvisations on nothing, and his sea-to-shining-sea muscularity is impressive. But Michael, the transcendent hero, is a hollow figure. There is never a moment when we feel, Oh my God, I know that man, I am that man.

—PAULINE KAEL

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DANCING

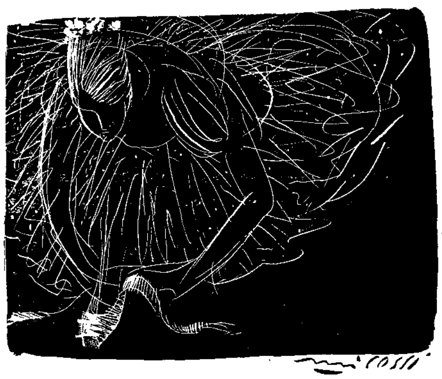
Glissade

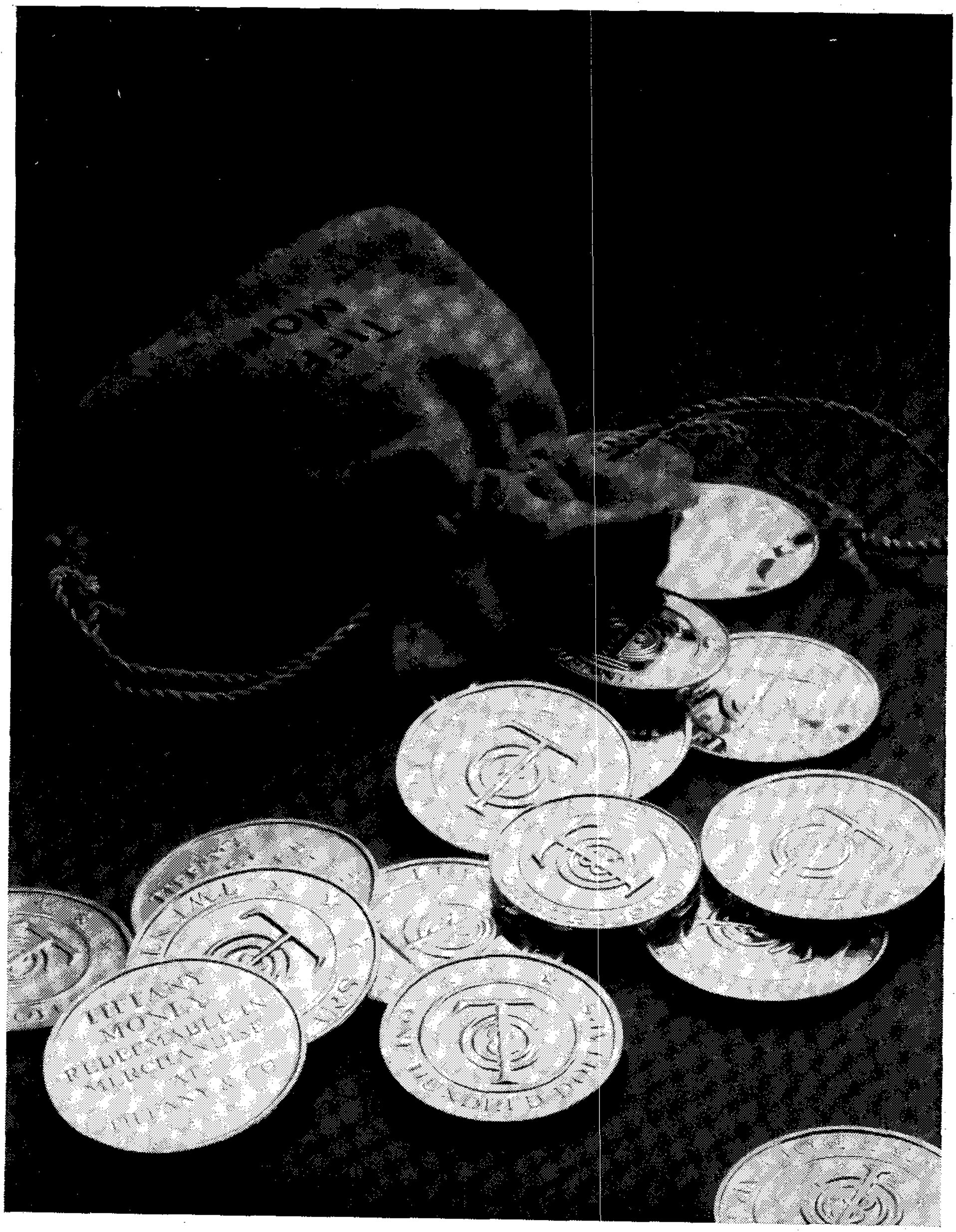
I KNOW nothing about figure skating and have no excuse for my ignorance other than to say, with R. P. Blackmur, that "all knowledge is a fall from the paradise of undifferentiated sensation." Skating seems to me sublimely undifferentiated in its effects. Everything is borne along on a lulling current. At high moments, a sense of exhilarating speed is broken by the body's twisting through the air, like a fish caught on a line, and then the lull resumes until the next paroxysm, which may be one of those insane blurred spins on one spot called a "death spiral." Yes, it's "like" dancing—dancing in outer space. These very wide sudden contrasts are not enough if you think exhibition skating should be more than a set of thrills—if you're looking for a parallel to real dancing. The different shapes that the body takes in the air are almost indistinguishable, and, as far as erudition is concerned, it isn't as important to know the difference between a double axel and a double toe loop as to *see* it. Skating doesn't make as great a drama of visual and rhythmic distinctions as dancing does. It makes a spectacle of hypnotic evenness—delightful as trivial fantasy but death as the serious fantasy that art is. That it can be looked at seriously at all is largely owing to the talent and vision of John Curry. There are skaters who are dancers, and there are skaters who are dancers who are artists. Curry is one of the latter. "IceDancing," his show that opened a few weeks ago at the Felt Forum and moves to the Minskoff on December 19th, is a logical extension of the championship form he displayed at Innsbruck in 1976, but Curry has left the Olympics far behind.

"IceDancing" is not to be confused with that boringly literal Olympic category ice dancing, which in its rigid exclusion of the spectacular is practically anti-skating. Nor is it a traditional ice show, with squads of skaters scuffing down the ice dressed as Dutch windmills. Curry's aim, as I understand it, is to legitimize skating as an art without losing the seductive appeal of motion on ice. The first show he put together, called "Theatre of Skating," was a commercial success. I saw it in a long run at the Palladium in London last year; in England Curry is a national hero. But the show was aesthetically confusing. Curry seemed to have done nothing more than put a dance company on ice. The result, for the most part, was an uninteresting compromise: neither skating nor dancing. The Palladium stage could accommodate none of the effects of momentum that are possible in the arena; giving up too much of the arena for the stage was, I felt at the time, Curry's biggest mistake. The Felt Forum can hardly be said to have a stage at all. It has a wide, shallow platform that becomes a wide, shallow rink. Several of the group ballets, such as Donald Saddler's "Palais de Glace" and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous's "Icemoves," lose focus as a result of lateral spread. But the show worked, possibly because since "Theatre of Skating" Curry has managed to get a company of skaters to keep the constant performance tension of dancing without looking marooned. No one, of course, does it as well as he; the others use concentration and projection, while Curry's method is in his dance-trained muscles—you can see the difference in his bearing. Curry's greatest distinction, to me—greater even than his long, perfectly balanced line—is that he always looks lifted out of his skates, as if he were riding a stream of air. His contact with the ice is resilient: he's able to go up or down, to stretch or contract, at will. And the freedom of his style is what the ice dancers of the future should be training for. In Keith Money's book about him (published here by Knopf), Curry tells how he learned to jump from the coach Gus Lussi, who put him in a confined space and forced him to use muscular coördination rather than the momentum that most skaters rely on. At the Palladium, I was struck by the fact that, although the show was cramped and inexpressive, Curry himself seemed to have plenty of room. Skating needs space, but perhaps not as much as custom dictates. (The Minskoff stage is smaller than the Felt Forum's but more regular in shape.)

Curry never learned to jump really high, but then his skating isn't spectacular in that way. In his Olympic year, Twyla Tharp made him an arena solo in which all the elements of the competition skater's art were dismantled and reassembled in a new form. It's likely that no skater had ever jumped the way Curry jumps in "After All"—not just a few times with long preparatory glides in between but five times in a row in one circuit of the ice. Tharp understood the coherence and subtlety that Curry was working for. After the explosive jump section of the solo (which is set to a portion of Albinoni's Trumpet Concerto in B Flat), she staged a daringly long diminuendo ending, which Curry sustained, riding his momentum until it died. In the original version, composed for the vast rink at Madison Square Garden, the delicacy and duration of this was effective, but the abbreviated version given at the Felt Forum had no comparable power. And it was anticlimactic: the audience wanted to applaud after the fast section and didn't get the chance. After the slow, ambiguous finale, it didn't get the ballet. Curry, though, came back to this very quiet mood later in the show and did something amazing. Travelling slowly forward in arabesque, he suddenly halted, lifted the blade onto "point," lowered it, and began travelling backward. It's the tiniest as well as the most magical effect I've ever seen a skater produce, and it drew the biggest gasp of the evening. The ballet was "Afternoon of a Faun," to the Debussy music, staged for Curry by Norman Maen. There's something very right about the piece. The long, slow, gliding phrases fit the music; the Faun suits Curry's air of reserve and his elfin face. And Cathy Foulkes, whose reticence matches Curry's, is a beautiful, fresh-limbed Nymph. But the production is too literally modelled on the Nijinsky ballet. Mottled tights and dappled-glade lighting are incongruous on ice; tights with skates aren't the most pleasing combination. (Curry has worn flared trousers in this role, or else ankle cuffs, which somehow contrived to give the skate boots the suggestion of hooves.) Except for that one relevé, most of Curry's movement is stretching and bending as he glides, like a moving hinge. The "Faun" crouch, with the torso angled and one foot tucked behind the other knee, is overused. There is a place for "Faun" in Curry's repertory, but a version as old-fashioned as this contradicts the innovative spirit of the show.

I don't want to give the impression that everything Curry does is dear and delicate. In Peter Martins' "Tango-Tango," which is conceived partly as a





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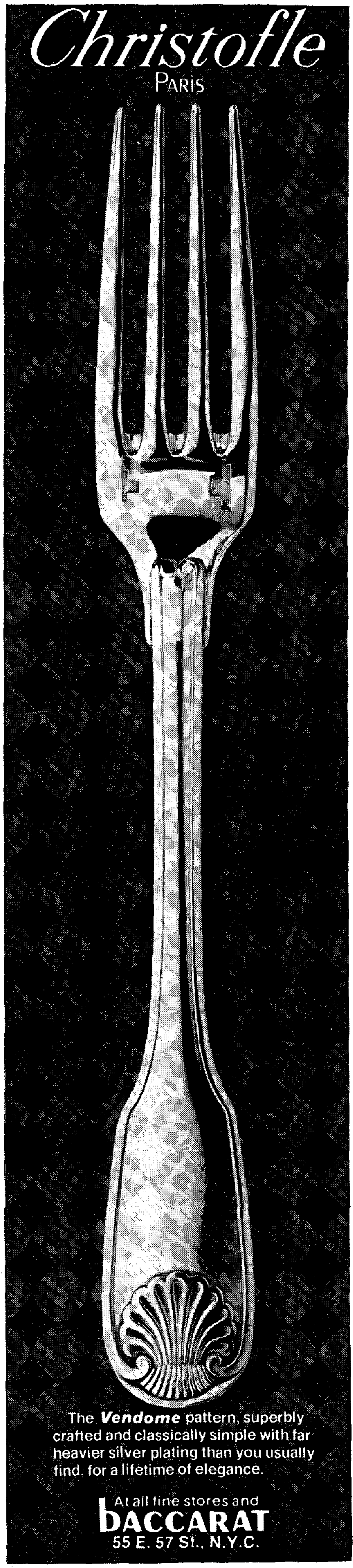
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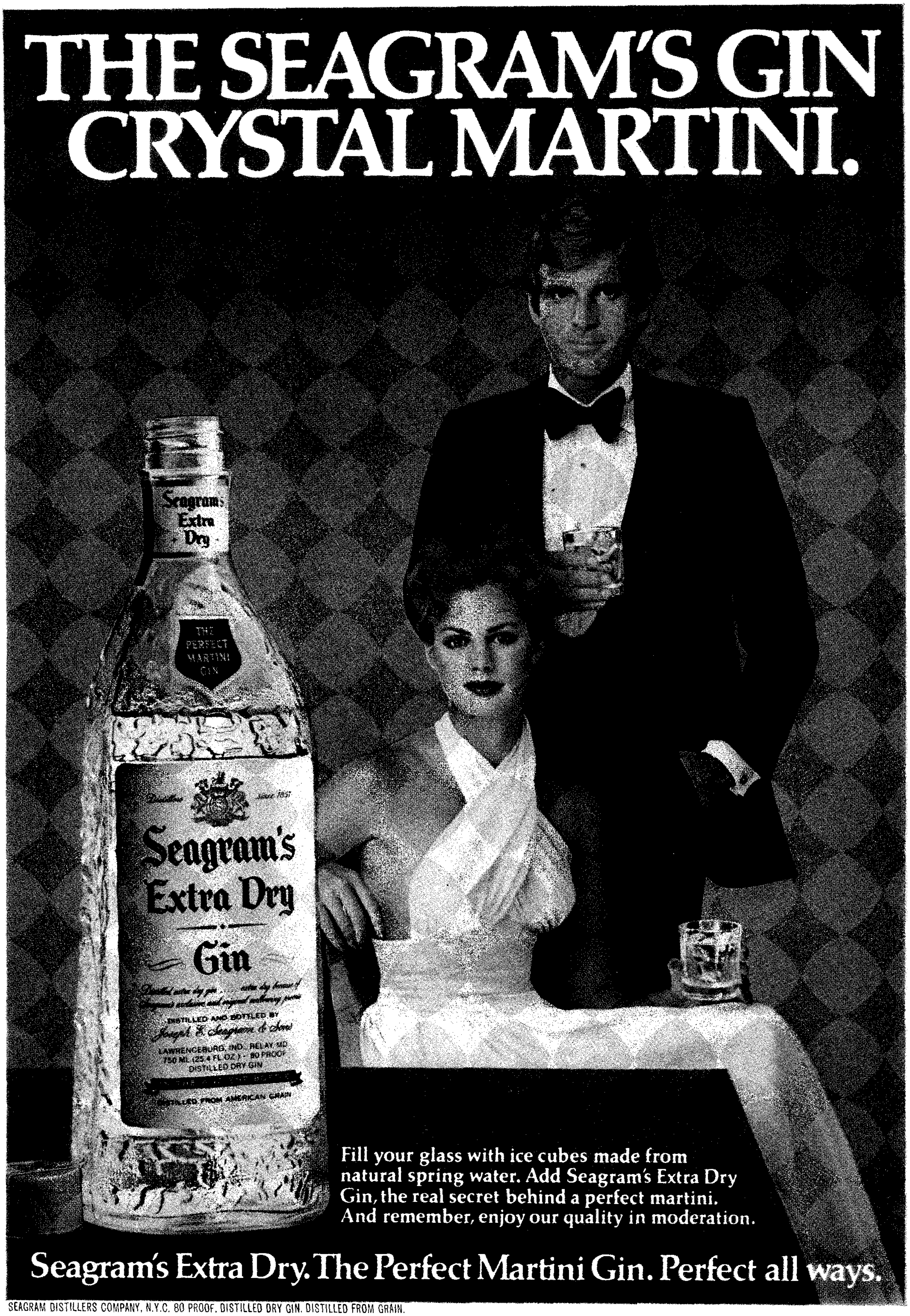
serious composition based on traction and momentum and partly as a parody, he turns into a hipster and then—as Jo Jo Starbuck, in her new Farrah hairdo, slinks across the ice to meet him—into a lounge lizard. His classical cool is not on the same wavelength as her flaming wanton, but that only makes the number more effective. Jo Jo Starbuck, the heroine of the "Ice Capades," is a superb skater who in her performances with Curry is obviously entering a new dimension. To her technical precision she's adding a sexy wit and a depth of commitment that one can only call passion. She deserves to do more than the current repertory allows, and she ought not to be stuck with the murky "modern-dance" number "Myth," by Robert Cohan. This is the one out-and-out fizzle in the show. Most of the show's choreography isn't as inventive for skating as it might be, but Cohan hardly seems to realize that he's on ice. The Kenneth MacMillan number, a whirlwind solo for Curry to Study No. 5 of Liszt's "Feux Follets," is a clear success but not a very revealing one. There is a manège of turns executed without changing feet, which can happen only on ice; except for that, and for the extraordinary stamina it would take to get through the solo on dry land, it might have been choreographed for Anthony Dowell. Although Curry has enlisted a wide range of ballet and modern-dance choreographers, he himself may prove to be the best of the ice choreographers. He already knows about skating and dancing, so what occupies him, while the others are trying to uncover technical affinities, is skating and music. Skaters' music has never been very well done. Unseemly, jaggedly edited tapes are the rule in competition and exhibition skating, and the bland soundtracks at the professional ice shows should set no standards, either. At "IceDancing," the audience heard good music, possibly for the first time in a show of this type, and Curry's two ballets—"Moon Dances," to Saint-Saëns' "Carnaval des Animaux," and "Anything Goes," to Leonard Bernstein's "Candide" Overture—had an expressive sweep in relation to their scores. The crescendo in the overture was the night's most invigorating moment, and Miss Starbuck was wonderful in it.

d. ehrenberg

One of the problems that Curry hasn't tackled yet is that of the ensemble: not only training dancers to be skaters or—more difficult—skaters to be dancers but devising choreography for an ensemble which registers as a mass rather than a gathering of individuals. "IceDancing" has no corps, not even a small one. It has no wizard soloists beneath star rank. This throws the program out of balance. Curry should at least be able to alternate his exhausting solos from night to night. There is every reason to suppose that the ranks will be filled. "IceDancing" comes at a time when audiences are ready to look at skating as a performing art and to demand more taste and sensitivity in its presentation than they customarily get from the big arena shows. Turning professional, as many Olympic medallists do, need not mean the death of inspiration. Curry's influence has reached the whole skating field, not just the professionals. "Superskates," the annual gala benefit for the U.S. Olympic Fund, which brings together past and present Olympic champions and contenders (and which gave "After All" its première), is beginning to reflect Curry standards in the quality of music and the structure of individual programs: there's less filler now, and more action. This year, Robin Cousins, the young British champion who has absorbed so much of Curry's example, showed himself a stylist of individuality and power. The American David Santee made the transition into the major ranks. Of the newcomers, Lisa Marie Allen, with her big, cushy style, and the very lyrical Simone Grigorescu, formerly of Rumania, looked best to me. "Superskates" is where we also see Toller Cranston, who for a while was Curry's most publicized rival as premier danseur of the ice. Cranston, introduced as "author, painter, and superskater," is a Camp performer and an uneven one. At his best, there's not a chink in his style, which is based less on his skating proficiency than on his baroque line. The Cranston curl, the Cranston swastika (other skaters make T's and X's—he makes swastikas), the Cranston ginch, the tight attitude-glide with one hand gripping the raised heel or knee, and, not least of all, the large, raped-Medusa head around which he sometimes throws a serpentine arm make him a subversive figure in this world of sweetie-pies. But this world is changing now, and Cranston's act, which he customarily ends sliding down the ice in a kneel, is getting a bit Liberace. This year,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he even did a Sonja Henie tippy run. Toller Cranston, too, can take piqué arabesque on ice. Somehow, though, it isn't the same.

I ENJOYED a lot about the way the Pennsylvania Ballet's new production of "Coppélia" looked at the Brooklyn Academy, and not a lot about the way it sounded. José Varona designed the scenery and costumes in pleasant, non-gooey storybook style. Petrus Bosman, formerly of the Royal Ballet, staged the production, much of which resembles the Danilova version done by the New York City Ballet; the ballerina role is practically step-for-step. Of Benjamin Harkarvy's new dances in Act III, the most audacious and attractive was Jeffrey Gribler's solo as Cupid (to the music called "Hymen"), carried out in a spirit of innocent zest. But Maurice Kaplow conducted at a dragging pace, and the temptation to set a musical cap on the end of "Dawn," which Delibes purposely left unresolved, was not resisted. Swanilda was the dependably glamorous Michelle Lucci. Ted Kivitt was an oafish Frantz; his dancing of his two interpolated solos was facile and unsound. In Stanley Holden's Coppélius there was mischief, if not the lickerish spirit of his Royal Ballet days.

The company has a new ballerina, whom I was able to see only in rehearsal. Magali Messac, tall and long, is built like Cynthia Gregory, with perfect positions and a continuously ravishing line. But her dancing is small-scale and lacking in stretch; in full extension she looks as if she were inside a bubble, touching the surface but never presuming to break it. Messac, who comes to the Pennsylvania from the Hamburg State Opera Ballet, exemplifies a type of European dancer I find precious but fascinating. The graduated turnout seems to start at the lower thighs and move down; the ladylike beats are done from the knees down. Messac is a picture-perfect beauty, and I hope someday to see her performance as Swanilda. She's an adagio dancer, and it's an adagio role, with chaînés and beats. —ARLENE CROCE

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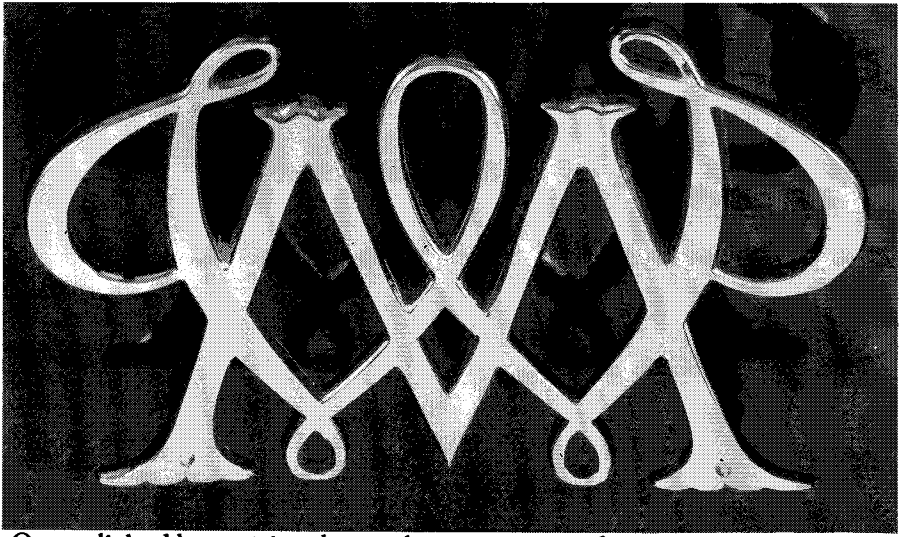

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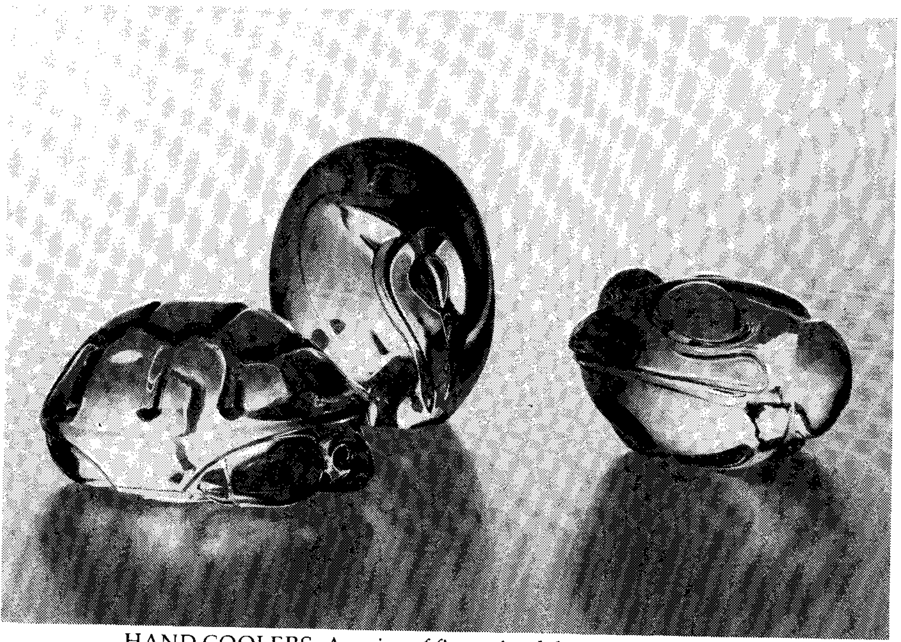

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Theme Sublime

ONCE, twice, sometimes thrice a year, an opera by a composer of international reputation is given its world première. Intendants, directors, publishers, critics, and other interested parties gather from all over the world to attend the dress rehearsal, the first performance, and perhaps the second. A few months later, there comes the second production, in another city, and with it a round of comparisons and second appraisals. These events happen more often in Europe than in America: Puccini's "Trittico," at the Metropolitan in 1918, and Prokofiev's "Love of Three Oranges," in Chicago in 1921, were the last important international commissions and creations here until, last month, the Lyric Opera of Chicago brought Krzysztof Penderecki's "Paradise Lost" to birth. "Paradise Lost" was the third big première of 1978. In April, there was György Ligeti's "Le Grand Macabre," in Stockholm; the second production followed in Hamburg, in October, and the English National Opera plans to mount it next year. In July, there was Aribert Reimann's "Lear," in Munich; the second production followed in Dusseldorf, in October. The Chicago production of "Paradise Lost" travels to La Scala in January; next spring there will be a new production in Stuttgart; and another has been announced by Dusseldorf. "Paradise Lost" is Penderecki's second opera. His first, "The Devils of Loudun," "created" in Hamburg in 1969, notched up eight different productions and a recording in four years.

The new work is a less sensational piece than "The Devils," that dramatic but rather distasteful opera. Without questioning Penderecki's sincerity of purpose, one could question his sense of decency in making theatrical capital of scenes of sexual hysteria, purgation by enema, and prolonged torture. Even Puccini didn't go so far. And the music that accompanied those scenes had no redeeming power; rather, it seemed to aim no higher than to be an added means of titillation. "Paradise Lost" has an altogether solider and weightier score. An attempt in the opera house to justify the ways of God to men could hardly be anything but serious and substantial, and of all the many musical works based on Milton's poem Penderecki's is the most ambitiously Miltonic.

The earliest attempt at such a work was initiated by Dryden. In the words of Aubrey's brief life, "John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admires [Milton], went to him to have leave to putt his 'Paradise Lost' into a Drame in rythme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tagge his Verses." The resulting five-act "opera written in heroique verse" was aptly titled by an iambic pentameter, "The State of Innocence, and Fall of Man." Although Dryden imposed order as well as rhymed couplets on an epic that ranges hugely through space and backward and forward through time, his work did not reach the stage, and it was probably never set to music. A musical "Paradise Lost" did get done at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The words, "altered and adapted to the stage from Milton," were by Benjamin Stillingfleet, and the music was by John Christopher Smith the younger, Handel's pupil and amanuensis. This "Paradise Lost" is an oratorio to a libretto cast in dramatic form, as Handel's oratorio librettos were. Lines of or after Milton alternate with songs such as Adam's

> Sweet partaker of my toil!
>   Partner of each pleasing care!
> We have duly till'd the soil,
>   Sleep shall now our strength
>   repair.

The three acts, all set in Eden, traverse an evening, dawn the next day, and the final hours in the Garden. No Satan or Serpent appears to disturb us. Eve falls in the wings and then leads Adam offstage toward his fall. The other characters are angels. Stillingfleet does not flinch from raising knotty philosophical problems but does so in pretty verses, as when Eve asks:

> Glittering stars, resplendent moon,
> To what purpose are your rays?
> Sleep will close our eyelids soon;
> None will then upon you gaze.
> Why? oh! Adam, tell me why,
> All this glory in the sky?

There have been several other oratorios and cantatas on "Paradise Lost." Anton Rubinstein's "Das Verlorene Paradies" (1855) is termed an opera, but the vocal score reveals an oratorio-like composition; the three acts represent the Rebellion in Heaven, the Creation, and the Temptation and Fall. Enrico Bossi's oratorio "Il Paradiso Perduto" (1903) seems once to have been popular. Its three parts are set in Hell, in Paradise (signifying Heaven, not Eden), and on Earth. Penderecki and his librettist, Christopher Fry, however, preserve an epic movement through time and space. Their work begins with Milton himself onstage, speaking fragments of the first-person apostrophes that open Books III and I. There is a "flash-forward" to the Adam-and-Eve postlapsarian squabbles of Books IX and X, jumbled together. Milton speaks again: "Who first seduced them?" The scene changes to the fiery gulf of Hell; the Satanic rally and great debate begin. When Satan mentions "a place, another World,/The happy seat of some new race called Man," there is an "inset" of Adam's creation. Satan's brave journey to that new world, past Hell Gate guarded by Sin and Death and on through Chaos, is "intercut" with a scherzo during which Adam names the animals (an unhappily cute little number, with children going "Baaa, baaa" and "Urrp, urrp," and a quotation from "Lohengrin" when the swan appears) and an intermezzo during which Eve is created (to the pretty sound of sonars—tubes that when whirled through the air on a string sound sweetly and mysteriously the notes of a major triad, changing harmonics as the speed of whirling alters). After Satan's arrival on Niphates top, events proceed more or less chronologically. The Messiah's intervention on man's behalf is represented. As in Milton, the unfortunate consequences of Eve's and Adam's lapse—murder, maladies ("inductive mainly to the sin of Eve"), warfare, flood—are revealed to Adam by St. Michael in visions while Eve lies quietly sleeping. Milton's order is not followed exactly, but there is a bold attempt, unmatched in any of the earlier "Paradise Lost" reworkings I know, to present things on the Miltonic scale, though far more briefly.

IS it possible to justify the ways of God to men? That is matter too large for a mere music critic to tackle. But if a reader of Milton's "Paradise Lost" says no—if all our woe cannot be reconciled with belief in a loving, omnipotent God; if Adam's tremendous, reproachful questions in Book X are inadequately answered; if, in Adam's words, "inexplicable Thy justice seems"—then Milton has failed in his specifically stated purpose, despite all his great incidental achievements. Many sage, sensitive minds have deemed that he did so fail, while creating hugely, greatly, as a poet. The question of belief—or, at the least, of a suspension of disbelief, willing or unwilling—cannot quite be

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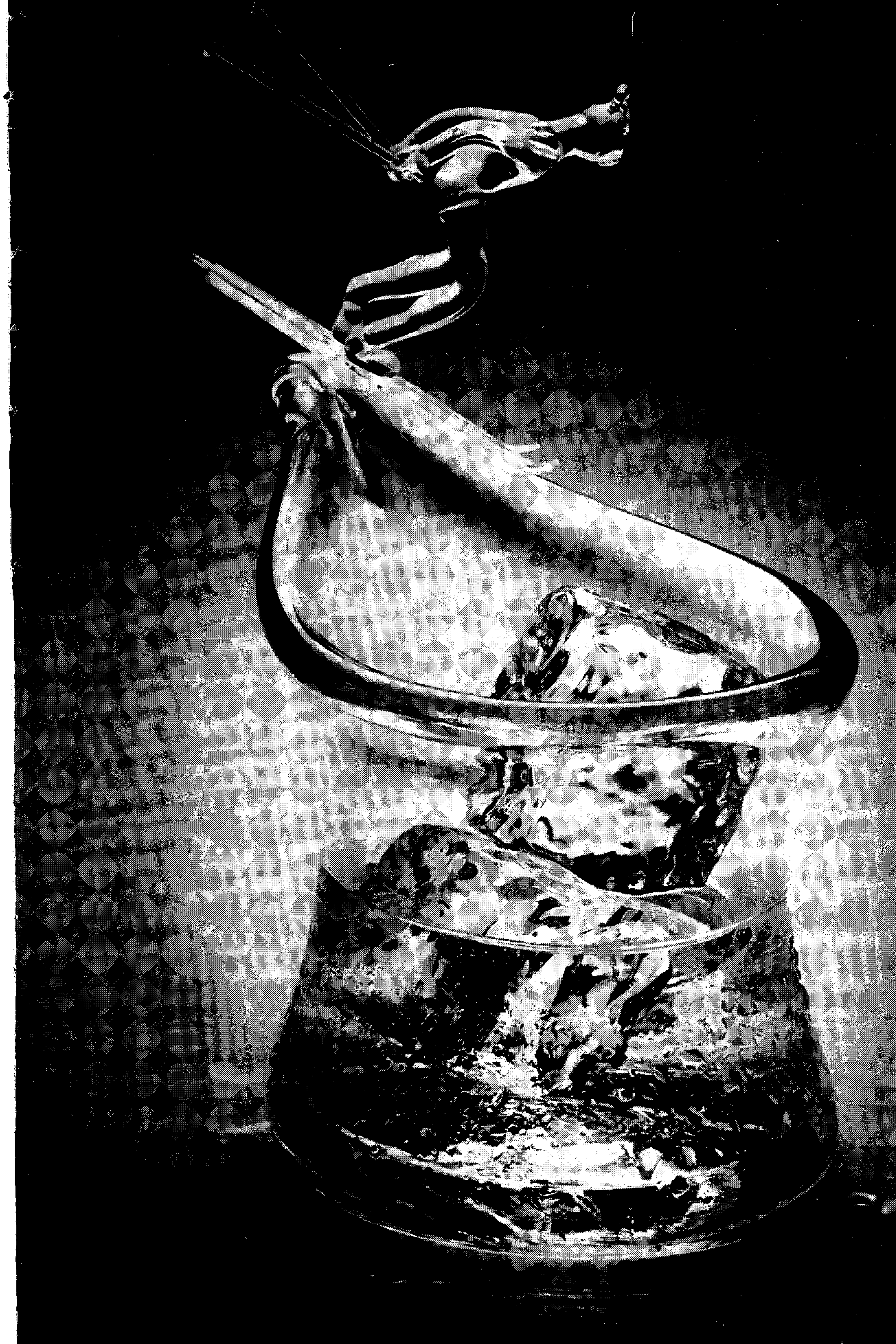

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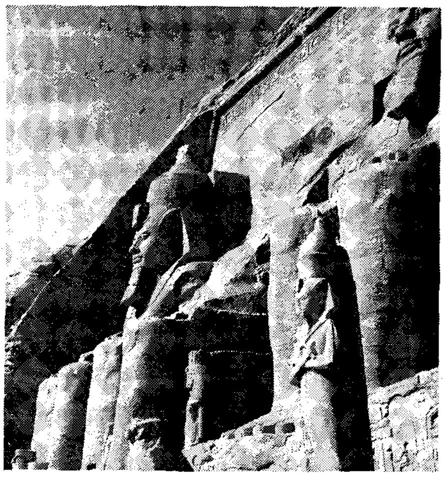

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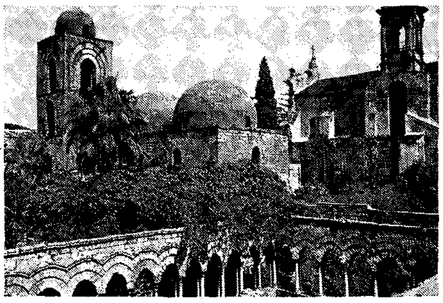

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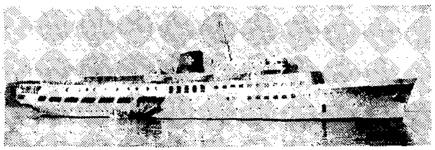

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evaded in an account of Penderecki's and Fry's "Paradise Lost." Unlike Stillingfleet, they have not simply handled Milton's argument in a decorative way. They expect of their listeners more than just aesthetic appraisal of and emotional response to their music and their spectacle. Of course, the events they portray no longer have to be understood as a representation of what really happened. Milton may have believed that our universe, with all things in it—except that unfortunate afterthought woman—was created in the space of six days, and that it hangs suspended from Heaven on a golden chain. For Penderecki and Fry, Milton's cosmography and history are (I take it) a myth, a spiritual and philosophical allegory, a poetic and potent way of expressing deep theological truths. One of the tenets central to Milton and therefore carried over into the opera, if less insistently stated there, is that woman is an altogether lower sort of creature than man. Today, there are people who find the historical jump to even a temporary acceptance of belief in woman's inherent inferiority harder to make than the jump to acceptance of belief in a loving Creator and a Saviour who lived on earth for a while in Palestine. One part of Milton's myth they denounce as pernicious; the other they can allow to be, at the least, acceptable for artistic purposes. I don't want to make too much of the point, but it does exemplify a large difficulty in recomposing "Paradise Lost" today: the need to separate what for Milton was all literal truth into essential allegory, picturesque incidental detail, and ideas to be rejected except as, perhaps, an illustration of ways in which people once thought.

Still, anyone who seeks to understand a large work of art follows the White Queen's advice: draws a long breath, shuts his eyes, and practices believing impossible things until he can manage six of them before breakfast. I was prepared to go along with Penderecki's "Paradise Lost" until, after the scene in which the Son offers to lay down his life to redeem man, the chorus sang the first chorale of Bach's St. John Passion, "O grosse Lieb', o Lieb' ohn' alle Masse." It did so in the translation of the Reverend J. Troutbeck, D.D.: "O wondrous love, whose depths no heart has sounded. . . . We live, the pleasure of this world enjoying,/And Thou art dying." But the actual words were not important; what mattered was Bach's harmonies and, beyond them, the associations of that chorale which are bred into anyone who has had a Christian upbringing. When I listen to Bach's Passion music, I am able to embrace a creed that has obtained in just a part of the world, during just a short twenty centuries of that world's long history. When I read Milton's "Paradise Lost," I side with Adam, thrill to Satan's tragic grandeur, and feel admiration for the poet Milton—for his wide-ranging mind, his control of form, and his command of words whose weight, sounds, rhythms, and syntax conspire to picture the world and its works which I know, and worlds unknown. But when in Penderecki's "Paradise Lost" I heard Bach's chorale I felt that it showed up the inadequacy of Fry's text and, even more, of Penderecki's own music—in weight, sounds, rhythms, and syntax—to deal with the tremendous subject.

Fry's libretto is constructed from phrases, sometimes whole lines, abstracted from Milton. A single, fairly lengthy example can serve to show his method. Forty-seven famous lines from Satan's great invocation near the start of Book IV are condensed into eight short lines. Milton's Satan begins:

> O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
> Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
> Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
> Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
> But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
> O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
> That bring to my remembrance from what state
> I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare. . . .

Thirty-four lines later, he reaches:

> Me miserable! which way shall I flie
> Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
> Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
> And in the lowest deep a lower deep
> Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
> To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.

Fry's Satan says:

> O Sun, to thee I call
> How I hate thy beams
> That bring remembrance
> From what state I fell.
> Which way shall I fly?
> Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is Hell
> Myself am Hell.

Reduction, of course, was inevitable. Fry's is skillful. A librettist is usually

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MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

1799-1974: Gold in

"Workin' the diggin's" in Alaska. For most, the riches remained the next shovelful away.

The story could hardly begin with the occasional nugget that had been encountered in the land, first by wandering Indians, later by its European settlers—it is even recorded that Thomas Jefferson found one. These were, in truth, random finds and not serious goldfield discoveries and they never committed the nation to the metal.

Nor should it start, as many Americans might assume, with the spectacular strike in California.

The real beginning took place in a pine-scented forest near Concord, North Carolina, where, on a Sunday in 1799, Conrad Reed, age 12, brought home the large yellowish rock he'd found in a nearby creek. His father, unable to identify it, set the heavy object on the porch where it served as a doorstop for three years.

Then in 1802, Farmer Reed, presumably with awakening curiosity, took the rock to a jeweler in Fayetteville who recognized the gold in it and offered to buy it.

Asking what he believed to be a large sum—three dollars and fifty cents—John Reed sold his doorstop. It was an unfortunate transaction for the rock weighed some seventeen *pounds* and its gold value was closer to $3,600. The episode seems more comic opera than epic but it led to America's first goldfield, its first gold mine, and, of course, its first gold rush.

In a way the incident characterized a kind of innocence that has accompanied much of the ensuing American experience with gold. Indeed, to Europeans or to anyone of longer association with—and maybe appreciation for—the metal, it must have seemed that the U.S., at times, was out of synch with the rest of the world.

As early as 1803, following an upward valuation of gold in Europe, America held its price so unrealistically low compared to that of silver that Europeans could buy gold here with silver, then simply ship it home at a profit—causing the first U.S. gold drain. And the young country was once so innocent in regulating its commodity trading that one man, Jay Gould, almost succeeded in cornering its entire gold market in 1869.

Foreigners looked, too, with astonishment, at how a government could, in the absence of wartime, call in the nation's privately held gold—as the U.S. did in 1933—and were amazed that its citizens would so fully comply. Or wondered at how the women of a land so rich in gold could wear so much artificial jewelry.

And America often did seem out of step. In 1900, it became the last major country to adopt a gold standard (Britain, for example, did so in 1821; most of Europe by the 1870's) and was, in 1933, the last to leave it. Then, from the end of World War II until 1971, the U.S. alone paid out gold to repatriate its currency from foreign governments, resulting in the loss of over half of its gold reserve. For years the United States has maintained an anti-gold position in world monetary circles, while clinging to the world's largest gold reserve.

One of the most beautiful high relief coins ever designed, this $20 gold piece had to be replaced by a flatter version—it wouldn't stack at the bank

Looking through history, one is able to isolate three factors that perhaps explain the American ambivalence toward gold. First, there was the nation's early preoccupation wit more urgent priorities—of developin

Americans turned in their gold in 1933 for $2

an innocent America.

and implementing a whole new system of government, melding diverse immigrant cultures and settling a vast land mass. Second, there was, to some degree, a psychological rejection of the metal as reminiscent of European royalties and a way of life left behind. And third, the country simply came into so much gold so fast that it may have been less appreciated in the national mind—this refers, of course, to the enormous yields which were to come from the mountains, valleys and streams of its still-unexplored West.

In the meantime, gold mining had prospered in the East—by the mid-1800's there were over 50 mines in North Carolina alone—and there had been other substantial discoveries, notably in Georgia and South Carolina. But all the gold mined so far would have filled little more than a single Yankee Clipper Ship, when in 1848, word swept the land like a brushfire: "There's gold in California."

It was the blockbuster of U.S. trikes and today names such as Sutter's Mill and Mother Lode, as well as many of the 49er adventures, are etched in the mind of every American, not only from childhood history books, but also from a myriad of Hollywood depictions—and sometimes distortions—which inevitably begin with a dusty false-front town or a ribald saloon with painted ladies and end with a shoot-em-up down at a corral.

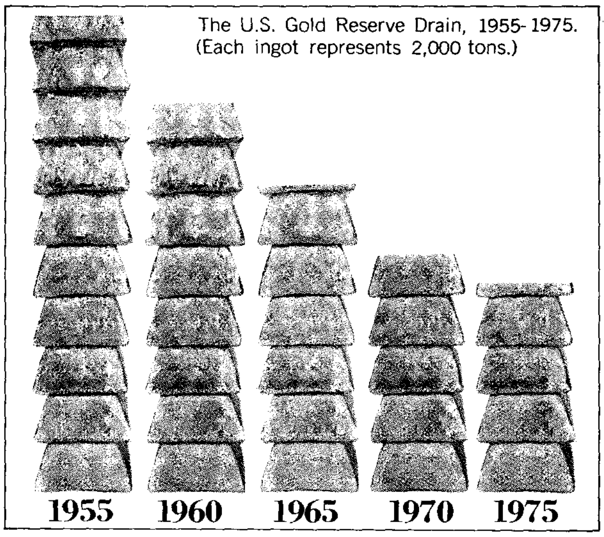
What is somewhat overlooked is the sheer immensity of the California yield. In the five years before 1848, America's average yearly gold production had been 52 thousand ounces. In 1849, it leaped to some 1.9 *million* ounces and, in 1850, it was *over 2.4 million.*

Other strikes came in rapid succession: Nevada in 1849, Oregon and Montana in 1852, Arizona and Colorado in 1858. Then Washington, Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, along with several in Alaska. Some of these discoveries were considerable but in both significance and scale none ever equalled that of California, for its strike was not only the event that opened the American West, it was also the state that in the end contributed over *one-third* of America's native gold.

Gold is currently mined in 13 states but production has declined and America produces less than three percent of the world total. A single mine, The Homestake, at Lead (pronounced Leed), South Dakota, accounts for well over one-fourth of U.S. output. The venerable, history-rich mine, which in 1976 celebrated its 100th birthday, today gives evidence that some things have changed—there are more than 25 women working underground.

But it was also a changed America which, on December 31, 1974, regained the right to full gold ownership and one wonders if its citizens today would ever line up again to turn it all in. The affinity for gold may now be too strong. According to industry statistics, U.S. women are wearing more real gold jewelry and, at the same time, there has been considerable investment in gold—the U.S. is now the world's largest market for both bullion-type gold coins and gold futures trading.

Finally, it seems Americans are even spending time as "Weekend 49ers," poking around the old diggings in hope of finding the occasional nugget which, at the current price of gold, cannot be called an innocent endeavor.


The U.S. Gold Reserve Drain, 1955-1975.
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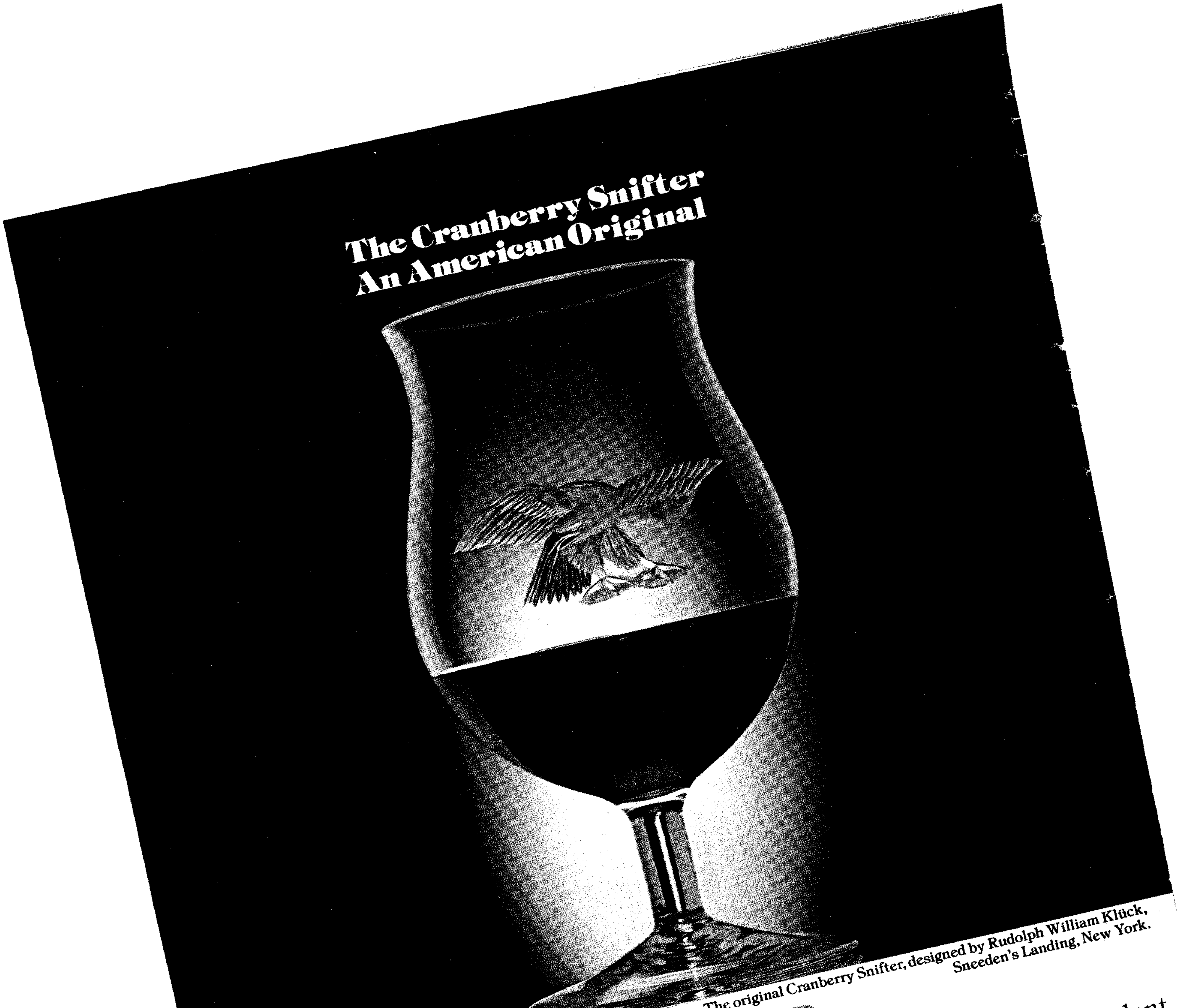

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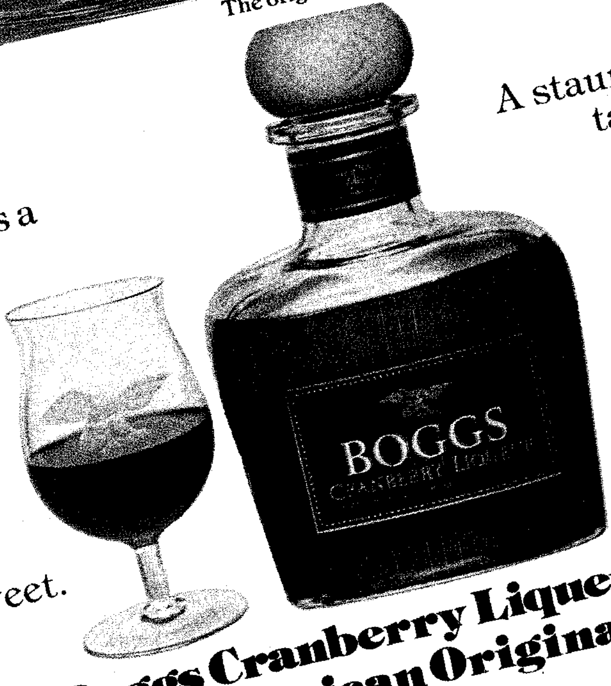
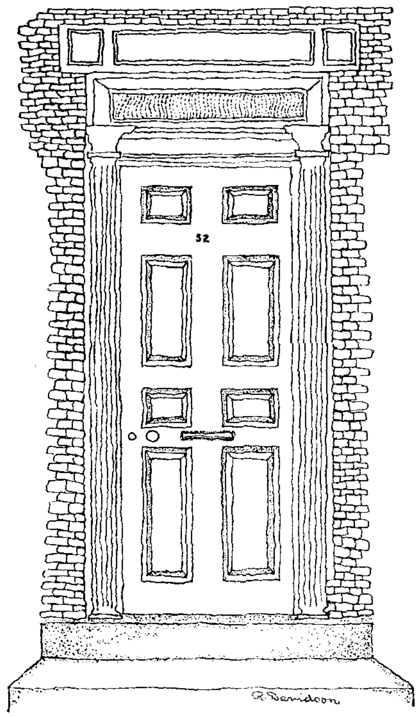


Boggs Cranberry Liqueur
An American Original

Boggs Cranberry Liqueur, 40°. © 1978.
Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Ct.

required to reduce the verbal music of his original, in order to make way for new music that will clothe it. (Few successful Shakespeare operas have been composed to Shakespeare's words. Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" what else?) Fry has fashioned a language whose vocabulary is Milton's but which moves in shorter, manageable periods. He has, as I have suggested, preserved something of Milton's epic form. The stage presence of the poet himself parallels the first-person interventions of the earlier books. The intermission (the opera is in two acts, each of about ninety minutes) falls between Satan's first, nocturnal and his second, successful temptation of Eve—between which events in Milton four whole books provide an "interlude." But the diction can be disconcerting to anyone who knows Milton well: when Fry leaps a score or scores of lines, and even from book to book, in mid-sentence; when for no apparent reason he changes "thou" to "you," and even gives us things like "thou has" (Adam addresses Eve as "thou" but adopts a chummy "you" in dialogues with God); and, above all, when the stage Milton declaims the famous opening lines of the epic and gets three of the words wrong—"whose" becomes "where," "woe" becomes "woes," "with loss" becomes "and loss." The changes must be deliberate, else they could hardly have survived the first rehearsal. But what is the point of them?

Penderecki, by his own admission, has an odd approach to words: he prefers to set languages that he does not know very well. As a result, his notes alone have to carry a heavy expressive burden. Because the word-setting is not vivid, the singers cannot "use" the text, and it tends to be inaudible anyway. (It will be interesting to discover if this is so when Stuttgart does the piece in German translation; translators are often more scrupulous about making the words fit the music than the original composers are.) "Paradise Lost" is not an opera that lives along the vocal lines and enters a listener's understanding through eloquence of vocal gesture. Milton is a speaker (he was electrically amplified in the huge Chicago auditorium). The Voice of God (in Chicago the same voice, Arnold Moss's, that spoke Milton) descends through loudspeakers most of the time, but some of His utterances are assigned to an ensemble of six male voices in the pit, singing in an antique manner that was suggested to the composer by hearing Samaritan chant. When Adam, in his first solo, delivered the tremendous questions "Did I request thee ["you" in this version], Maker, from my Clay/To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee ["you"]/From darkness to promote me?" in an unemphatic way, to phrases that had no sharply defined melodic or rhythmic profile, one began to wonder what Penderecki was at. No score of the opera was available for study; what the composer intended and what one actually heard may not be quite the same thing. William Stone, the Adam, is a young lyric baritone with a pleasant voice, but he was a bland, inexpressive performer. Ellen Shade sang Eve, and she is a lustrous, colorful performer. So was it Penderecki's intention or a chance of casting that made Eve register far more strongly than Adam? Miss Shade's rich, complicated timbre was better suited to the knowing than to the innocent Eve. Her aria and rapturous vocalise after tasting the fruit provided the lyrical high point of the evening. With Satan, the difficulty of distinguishing between intention and execution became most acute. In the libretto, the role looks very important, and Satan certainly has a great deal to sing. He was portrayed, by Peter Van Ginkel, as a plump, comfortable burgess: take off the feathered headdress and he might have been Kothner. A dramatic baritone is specified; Mr. Van Ginkel did not have the tones of command, and when he essayed force he was apt to woof about without defining exact pitches. But to what extent was



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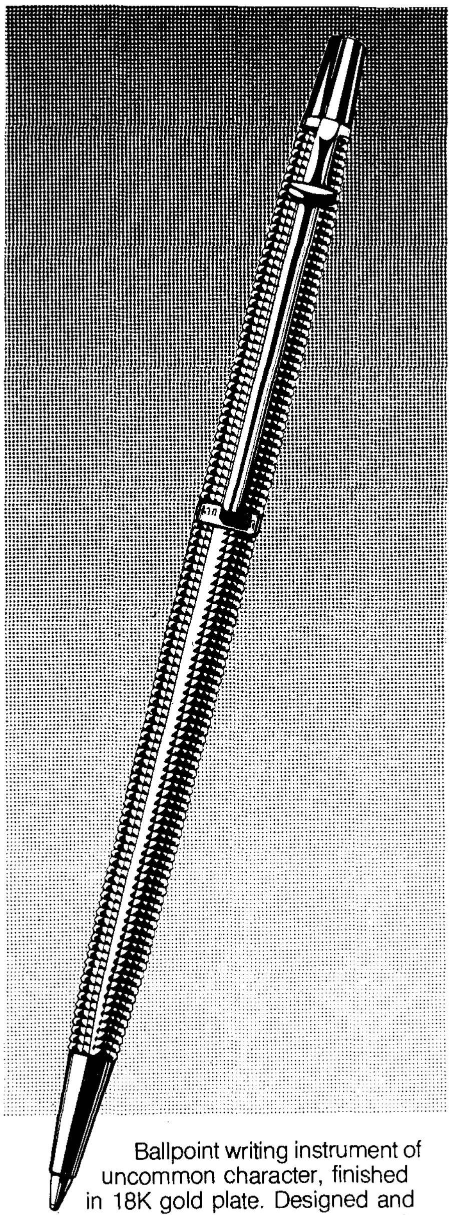

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this unimposing Devil the product of a resolve on Penderecki's part that Satan, for once, shouldn't steal the show, and to what extent of a feeble interpretation?

As in his Magnificat, Penderecki uses three countertenors: for Death, Ithuriel, and Raphael. Paul Esswood as Death and John Patrick Thomas as Ithuriel were good; Dale Terbeek delivered Raphael's warning so weakly that it was not surprising it went unheeded. Sin is a mezzo, and Joy Davidson, especially in a splendidly solid contralto range, was very impressive. Zephon, who keeps angel guard in Eden with Ithuriel, is a high soprano part, and it was sweetly sung by Susan Brummell. Among Satan's princes, the two tenors Michael Ballam and Melvin Lowery, as Beelzebub and Belial, were outstanding. The most sharply defined singing of all—and the only consistently intelligible words—came from Frank Little, as Michael, who dominates the final scenes of the opera. I nearly forgot to mention the Messiah, another baritone role, taken by Alan Opie. Penderecki plays down His part in things. When He visits Eden, after the Fall, to question and sentence man, the Voice of God that Adam hears is still the speaker's. In the Chicago staging, presented as the milksop, auburn-haired, white-robed figure of a child's illustrated Bible, Christ became an almost insignificant role.

What of the score? Much heavy, portentous orchestral writing; long, long pedals; thumping drum figures to indicate that something important is going to happen; ponderous brass progressions; grandiloquent organ; clusters building up and then "decaying." All the old, tricksy devices, for chorus and for orchestra, that one knows from Penderecki's earlier large pieces, and then some new ones. Some very pretty sounds, especially when Eve is around: the ensemble of sonars, already mentioned, during her creation, and a gamelan-like episode to accompany her dance through the Garden. A great deal of motivic construction, so insistently employed that everyone seems eventually to be singing much the same sort of music. Penderecki is in some ways the Puccini of our day—a fundamentally conservative composer able to assimilate and master whatever techniques are in the air and to serve up modern music without tears. He is a less individual and inventive musician than Puccini was, but he aims higher. When he misses the mark, the distance between aim and achievement produces an effect of bombast, even vulgarity. The end of this "Paradise Lost" is peculiar, almost irrelevant. Instead of Milton's movingly human close

> They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
> Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way

there is a moral:

> Through the world's wilderness
> Long wanders man,
> Until he shall hear and learn
> The secret power
> Of harmony, in whose image he was made.

The idea is touched on elsewhere in Milton, but it seems an intrusion into "Paradise Lost," even in a musical version. Fry's words, astonishingly, prove to be adapted from Satan's suggestion to Christ, in Book IV of "Paradise Regained," that, since He seems to be more a scholarly than a political type, He might take a course in composition and creative writing at Athens. The music closes with a long, loud D-major triad, tutta forza. Wagner denounced the electric sunblaze that ends Act III of Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" as an effect without a cause. The D-major affirmative blaze at the end of Penderecki's opera seems to me a musical counterpart.

I HAVE been calling the work an opera. In the published libretto, Penderecki terms it a *rappresentazione*, but when talking about it he refers to it quite simply as an "opera," too. *Rappresentazione* is not a genre; it simply means a "representation," though usually of something not commonly staged. (Emilio de' Cavalieri's "La Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo," put on in St. Philip Neri's church in Rome in 1600, is the most famous example.) The Chicago representation of "Paradise Lost" was inadequate scenically—but not, so far as one could judge, orchestrally or chorally; Bruno Bartoletti, who conducted, seemed to be in secure control. The shortcomings of two of the principals have been mentioned above. The staging was a last-minute endeavor to cobble a performance from ingredients that had begun to fall apart. "Paradise Lost" had a long and troubled birth. It was commissioned back in 1973, for Bicentennial performance. Sam Wanamaker was to direct it, and Josef Svoboda to design it. The score was not ready in time; a two-year postponement was agreed on. Virginio Puecher was then engaged to direct it, and Ezio Frigerio to design it. Nine days before the première, Carol Fox, the general manager of the Lyric Opera,

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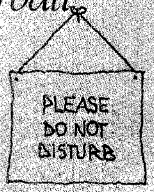
'Caro,' he said.



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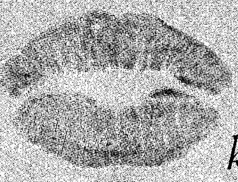
'Si,' she answered. 'Bacia-mio,' he said.



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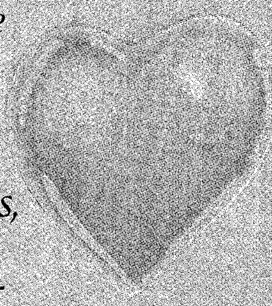

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announced that she had accepted Puecher's resignation, "following areas of disagreement between him and the composer." And Penderecki said, "As rehearsals progressed, I found that my own vision of the opera I have created was in conflict with Mr. Puecher's directorial concepts." Igal Perry, the young Israeli ballet master of Dennis Wayne's Dancers, had been working as an assistant on the show. He was called in to put it on. If one did not know the circumstances—had not been told that the elaborate scenery, which had been built in Milan, could not be got to function safely and silently, and was therefore reduced to near-immobility—one would say damning things about the failure to realize even the simplest of the visions described in the libretto, let alone the large ones. Eve didn't eat an apple. Satan never changed his costume.

One thing led to another. Because the towers in which the chorus sat in caged tiers had to be anchored, one at each side of the stage, there was no possibility of sidelighting. The composer insisted on an obscuring gauze between the stage and the audience; and so Duane Schuler, who usually lights so well, had to fall back on overhead spotlights, which fell on the singers' foreheads, noses, and chins while leaving their eyes and lips in shadow. And so on. Having learned these things, all I can do is suggest that Mr. Perry made an intelligent attempt to save something from the wreck. It was not his—or perhaps anyone's—fault that Eden was a black-painted disco with a glitter roof; that no Heavenly radiance shone; that the stasis of the chorus destroyed any sense of epic movement. Only one element seemed to come off as had been planned—the important dances, choreographed by John Butler in his familiar manner. The singers of Adam and Eve have dancing doubles, who were well portrayed by Dennis Wayne and Nancy Thuesen; even more important than the sung duets in Eden are the danced duos, one before and one after the Fall. —ANDREW PORTER

•

> She carried a bridal bouquet of white daisies, yellow roses and baby's breath, tied with yellow satin yellow roses. The first tier was centered with white love birds, the middle tier held a fountain and the top tier was centered with a gazebo with a miniature bride and groom.
> —*Clayton (Ga.) Tribune.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PIGGOTT BEQUEST

On the afternoon of April 18, 1973, Mrs. Kay Edwards, the head librarian of the Burnham Library, in the small, pleasant town of Bridgewater, Connecticut, received a long-distance call from a man who worked in the Office of the Public Administrator in Los Angeles. The caller wanted to know if the Van Wyck Brooks Memorial Fund of the Bridgewater Library Association was still in existence. Mrs. Edwards, mildly startled by this casual long-distance inquiry from Los Angeles, asked why the Public Administrator wanted to know about the fund. "We have a death out here, and it looks as though you're going to get a small bequest," the caller said. Mrs. Edwards then told him that the fund was technically still in existence, and that Brooks's elderly widow, Gladys, was still living in Bridgewater. The caller thanked her and hung up.

"It was amusing to me more than anything else, although very mysterious," Mrs. Edwards later said of the call. "But the caller indicated that there was nothing to get excited about—that the bequest wouldn't amount to much." She entered the call in her daybook and told Daniel Bianchi, who had been the treasurer of the Van Wyck Brooks Memorial Fund, about it. Bianchi was interested, but he took no action beyond asking Mrs. Edwards about everything that had been said in the curious telephone call.

At the time of the call, the Brooks Fund was dormant. It had been established to honor Brooks, who had lived in Bridgewater for twelve years and was a respected man of letters. Brooks died on May 2, 1963, and in March of 1964 his friends and neighbors set up a committee to raise money to establish a memorial to him. The committee would operate under the Bridgewater Library Association, whose trustees managed the Burnham Library. The donated moneys were destined for the construction of a Brooks Memorial Wing, which was envisioned as a modern version of the nineteenth-century small-town lyceum, where, in Brooks's words, "almost every eminent man in New England joined in the general effort to propagate knowledge" by lecturing to villagers on any subject of intellectual interest. To further this end, the wing would include a public meeting hall for lectures, concerts, art exhibitions, seminars, and even movies, as well as a reproduction of Brooks's study (with his personal books and effects) and additional areas for the children's library and reference stacks. A New York architectural firm, Moore and Hutchins, was hired to submit plans for the memorial, and a number of distinguished sponsors, including Francis Biddle, Pearl S. Buck, Norman Cousins, John Hersey, Matthew Josephson, Archibald MacLeish, and Samuel Eliot Morison, were enlisted for the benefit of the fund. Gladys Brooks, despite her advanced years, was a prime mover in gathering the notable sponsors and in soliciting donations. It was estimated that at least three hundred thousand dollars would be needed in order to build the addition to the library and fulfill the other goals of the fund. The committee hired a public-relations woman, Zena Temkin, and a professional fund-raiser, John Roney, to drum up more interest through added publicity and mailed brochures.

Though everyone concerned was optimistic about its chances, the Brooks Fund was a flop. Some donations trickled in, mainly as a result of publicity in the *Saturday Review*, the *Times*, wire-service stories, and the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, but in May of 1967 Martin Kornbluth, then the treasurer of the fund, filed a report disclosing the dismal news that only three hundred and eighteen donations had been received so far, for a total of $22,320, of which $9,600 had been expended, mostly for the fund-raising program, leaving assets of $12,720—barely enough to create a memorial alcove. Kornbluth's report left open the possibility that help could come from federal aid, foundation grants, further private pledges, and even money from existing town funds, but the fragile promise of such support was soon crushed by hard fiscal reality. At last, the fund committee decided on, in effect, a Van Wyck Brooks memorial alcove—a modest area in the north end of the Burnham Library, consisting of a bust of the author and a display of his memorabilia, books, desk, chair, and writing equipment. On November 28, 1972, having dissolved itself, the committee turned over its remaining funds, which amounted to $3,867.43, to the trustees of the Bridgewater Library Association to buy books in the name of the Van Wyck Brooks Memorial—with proper bookplates—and for the maintenance of the Brooks Memorial, such as it was, within the library. The Bridgewater Library Association accepted the money, keeping it separate from other money in its accounts, in the hope that further contributions might be forthcoming. They weren't. They weren't, that is, until the afternoon Mrs. Edwards got the call from the Office of the Public Administrator in Los Angeles.

The "small bequest" to the Brooks Fund was mentioned in a handwritten will left by one Charles E. Piggott, who had died in Los Angeles County on March 28, 1973. After the will was admitted to probate in the Los Angeles County Superior Court, on June 22, 1973—with the Office of the County Counsel acting as attorney for the Public Administrator, who was the duly appointed executor of the Piggott estate—the town's curiosity began to mount. And Bridgewater's curiosity grew to concern when it was further disclosed that the bequest might not be so small—that in the words of George Canfield, an investment counsellor who was treasurer of the Bridgewater Library Association, "there was apparently a lot of money involved."

With excruciating slowness, the bare outline of the Piggott affair came to light, and with equally painful deliberation the legal complications churned. As it emerged, the story line of Charles E. Piggott and his unlikely bequest seemed to both the Los Angeles and Bridgewater contingents like the plot of a dreadful television drama—a rerun that a bedridden viewer too weak to change channels might catch on a rainy Wednesday afternoon. Over the next several weeks, it was learned, in bits and pieces, that Charles E. Piggott was a confirmed hermit and miser who had lived in a deplorable shack without electricity, gas, or plumbing in a northeast Los Angeles working-class area. When he died, in his eighties, his shack was condemned and razed by the authorities as a nuisance liability, and in the process a four-page holographic will was discovered, with this arresting statement on page 3: "After the bequests made all the residue of this estate shall be given to the Van Wyck Brooks Library Fund of Bridgewater, Connecticut. It is tax deductible. I know the legal crooks will make hay because of poor writing and poor grammer but there is no way to avoid it." To all appearances, the estate, including the plot of land that Piggott's shack was on and his pitiful effects, was worth about fifteen hundred dollars. But in fact its worth came to something in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars, thanks to a portfolio of valuable stocks listed by Piggott and known to his broker, and large amounts of cash in several California banks. Piggott, it turned out, had been an avid and successful student of the stock market. To compound the enigma, there was no apparent connection between the bizarre, ornery Piggott and Van Wyck Brooks or Bridgewater or Connecticut or charity or literature or even literacy. So, because of an inexplicable but eminently welcome bequest by a California hermit, the Brooks Fund stood to realize the three hundred thousand dollars it needed for the completion of its lyceum project. To everyone involved, it was nothing short of miraculous.

JOSEPH FARRIS

"The people in shipping are putting up wall posters denouncing the company!"

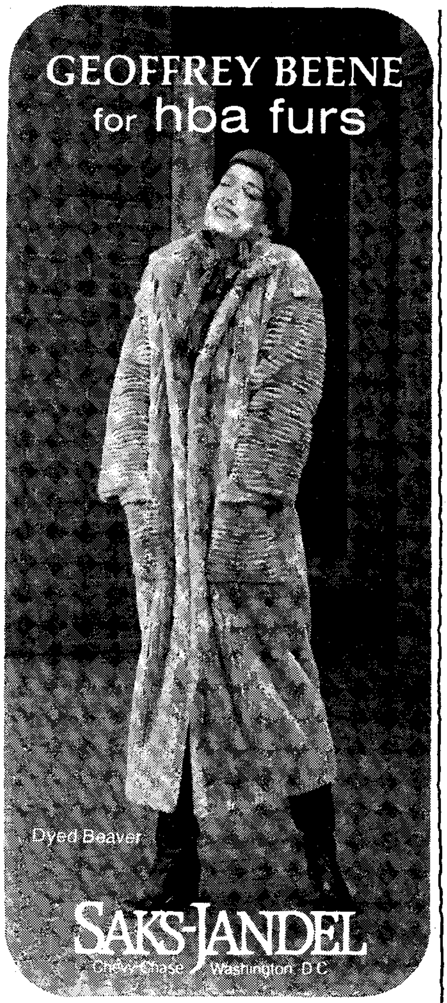
HOWEVER, in a society founded upon law, nothing comes quite that easily. Before the Burnham Library could get its money, two legal matters had to be cleared up. The library first had to satisfy the authorities in Los Angeles County that it was a legitimate heir: an extant, bona-fide, tax-exempt organization. As it turned out, the Brooks Fund was not itself listed with the Internal Revenue Service as a tax-exempt organization, although its parent body, the Bridgewater Library Association, was. This fact caused the Los Angeles authorities to grow wary, and for a time contentious.

Even after the Bridgewater Library Association had complied with a request from Marianne Noll, a Los Angeles Deputy County Counsel, for a letter establishing its tax-exempt status, suspicions lingered in California. Perhaps the Los Angeles authorities considered the library trustees to be, as George Canfield later put it, "a bunch of cagey farmers." On January 18, 1974, Mrs. Noll sent another letter to the Brooks Fund committee, which read, in part:

> Prior correspondence by our office directed to the Van Wyck Brooks Library Fund resulted in response from an organization apparently known as the Bridgewater Library Association accompanied by an exemption letter dated October 20, 1970. In checking with the Internal Revenue Service, the Public Administrator has determined that there is apparently no current exemption status for the Bridgewater Library Association, and the Internal Revenue Service orally indicated to the Public Administrator that they have no information regarding the so-called Van Wyck Brooks Library Fund. . . .
>
> In view of the above and in view of the substantial size of this Estate, it has been determined that should the Van Wyck Brooks Library Fund desire to make a claim to the assets of this Estate, it will be necessary for that organization to retain counsel here in Los Angeles to sufficiently establish their existence and charitable purposes to the satisfaction of our court by way of instituting proceedings pursuant to Section 1080 of our Probate Code to interpret the Decedent's last will and testament. These proceedings should be instituted as soon as possible since the interest and penalties are accruing on the inheritance taxes and estate taxes, which may ultimately have to be paid in this Estate.

The stakes were high, and so Bianchi, the former fund treasurer, asked the Bridgewater Town Counsel, retired Judge H. B. Bradbury, if he knew of a California attorney who could represent the Bridgewater interests in the case. Bradbury selected Walter S. Weiss, of the prestigious California law firm Long & Levit. Weiss was willing to handle the case either on a time basis or on a contingent-fee basis, with Bradbury's law firm, Bradbury & Pellegrini, of New Milford, Connecticut, as associate counsel. Weiss and the library trustees felt they had a good case and would sue Los Angeles County, if necessary. The lines were drawn for a knock-down-drag-out legal battle. As Weiss wrote to Bradbury, in part, on March 27, 1974:

> Although not stated, I have the distinct feeling that the County Counsel and the Public Administrator are somewhat resentful of this large amount of money leaving California and this seems to be the basis of their reluctance to allow our claim. . . .
>
> For some reason the County Counsel is reluctant to permit me to explore in great detail the entire file of the Public Administrator on a voluntary basis and it appears it will be necessary for me to get an order directing this from



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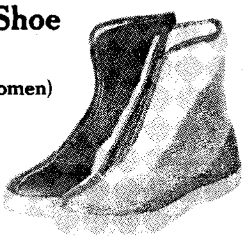

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the Probate Court. In addition, the County Counsel has indicated a desire to depose the treasurer and possibly several other members of the Library Fund's Board of Directors in Bridgewater in order to determine the integrity of the organization and its leaders. I have indicated to the County Counsel that I could see no reason why these depositions would be necessary but I do not believe we can successfully resist their being taken.

Legal matters being what they are, it was not until December 13, 1974—twenty months after the library first heard of the bequest—that the case came into court. It was heard in Superior Court in Los Angeles, and Judge Victor Donatelli decreed at last, on December 19th, that "the Van Wyck Brooks Memorial Fund of the Bridgewater Library Association is entitled to receive distribution of the Estate." It was a grand serendipitous Christmas present for Bridgewater.

THE second legal matter involved a suit filed against the Piggott estate in January of 1974 by Piggott's next-door neighbors, Frank and Tonia Barone. The Barones, claiming that Piggott had promised them a reward for feeding and taking care of him over a period of fifteen years, were asking $31,575 for services rendered—$27,375 for meals, $3,900 for laundry, $300 for clothes—during that time. Throughout 1974, 1975, and into the early weeks of 1976, the Barones' suit dragged on. The Barones had produced depositions from several other neighbors and Piggott's own handwritten diary as evidence of their regular care and feeding of the old man. The thrust of their case was that Piggott had often told them and others that he would compensate the Barones in his will for their kindnesses to him through the years. Finally, a few weeks before a trial set for February 9, 1976, a settlement was reached that was agreeable to all parties—twelve thousand dollars to be paid by the estate to the Barones, along with an opportunity for the Barones to buy Piggott's lot, which they had wanted to acquire, for a fair price. (The Barones bought the lot from the estate early in 1977 for two thousand dollars.)

So, almost three years after Mrs. Edwards answered that first casual phone call from California, the Brooks Fund of the Bridgewater Library Association started to receive the fruits of its windfall. Stock and cash dribbled in from the West Coast (almost six hundred shares of Standard Oil of California stock were unaccountably missing but were duplicated after the Library Association put up a bond), and when all the assets were finally audited, at the end of 1976, the Brooks Fund realized a grand total of two hundred and ten thousand dollars, after payment of twelve thousand dollars to the Barones, fifty-five thousand dollars for attorneys' fees incurred in the legal wrangling, and thirty-one thousand dollars for court costs. Also arriving piecemeal from the Coast were scraps of Piggott's personal effects, which were now the property of the Burnham Library, the sole legal heir. As word of these wretched souvenirs of a hermit's life became known around town, interest in Piggott the man grew.

As a citizen of Bridgewater, I was by now thoroughly fascinated by the Piggott mystery, and so I asked the library trustees if I might examine the effects. Permission was granted, and one day, in the basement of the library, I was handed a large cardboard box. At first glance, its contents gave no revealing clue to the man; the assorted items seemed to be the flotsam of an unenterprising beachcomber—a brass washer, two pieces of weathered green glass, a homemade copper ring, a cheap watch fob, two small gold tooth fillings, three unmatching cufflinks, a brass tiepin, a brass mint-leaf charm, a heart-shaped pebble, a fleur-de-lis pin engraved with a Gothic "B," a brass barrette, and similar trinkets.

Farther down in the box was an 1896 leather-bound edition of "Robert Browning's Selected Poems." Most of the pages were still stiff—not particularly well-thumbed—yet there were smudges here and there, as if a man with grimy fingers had gone through the book a few times. Inside were two newspaper clippings. One was a book review by Edmund Fuller in the June 3, 1969, *Wall Street Journal* of Maisie Ward's "Robert Browning and His World." Could Piggott, whose will indicated a scanty education, have been a Browning buff? Or could he have kept the clipping not for the review but for a boxed feature next to it headed "Notable & Quotable"? The notable quotable was outlined in ink and was a story about an unidentified Nebraska trucker hounded in a roadside diner by three Hell's Angels motorcyclists who stole bits of his meal from his plate. The trucker ignored the thugs, paid up, and meekly left the diner. One of the hoods berated the driver to the waitress as "not much of a man." The waitress replied, "Nope. He's not much of a truck driver, either—he just ran over three motorcycles."

The other clipping was from the Los Angeles *Times* of August 14, 1969. It was an article headlined "ROMANTIC'S GIFT BEAUTIFIES ITALY CEMETERY." The romantic in question was Miss Clare Benedict, a long-term American expatriate in Italy and a relative of James Fenimore Cooper. She had left the Protestant Cemetery in Rome more money than it knew what to do with to beautify the area around the graves of John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Miss Benedict, who died in 1961, at the age of ninety-two, was herself buried there, beside the graves of Shelley and her mother, Clara Woolson Benedict, who "read Browning aloud in empty cathedrals" and "knew where to see the greatest of the hidden mosaics and which page of Browning to open for inspiration." (Both quotations from the clipping were underlined in red pencil by Piggott.) Miss Benedict and her mother were intimates of Henry James, the story said; the generous Benedict trust fund to maintain the cemetery's historical quadrangle was a consequence of their love for European culture.

The box also contained a copy of Piggott's holographic will, originally written on March 22, 1962, with codicils added over the next two years. It began with a long inventory of thousands of shares of stock, and continued with some information on a few tracts of land that Piggott had owned and on his savings accounts. The second page included these odd notations:

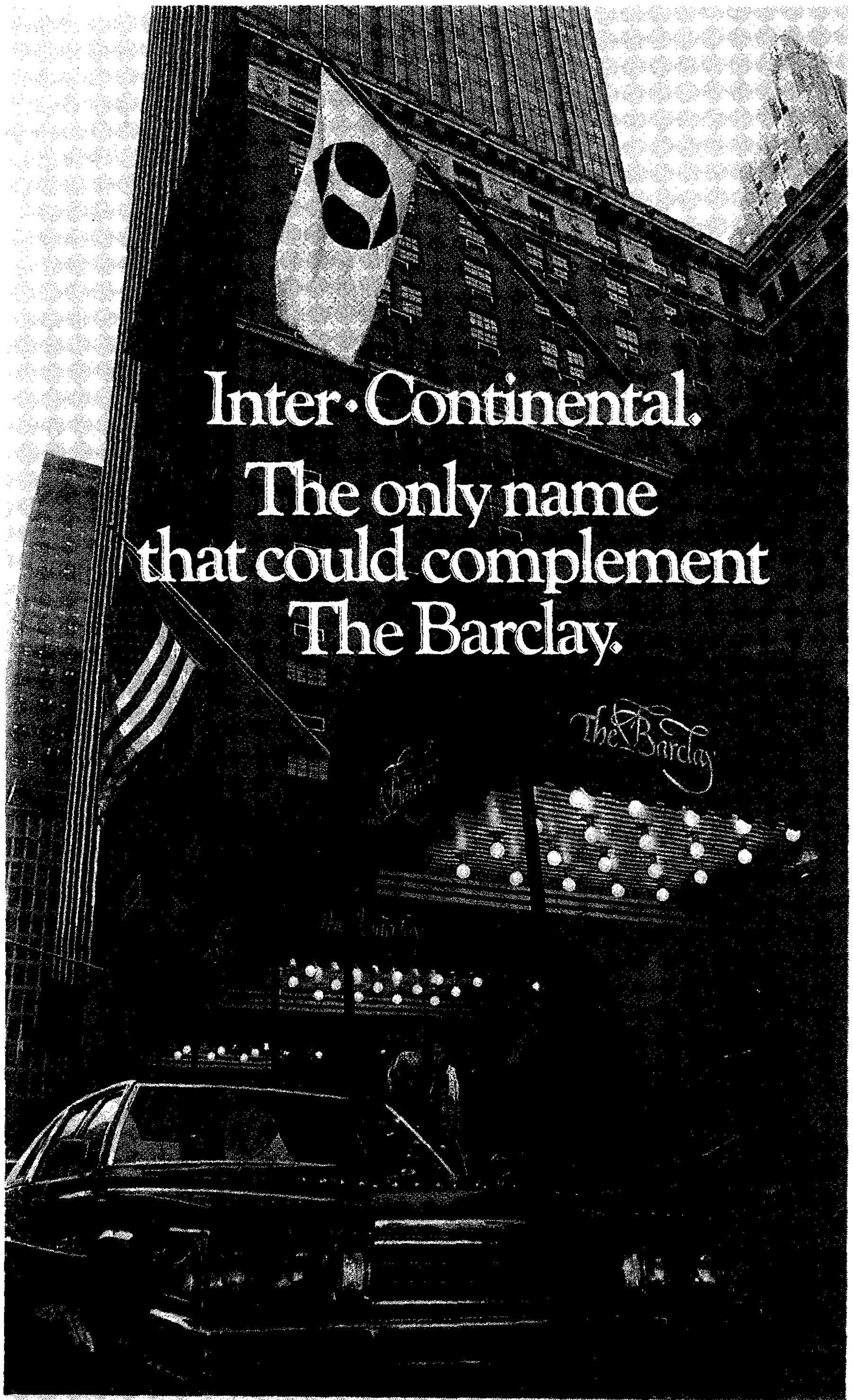
> My brother Bruce Leroy Piggott is well taken (closed out.) him I leave $1.00 His estate is 40,000 Adm.—
> D.A. Paddock 125 W. Main Missaula,
> Montana
> My intention is to make several bequests or gifts to other people and later—but if I die before doing that—Erased by C.E. Piggott 11-9-63

Page 3 led off with the startling bequest to "the Van Wyck Brooks Library Fund of Bridgewater, Connecticut," and continued with some personal notes:

> W.W. #1 Veteran #537883
> 40 Reg. 25 Co. 166 Depot Brigade.
> discharged Camp Lewis (Fort Lawton)
> Col. C.C. Hammond
> I want no funeral and little mortuary and cremation—but if a medical school such as College of Medical Evangelists 1720 (Brooklyn) Ave. they may have body and $200.00
> C.E.P.

Then, as a "Note to Will 4-8-64," Piggott added this ominous notation:

> ...If I die it would benifit Paddock and I am afraid of him. He has been very hush hush with me about the totals of the estate. Notify attorney Carter Glass that



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I wish him to act in my brothers estate and also probate mine.... 4-14-64 Met D. A. Paddock of B of A [Bank of America] 4th and Spring St. 1 PM Mgr. Mr. Christina bugged our talk as both wanted my word about $35 000.00 in B of A at Palm Springs
c/o Fred Ingram
They (all of them) want to keep it. They think I could die or get killed.

After my session with Piggott's effects in the library basement, I compulsively began to discuss the Piggott affair with other people in Bridgewater. There was a lot of speculation but no fact. One theory was that Piggott, presumably of unsound mind, might have met Van Wyck Brooks, who had suffered a severe nervous breakdown in the mid-nineteen-twenties, at a sanatorium. I dismissed that speculation after a cursory investigation; Brooks had spent four years at expensive sanatoriums in the East and in England; it seemed unlikely that Piggott had been to either place. Brooks had visited California both before and after the First World War, but his time had been spent in the rarefied company of poets and artists at Carmel—an improbable locale for any meeting with Piggott. Was Browning the clue? Perhaps, since Brooks often pointed out the influence of Browning on the nineteenth-century New England literati. But why would a near-illiterate like Piggott have made such an arcane literary connection? Then what was the link to Brooks and Bridgewater? What possible connection was there between the dreary life of a hermit in a shabby Los Angeles neighborhood and the literary life of an intellectual in far-off Bridgewater? With the great question mark of the man Piggott hanging over what should have been simply a bright bonanza for a small-town library, I decided to go out to Los Angeles and try to solve the mystery.

BEFORE I left, I got in touch with the National Personnel Records Center, in St. Louis, and, using Piggott's First World War Army serial number, requested any information available from his military papers. As it happened, Piggott's military papers were on file at the Personnel Records Center on July 12, 1973, when a fire destroyed the section that contained First World War veterans' records. Nevertheless, the Records Reconstruction Branch was able, through alternative sources, to establish that Piggott had entered the Army on August 26, 1918, and had been discharged as a private on December 26, 1918. As for people who had been mentioned in his

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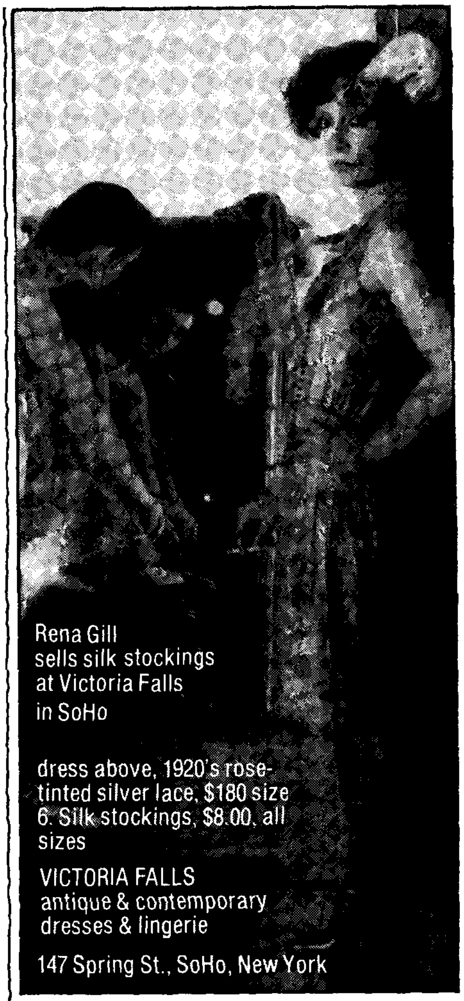
will, his brother, Bruce Leroy, had died, and the brother's executor, D. A. Paddock; Piggott's attorney, Carter Glass; and two Bank of America employees, a Mr. Christina and a Fred Ingram, were all unreachable. Even the College of Medical Evangelists, to which Piggott had bequeathed his body and two hundred dollars, had ceased to exist.

When I arrived in Los Angeles, I went to the Registrar-Recorder office of Los Angeles County. Piggott's certificate of death left open as many biographical holes as it closed. According to the certificate, Piggott had indeed died on March 28, 1973, at 5:54 P.M. And it noted that he was a Caucasian male, "abt. 89 years;" that he was an American citizen with the Social Security Number 569-80-3457-T; that he had "never married;" and that the place of death was 3906 Randolph Avenue, El Sereno, the run-down section that was the site of the shack where he had lived for "40 years." A coroner's autopsy had disclosed that the cause of death was "arteriosclerotic cardiovascular disease," but no laboratory tests had been performed for traces of drugs, toxic chemicals, or alcohol. Piggott had been cremated and buried on April 5, 1973, at, appropriately enough, the Odd Fellows Cemetery in Los Angeles. The entries for Piggott's birthplace, his birthday, the names and birthplaces of his parents, his occupation, and his last employer were all marked "Unknown."

The Registrar of Voters' voter-cancellation file, on the outskirts of the Los Angeles Chinatown, shed a bit more light on the man. Piggott had registered to vote on February 24, 1936, and thereafter had voted in every general election and in five primaries until 1966. His height was given as five feet ten and a half inches and his occupation—presumably in 1936—as "salesman." The affidavit of registration said that his party affiliation was Republican and that he was born in Michigan. Later, through the Social Security Administration, I found out that the city was Port Huron, abutting the Canadian border, and that the date of his birth was December 13, 1888—making him eighty-four at the time of his death.

Armed with this information, I visited Deputy Public Administrator John Secor and Deputy County Counsels Marianne Noll and Frank Scott, the officials who had been most active in the case. Secor, an affable man who is truly enamored of his job, recounted his part in the strange affair of Charles E. Piggott. On March 29, 1973, the day after Piggott's body was discovered in his shack by the police and his neighbors the Barones, the coroner notified Secor of the unusual death. Secor made an initial investigation the next day, with Peter Zaferis, another Deputy Public Administrator. They found Piggott's jerry-built wooden hovel cluttered with junk and without electricity, gas, or plumbing. After taking a quick look around, they sealed the door and left. A more thorough search was conducted on the following day by the two Deputy Public Administrators and Frank Barone, who served as witness. Secor and Zaferis removed from the shack some cash and various handwritten papers. Most of the papers concerned observations on astronomy and other natural phenomena, but one piece of paper was a note signed by Piggott, with a map attached. The note said that Piggott had left a handwritten will in a glass container about three feet east of a sapota tree on his lot. The map showed a rough sketch of the shack with an X marking the position of the glass container. Also, an envelope was found, on the back of which was written an inventory of stock shares—including Standard Oil of California, Foremost Dairies, and Tintic Lead. It was initialled "C.E.P."

The codicils to the will that was ultimately probated were found by Marianne Noll. "I had told the Public Administrator's Office I would like to go out on an investigation sometime," Mrs. Noll said, "and since this was an unusual case, they called and said, 'Why don't you come out?' They also said, 'You won't believe this!' It was certainly unexpected and novel to see that someone had lived so close to downtown Los Angeles in such conditions. Piggott's home was a two-room shack on a steep hill, almost like a tree house. One room was a sort of kitchen, with an old refrigerator. There was food in the refrigerator, but, of course, it was spoiled—there wasn't even any electric outlet to plug the refrigerator into. I remember a Franklin stove, pots and pans, and papers all over the place, mostly on shelves from the floor to the ceiling. There were hundreds of Standard & Poor's booklets going as far back as the nineteen-thirties—totally useless. He seemed to be orderly in a disorderly way. The next room was where he



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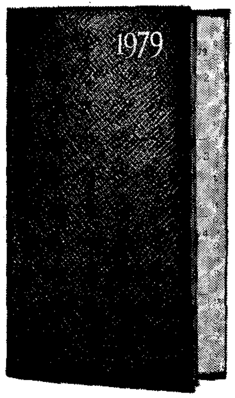

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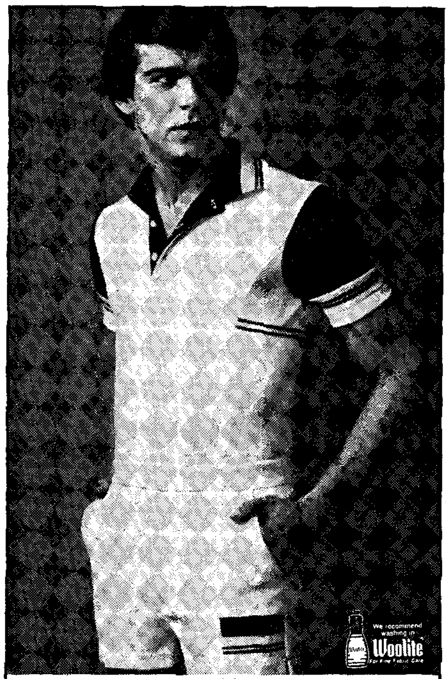

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slept. It was like a gigantic closet with a bed in it, filled with shabby old clothes—suits from the nineteen-twenties, racks and racks of them. Outside was a deck facing into the hillside—not onto the street—with stilts holding the whole shack up. An old icebox was out there, and also a big laundry tub with a garden hose in it. Next to that was a beehive, which I understand Piggott kept for both protection and honey. He seemed to have been nervous about burglars. He hid things all over the place. The Public Administrator's people found bankbooks and other papers stuck behind boards and between the foundation timbers. I found the treasure map and the codicils to the will buried under a stack of papers—not buried, as the map indicated. I was amazed that the map really said 'X *marks the spot*.' We were all trying to figure out which tree was the sapota tree—there were so many fruit trees around. We dug a bit around some trees but didn't find anything. Later on, coins were found in the ground—jars of coins. The lists of securities we discovered showed that there was a substantial amount of money involved, and this may be the real reason the Public Administrator's Office called me out there. We reached Piggott's stockbroker and got a more complete list of his stockholdings. The Public Administrator put a hold on Piggott's mail for six months and picked up information on stocks and dividends through that."

By April 2, 1973, Secor had compiled an inventory of Piggott's assets by checking with Piggott's stockbroker, Sutro & Company, in Los Angeles, and with the banks mentioned in the various papers left about. "This was the biggest estate I had ever come across for a hermit living in a shack," Secor said. "I'd dealt with others like this, but they were people who lived in, say, a decent one-room apartment for sixty-five dollars a month and then turned out to be millionaires." With the stocks, including the missing Standard Oil of California shares, the cash on hand in the banks, and the estimated value of the real property, the entire estate was assessed then at $285,560.04.

Suspecting that there were more assets buried about the property, Secor obtained a metal detector and searched the area. That procedure was useless, and since the shack was going to be razed anyway, as a nuisance liability, he called in a bonded contractor to dig up the lot with earthmoving machinery. The contractor, with Secor in attendance, started digging on April 17th, and the sight of such activity on a hermit's property caused quite a stir among the people of El Sereno. "We asked the police from a local precinct to patrol the area," Secor said. "We had to keep telling the people that they couldn't come into the part where we were digging, they were so inquisitive. It has always been my suspicion that some of these people were going into the area before we were there to supervise it. That may explain the lost Standard Oil shares and other supposedly missing things."

During the investigation, Secor learned some more biographical facts about Piggott. The Piggott family had moved from Michigan to Oregon when Charles was very young; they had lived in Portland and later in Columbia City, north of Portland. Piggott's father, Edward A. Piggott, died in 1929 in Columbia City. Piggott's mother, Lydia Ann, died in 1931 in Los Angeles, at the age of seventy-four. She had owned a house and a tract of land in the Montebello section of Los Angeles, which Piggott ultimately inherited and sold, according to a notation in his will. His brother, Bruce Leroy Piggott, owned property in Missoula, Montana, valued at $35,408.68. Bruce Leroy had died intestate in 1962 at the Grand Junction, Colorado, Veterans Administration Hospital, having been declared incompetent fourteen years before his death. D. A. Paddock, who had been Bruce Leroy's guardian and lawyer, got in touch with Charles Piggott in 1964 and arranged for him to inherit the brother's estate as the sole survivor. Paddock retired to Palm Springs in 1964, and that was how he happened to meet with Piggott in Los Angeles, as Piggott described so ominously in his will. There had apparently been a serious falling-out between the brothers, who did not see each other for many years. Piggott was still bitter about this, in spite of his unexpected inheritance, and this may have accounted for his leeriness of Paddock and anything to do with his brother.

Another piece of information that Secor turned up was a document from the office of a registrar of voters in British Columbia, dated December 14, 1917. Piggott had registered to vote in the Canadian elections, thus abandoning his American citizenship for a

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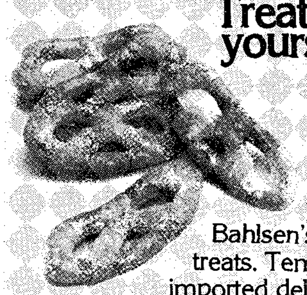
time. The document certified that he was a native of Michigan and that he had worked as a lumberjack. The year of his birth was erroneously given as 1885.

THE image of Piggott was beginning to come into focus, but the larger questions about the man—to say nothing of his bequest—remained. How did he amass an estate of nearly three hundred thousand dollars? Why did he choose to live in solitary wretchedness? And, most germane, what was the connection between him and Van Wyck Brooks? Everyone I had spoken to so far agreed that Frank and Tonia Barone had known him best during his last fifteen years, so I went to see the Barones in El Sereno. They lived in a bungalow on a corner lot, at 1211 Cudahy Street, adjoining Piggott's now overgrown lot on Randolph Avenue. The neighborhood was populated mainly by Mexicans, Chinese, and Anglos in various combinations, indistinguishable from other similar neighborhoods south of Pasadena. Like most of the city, it was suffering from directionless growth: bungalows seemed to be piled upon bungalows, some of them no more substantial than Piggott's shack; the steep, muddy hillsides appeared barely able to support the flimsy residences; the streets, some unpaved, were crowded with children, dogs, and, it seemed, dozens of 1967 Chevrolets. It struck me as scarcely the place for an embittered old recluse to live.

The Barones' bungalow was well kept but cluttered. The paterfamilias here was Frank Pasquale Barone, a chunky Italian-American from Boston, who had served in the Merchant Marine during the Second World War and then settled in Los Angeles, where he married Tonia Gueits, a pleasant-faced woman who had come to California from Puerto Rico. Barone is an assistant foreman at a carpet-tool factory and is also a part-time "antique junk dealer," whose acquisitions fill every available square inch of the house and yard. Mrs. Barone used to work as a punch-press operator but now presides over the bustling household. The bungalow had as many people passing through it in the course of an afternoon as a small-city bus station. To the background sounds and images of two insistent color-television sets, people sporadically came and went: Frank and Tonia Barone; their son, Frank, Jr., and his wife and two small children; Victor Jaramillo, a professional beekeeper; a Puerto Rican demolition worker who wanted to go back to Puerto Rico; somebody interested in buying one of the Barone automobiles; a friend of a friend who was just passing by; and so on. Most of the conversations were in Spanish.

"I first met Piggott—Pop, we called him—in March of 1958," Barone told me after lighting one of a chain of cigarettes. "I was moving into our new house here, next door to his shack, bringing stuff in with this old truck that I had, and Toni was fixing things to eat. Pop came over to be neighborly, and we started to talk, and naturally we invited him to eat with us. I guess he liked what he ate, because after a few days he asked my wife if she'd make food for him. I saw his shack—although I never set foot inside it until after he died—and it was made out of old redwood in the nineteen-twenties, and he did a fair job, although it had nothing. No conveniences, no nothing. He would read at night over at my place, because he had only a kerosene lamp for light. Pop was in my house every day, eating like it was his own house. Fifteen years we took care of him, and he said he was going to leave us what he had, which we didn't figure was much. He never left us a nickel. He left all his money to the library in Connecticut. All we wanted, once we found out he had this big estate, was money for every year we fed him and looked after him. I settled for twelve thousand."

Mrs. Barone joined the conversation. "When we moved out here, Pop said he had a bad back, so he asked me to take care of him," she said. "He said he was getting up in age and he needed someone to take care of him, and would I. He wanted me to give him his meals three times a day and do his washing and ironing, and if he got sick to look after him. When I used to go to work, I gave him his breakfast and lunch outside—bacon and eggs, because he liked that, or sometimes pancakes. He ate everything I gave him. When he was going to the race track all the time for a while, I gave him lunch to take. I made him Puerto Rican food, too—*asopao*, *lechón asado*, *pasteles*—and he even liked that. After I got pregnant with Frankie and quit working, Pop came in my house all the time. I'd buy him clothes sometimes—khaki pants and underwear and socks. He promised he would leave me



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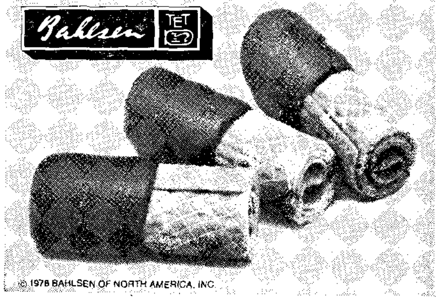

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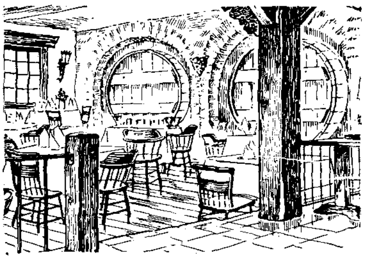

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his property. Pop told me, 'Toni, I'm going to leave you everything.' I said, 'Don't worry about it, Pop.' "

Over the years, Piggott, in spite of his need to live alone, became dependent on his motherly neighbor, and Mrs. Barone, in turn, grew fond of him, in a chary sort of way. "Sometimes, when he was in a good mood, you could talk to the man and you would enjoy it," she said. "He was a ball. Then the next day everything was different. He'd be a miserable friend. One time, he made me cry. He insulted me. I wanted to tell him off so bad, and I just couldn't. So I started to cry. I said, 'That's the last time you're going to do that to me,' and I walked away from him. After a while, he kept knocking at my wall, saying, 'Toni, Toni, come on out. I want you to inspect this for me.' He was making some kind of thing for his plants. And that was it. I couldn't stay mad at him. He was so mean you couldn't help but like him. He needed somebody bad, so I treated him like my kid. But he could drive you crazy. He'd say, 'That coffee you gave me last night, what did you give it to me for? I couldn't sleep.' So I didn't give him coffee the next night, and he said, 'Where's my coffee?' I said, 'I thought you didn't want coffee,' and he said, 'I feel better today. Where's my coffee?' I once bought a special big cup that said 'Pop' on it. That's what I had to serve him coffee in, not the little cups. He didn't want the little cups no more." Piggott's diary, written in pencil on every centimetre of large butcher-paper sheets during the early nineteen-sixties, confirms the attentions of the Barones. One typical diary entry, for November 21, 1960, reads, "Up 7:45 clear . . . slept fair after midnight . . . off on the run got to Olive 10:30 and bus to Los Alamitos. left at 11:10. Rosslyn. good ride in. 416 exacta. Lost 11.56 food 17¢. pleasant day lots of bull. back 6:30. read PE paper on bus. home 7 PM Barones big dinner. read. paper home to bed 9:30 hazy."

Occasionally, however, he would criticize his hosts. On January 7, 1961, he wrote, ". . . Barones 6 PM. chicken dinner and ice cream. rotten TV. They ate it up . . ." And on October 20, 1962, Piggott observed, "Tonia called and gave me a load of good food. artichoke to Tonia. dead to the world like all primitives . . ."

Frank Barone is considerably less charitable about Piggott. "Pop was the most incredible character I ever met," he said. "The most prejudiced, meanest, nuttiest, cheapest— Well, pick up on this, for instance: One time, I had another house up on the hill, and I had to go over to paint it, so I asked Pop to come along with me for company. I smoke a lot, and I ran out of cigarettes. I didn't have my money with me, so I asked Pop for forty cents for a new pack and I'd give him the forty cents back when I got home. He says, 'I don't loan anybody any money.' A lousy forty cents he wouldn't give me—*loan* me. A man who's eaten three meals a day in my house for free! Or like once in a while when he tried to pay me back by helping with some painting or carpenter or planting work. But if I needed to go to the bathroom or something and I'd put down the shovel, he'd walk away and you wouldn't see him anymore. He says, 'I'm not an idiot,' he says. 'You stop, I stop.' And another time, on my son Frankie's birthday, Pop came in with a wallet that I guess somebody had once given *him* for a gift, and he gives it to Frankie. Frankie opens the wallet, and there's a dollar in it, so Pop grabs back the wallet, takes out the dollar, and hands over the empty wallet. Pop didn't realize the dollar's in there, you see. If your life depended on five cents, you wouldn't get it from him."

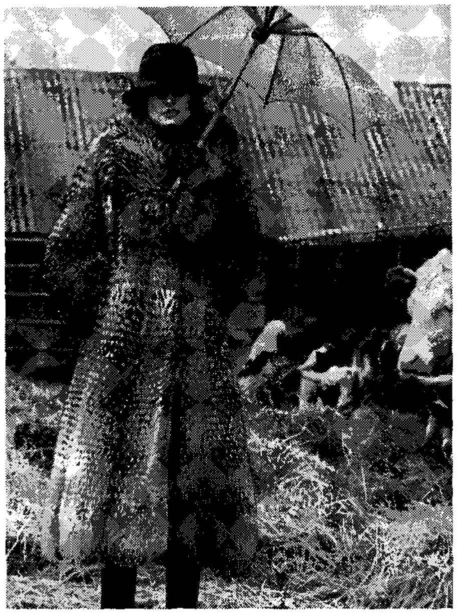
Barone took me aside into a corner of his living room, out of his wife's earshot. "Pick up on this one," he whispered. "Pop was so cheap he used to save his own crap for fertilizer for his fruit trees. So help me God, it's the God's honest truth! And he grew a lot of fruit trees, too. Years back, the city finally made him put a toilet in his shack, but he never used it for what it was supposed to be used for. It was just sitting in there, as new as the day he bought it. They also made him have running water. Pop says, 'I don't need running water. I can save rainwater.' But he had a regular faucet inside. I think he must've hooked up his pipe to my goddam water and he was using mine. Water isn't cheap around here. And another thing—instead of buying food for all his cats he would put this thick glue on poles and catch birds for the cats to eat. When we complained, he just said, 'Cats are hunters.' "

We rejoined Mrs. Barone at the dining-room table. "And mean?" Barone continued. "Man, could he be mean! When our son Frankie was a little boy, he went over to Pop's lot and Pop took a stick and beat him. I said to him, 'Hey, man, what the hell is this? You're in my house every day. The least you can do is just bring the kid home if you don't want him around.' So Pop told me that he has a lot of traps set over there and if Frankie steps on one it will chop his leg off. How do you like that! And another time—oh, fourteen or fifteen years ago, before they had the superhighway in—we drove him to San Juan Capistrano for a holiday and we got lost coming back. Pop knew the way back, but he wouldn't tell us. He was the kind of man who said you have to learn for yourself, using the stars like a compass. We were there for four or five hours, just trying to get out of Capistrano, and he wouldn't say nothing except 'You're going the wrong way. Look at the stars.' "

Concerning bigotry, Barone had several stories about Piggott. "This is a mixed neighborhood, see—mostly Mexicans," he said. "We all get along pretty well. But not Pop. I had a friend—an electrician for the city, a nice Mexican guy with three children—helping me with my plumbing one day. Pop—he once owned a plumbing store—he comes over and he says, 'What the hell these stupid Mexicans know about this?' And before that this Mexican guy always treats Pop with respect—it's 'Good morning, Pop,' and 'How are you, Pop?' So this Mexican guy gets real mad and says to Pop, 'Listen, you son of a bitch, I got three children at home and they give me respect, and I ain't going to have no goddam old man call me a stupid Mexican. I always talk to you with respect, and I want the same thing.' He was going to hit Pop, but Toni jumped in and said, 'Please, please don't hit him. He's an old man.' But the guy had a right to smack him. After that, Pop hated him. Man! He hated everybody. To him, Mexicans were thieves and stupid, Italians were all gangsters like Al Capone, blacks he didn't like one bit."

"Pop never said anything about Puerto Ricans, though," Mrs. Barone added. "He knew I was very sensitive as far as that was concerned. But of different races and nationalities he didn't like any." Piggott's diary confirms his prejudices. His entries are full of complaints about "niggers and Mexicans," and especially "obstreperous negroes" at the race track. For an old hermit in a racially mixed neighborhood, he had a vile, incautious tongue.

About what Barone called Piggott's



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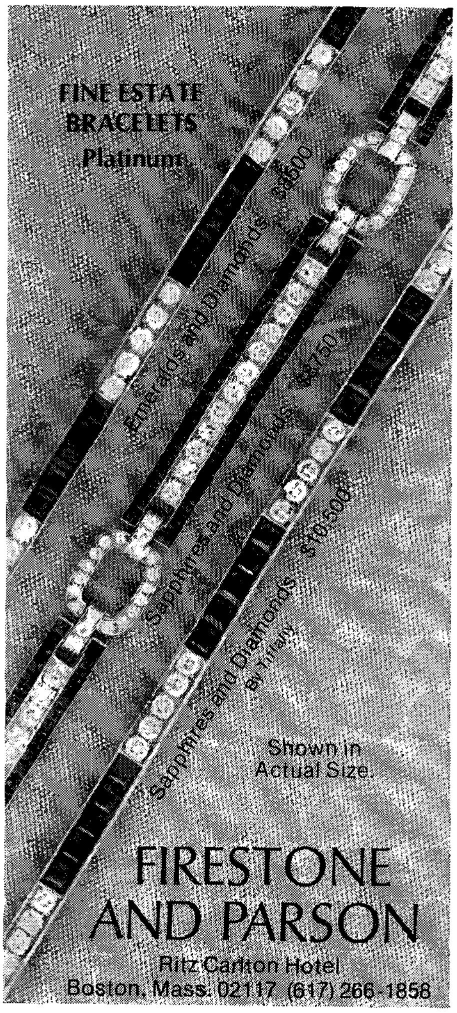
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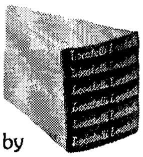

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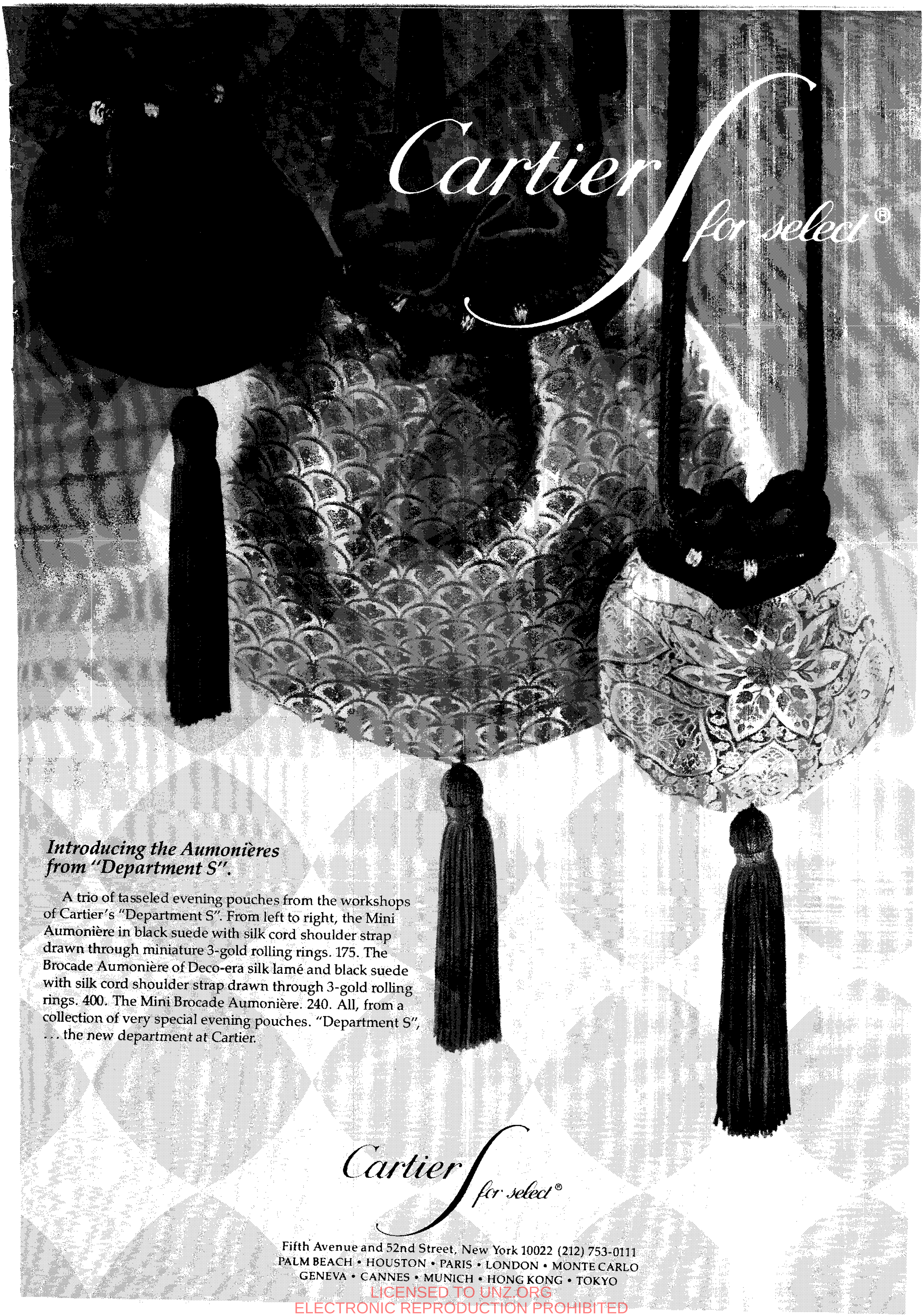
"nuttiness" there were more stories, mainly having to do with his "walking around nude because he was a nature lover." He was reported to the police on a number of occasions by neighbors whose children could see him strolling about his property without a loincloth, which he customarily favored when at home. He was also a "health nut," according to Barone, eating foods he grew and the honey from his own beehive. "But he ate all kinds of food, especially if he got it for nothing," Barone said. "He also drank rum—Bacardi, good stuff—and he grew his own tobacco plants and mixed them with store-bought tobacco for his pipe."

There was apparently a warm side to Piggott, too—seldom displayed but nevertheless present. Even Barone had to admit it. "Pop looked at the stars all the time," he said. "He didn't live his life by the stars—he was just interested in them, from the maps and books he had over in his shack. Sometimes he could be nice. Like on a summer night—we had a good pair of binoculars, and he'd take them and say, 'Come on, I'm going to show you every star in the sky.' He knew the stars like they belonged to him. When we showed an interest in what he liked—oh, he was all happy, you know. He could look at the stars and feel the wind and say that tomorrow we're going to have Santa Ana winds and it's going to be a hot son of a bitch, and, sure as hell, it was hot, man. And sometimes we used to sit together and listen to my opera recordings. He liked opera. Pop told me one time that he heard Enrico Caruso sing in person in San Francisco when they had the earthquake there. But I don't know about that. He was a good storyteller, though. We used to love to sit outside on our patio at night and listen to all his stories about his life."

FROM Piggott's stories that the Barones remembered, from his papers and photographs that the Barones salvaged from the trash heap after his property was razed, and from talking with other neighbors and acquaintances, I began to fill in the missing pieces of Piggott's life. The Piggott family moved to Portland, Oregon, from Port Huron, Michigan, about 1894, when Charles was five. His father was, by all accounts, a stern man, a successful lawyer, and something of a roué. There is a photograph of a man with slicked-down hair and glasses sitting in a law office and looking like the epitome of the respectable lawyer. He was quite strict with Charles, forcing many chores on him, which left Piggott with an aversion to disciplinarians and, possibly, lawyers. According to one story that Piggott told the Barones, he accidentally met his father in a park after not having seen him for twenty years. The old man was in the company of two blondes, and all he could offer his son in the way of greeting was "Hi. How are you? . . . Goodbye." Piggott's mother was another matter. Piggott loved her dearly. A photograph taken in August of 1928 shows *a woman with the face of a* Russian peasant sitting near a saguaro; the inscription on the back reads, "The best mother and only friend I had." At some point in Piggott's childhood, the parents separated.

The result of this strained home life was that Piggott struck out on his own at the age of sixteen, abruptly ending whatever formal education he had had. He worked as a lumberjack at a logging camp in British Columbia (during this period, he actually might have visited San Francisco to hear Caruso sing), and then, in the summer of 1915, he contracted with the Canadian government to serve as a food forager for a mineral-exploration detachment. Piggott's job was to provide meat and fish for the geologists as they worked their way from central Canada to the Pacific Coast. He would shoot and trap game on the trail, and, when there was time, catch fish. He developed a fascination with mineralogy and prospecting which stayed with him for the rest of his life. When the mineral-exploration project was finished, the Canadian government paid him off and offered him a job in Australia, which he turned down, because he would have had to pay his own transportation costs; instead, he used his money to buy a diesel-powered boat and headed for Alaska, where a new gold fever was raging. In the winter of 1916, after he had prospected a bit around Anchorage, his particular gold fever subsided, and, as captain and crew, he ran his boat up and down the coast of Alaska and British Columbia, fishing and carrying cargo, until the craft foundered on some rocks. When the boat sank, he swam to an island, where he lived on seagull eggs. At last, he was rescued by Indians. (One of the less credible tales he told the Barones was that he was so enchanted by these Indians that he took a squaw for a wife, and raised and educated three children by her.) At the end of 1917, he returned to British Columbia, and that was when he registered to vote as a Canadian. Thoroughly broke, he left



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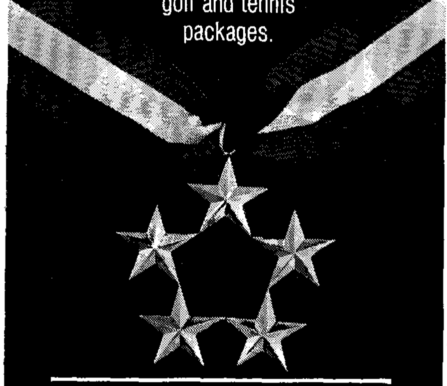

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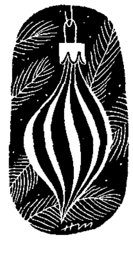
Canada and prospected in Oregon and California for platinum, without success. Finally, in August of 1918, he regained his American citizenship by joining the Army in San Francisco. He was discharged exactly four months later—with, he once confided to an El Sereno neighbor, a tag around his neck stating that he was a mental case.

Whatever the reason for his discharge (the most likely one is the Armistice), Piggott's time in the Army was not a pleasant experience. "Pop hated the government," Barone said. "He told me that the goddam Army dentists pulled all the guys' teeth and gave them false ones out of a big barrel. And he'd say all government people are crooks. No matter who you put in, they're all crooks—especially Nixon. And Pop was a Republican. Still, he told me he wanted to go into the Second World War but he was too old."

After his discharge, Piggott stayed in California, lost some money on Douglas-fir options, and joined a rural coöperative near Riverside. The members of the coöperative tilled their arid land, and often went into the mountains to prospect for gold, taking their own water with them to wash the ore. For two years, he stuck with the coöperative, making side trips to Nevada and Alaska for more prospecting. By 1921, he had enough money to quit the failing coöperative and invest in some Los Angeles real estate. He bought a small house in Chinatown, which he rented to a Mexican woman, and he also bought several fifty-by-hundred-foot lots, for ten dollars each, in the then underdeveloped El Sereno district. Since many people were living in tents on their lots there, the redwood shack that Piggott built for himself was considered rather luxurious.

If Piggott's life ever bloomed, it was during the nineteen-twenties and thirties. In those decades, he continued to dabble in real estate and kept up his prospecting, always searching for the big find. According to an old friend and neighbor, a fellow-recluse named Edmund Kasold, who met with Piggott almost every Sunday morning for some fruit-tree pruning and a few hours of conversation ("never on Saturday—he wouldn't allow it—just on Sunday"), Piggott took freighters to Alaska in the summers looking for gold, and he made several short trips to Mount Shasta and the San Gabriel Mountains looking for platinum. Gordon Powell, his stockbroker at Sutro, recalled that Piggott entertained a theory that there was a highly mineralized band running across California, similar to the diamond fields of Africa. He felt that somewhere in the California band diamonds could be mined, but he never found any. Several photographs show a hale, rather handsome, blond Piggott panning for gold and picking at rocks in the company of whiskered fellow-prospectors.



Piggott's social life also flowered during those decades. Other photographs show him posing with various flapperish girls—named, according to inscriptions on the reverse sides, Daisy, Polly, and Rhoda. At one point, he was engaged to be married, but the woman ultimately married one of his best friends. Piggott simply couldn't bring himself to settle into domestic life. He used to sit in at a monthly poker session at the house of a friend, Seth Hudgins, in Pasadena, with cronies who included a Catholic priest.

In the mid-nineteen-twenties, Piggott's mother came to California to live. She bought property in Montebello and opened joint bank accounts with her son, some of them showing regular deposits of as much as four hundred dollars. Meanwhile, Piggott's brother, Bruce Leroy, had also come to California, and had struck it rich, not in gold or platinum but in the more accessible vein of Hollywood. He was one of the original Keystone Cops, and, as a steadily working actor in the expanding film industry, he was doing a lot better than Charles was. Still, according to Barone, Bruce Leroy visited Charles often and asked for money, and Charles, disgusted, would send him away empty-handed. Bad blood flowed freely between the two brothers, who were never very close to begin with. Piggott's relationship with his brother marked the beginning of his disenchantment with the human race.

Like so many Americans in the late nineteen-twenties, Piggott was caught up in the giddy promise of the stock market. With the income from his real-estate investments and from a small plumbing business he owned in Los Angeles, he bought selected stocks, mostly in minerals, after researching them carefully. He survived the 1929 crash and the ensuing Depression through dogged frugality and a Spartan existence; for the rest of his life, he feared another severe depression more than almost anything else. When his mother died, in 1929, her Montebello property, which he inherited, helped tide him over the worst of the bad times. In fact, his assets actually grew during the nineteen-thirties, in direct ratio to his withdrawal from what would be considered a normal life.

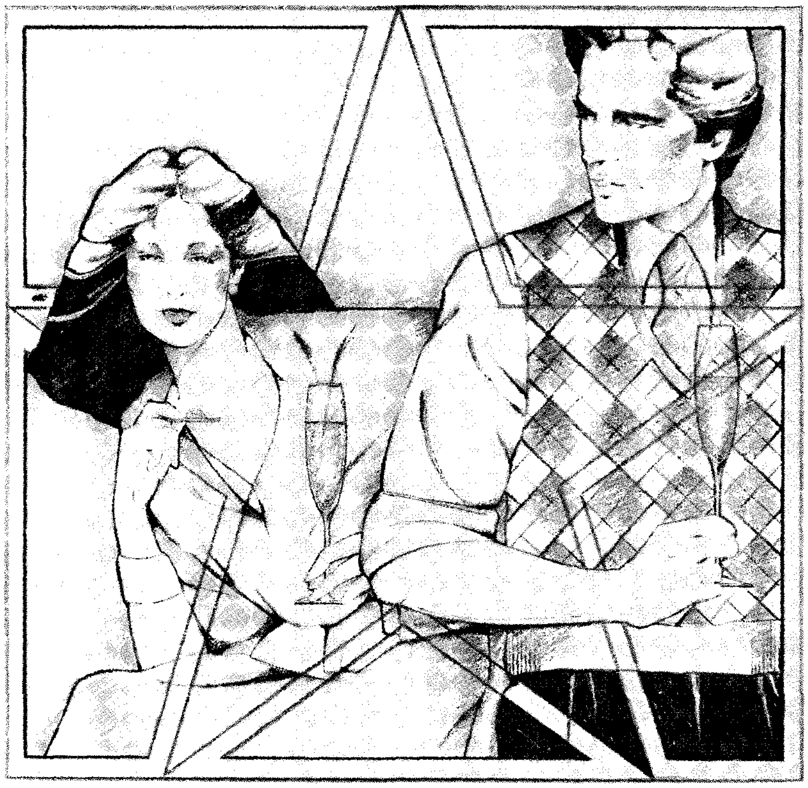
By 1940, Piggott was doing well enough in the stock market to open an account with the Sutro office in downtown Los Angeles. Piggott was in the habit of donning one of his shabby suits and visiting the Sutro office one morning a week—usually Tuesday. "He would come in and talk with me," Powell, his broker, said. "And then he'd go into our statistical room, where he would look at the books—Standard & Poor's and the *Wall Street Journal*, and so forth. He wouldn't ask any questions—he didn't want anybody's opinion—but just tear into things for himself. He traded very seldom. Evidently, his own selections suited him. He used the Sutro office as a library, for research. We were informal, and I guess he liked the atmosphere. Sometimes he wandered all over the lot in his conversations, taking potshots at everybody, even himself. He was just against the world. You meet a lot of people like that. When he finally decided to do something about a stock, he would read everything he could find about it. He impressed me as being self-educated through his reading. He said he read good authors, and he was well versed in politics, but very conservative. He admired some men in American history—like Teddy Roosevelt, I think. He spent a lot of time in libraries, he'd tell me."

America's entry into the Second World War inspired Piggott to rejoin society—for a while, anyway. Eight days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he wrote the following letter to the Los Angeles Harbor Department:

> Dear Sirs:
>
> Applicant desires to replace a younger man who is capable of serving in the armed forces. I am a veteran of the first World War, 51 yrs. old [he shaved two years off his true age], sound of limb and wind, a little soft of muscle perhaps, but think that I could harden up in a week or two.
>
> I am a sprinkler fitter and have did steamfitting and plumbing and layed heavy cast iron pipe for water and oil and did industrail piping. I have a sprinkler fitters union card withdrawel which can be reinstated.
>
> Smoke a corn cobb pipe and chew tobacco—otherwise quite temperate.
>
> Yours truly for Victory
> Chas. E. Piggott

The Harbor Department replied that all its positions were filled—a rejection that probably did not lessen Piggott's bitterness. It was during the war

EVENING STAR



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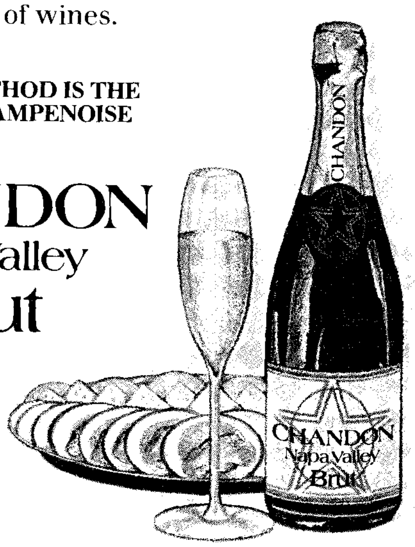

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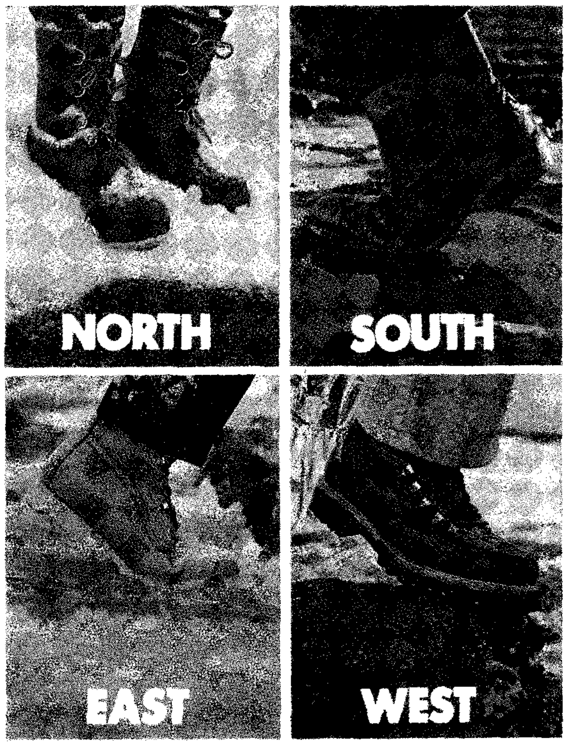

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that he began his reclusive, ascetic existence in earnest. At no time, however, was he above sponging free meals from neighbors, or asking them for favors, such as the use of their electric lights so he could read at night. A steady stream of dividend checks flowed into his mailbox, but the richer he became, the more austere was his situation. Neighbors who caught sight of the dividend checks were bemused, to say the least. By the time his brother died in 1962 (leaving Piggott, perforce, some thick icing on his economic cake), the only exception to his almost complete retreat from the world outside El Sereno was his compulsive need to improve his mind by reading.

THROUGH all my California inquiries on Piggott so far, one nettling paradox had consistently turned up: this scruffy, surly, almost illiterate crackpot was a secret reader, a closet intellectual, an autodidact. During the years of his darkest isolation and rancor, he spent several afternoons a week at either the El Sereno Branch Library or the Los Angeles Central Library—that is, when he wasn't at the race track or at his stockbroker's. According to Jane Hudgins, a librarian who used to chat with him when he played poker at her brother's house in Pasadena, Piggott's love of libraries stemmed from childhood. "He told me that people were always nice to him in libraries when he was growing up," she said. "I got the feeling the library was the only place where people *were* nice to him. Because I was a librarian, he wanted to discuss literature with me. He wasn't a literary person, but he had a strange and brilliant—in a self-made way—curiosity about literature."

The Barones sensed this in him, too. "Pop read a lot, but it was all self-learned," Barone said. "He could talk to any man on any subject, I don't care what it was. He had a collection of his own books and magazines, and he read them all, he told me. I saved some of them from the trash." And who were the authors Piggott favored? From the books and magazines that Barone salvaged and from other sources, I discovered that Piggott's literary tastes were catholic: Browning, Spengler, Plutarch, Mencken, Homer, and, last but by no means least, Van Wyck Brooks. Why Brooks? Unwittingly, the Barones supplied the answer. "Pop told me once that he read in a book by this Mr. Brooks about a man like Pop, a hermit who was cheap," Mrs. Barone recalled toward the end of our last conversation. "This man, Pop said, made his own house and grew his own food. 'He was smart, he knew how to live on practically nothing,' Pop said."

So there was the connection at last—Henry David Thoreau, about whom Brooks, in "The Flowering of New England," had written so glowingly:

> The village people looked askance at him because he was so pugnacious . . . he was obstinate and harsh. . . . There was nothing he could not do in the matter of painting and papering, building walls, repairing chicken-houses, pruning and grafting fruit-trees, surveying, tinkering, gardening. . . . His average weekly outlay, for necessaries he could not supply himself, was twenty-seven cents. . . . Why should anyone live by the sweat of his brow and bore his fellow-men by talking about it? Why should not everyone live with an ample margin?—as anyone could do, provided he followed the path of simplification, logically and ruthlessly enough. The mass of men led lives of quiet desperation. Why, if not to maintain a "standard of living" that every law of the universe controverted? Did they not know that the wisest had always lived, with respect to comforts and luxuries, a life more simple and meagre than the poor? . . . Poverty had given him all this wealth.

By now the portrait of Charles E. Piggott was almost complete. The first notion of leaving his fortune to a literary charity was inspired by his love of libraries and their treasured contents—his last stab at an education. The Los Angeles *Times* clipping about Clare Benedict's bequeathing her money to the Protestant Cemetery in Rome merely confirmed the fact that such an act could be performed. As one who identified himself with Thoreau—however spurious the identification—Piggott wanted something vaguely connected with Thoreau to be the recipient of his largesse. He admired Brooks for admiring Thoreau. Piggott might have read about the Van Wyck Brooks Memorial Fund of Bridgewater in the *Saturday Review* article, which appeared not long before he wrote the Brooks Fund into his will. Despite his promises of compensation to the Barones, and possibly others, Piggott decided to leave his money to the library instead, carving out a little niche for himself in literary history. It may have been a disgruntled old man's way of paying literature back.

IN his last years, Piggott looked and felt his age. He had been in remarkably good health for most of his life—in spite of a refusal to consult doctors—but by 1970 his advanced age had begun to show. He bleached his hair to keep it youthfully blond (he may well have been the vainest hermit in California), but he could do little to hide his potbelly, sagging jowls, and slowed gait. One afternoon, at the El Sereno library, he passed out. A police ambulance was called, and he was taken to the nearby White Memorial Medical Center. When he came to in the hospital, he told the policemen that they had no business bringing him there and insisted that they immediately drive him back to his shack, which they did. But Piggott knew that his remaining days were few. He confided to Powell that he felt ill. "You ain't going to be bothered with me much longer," he told him during one of his last visits to the Sutro office. Powell suggested that he do something about his illness, but that advice quickly ended the conversation. "All trees die from the top," Powell said, "and I guess his noodle faded a little bit."

Toward the end of March, 1973, Piggott was taken on a rare outing by some acquaintances from Van Nuys. There was an automobile accident, and his face and hands were badly bruised and bleeding. When Mrs. Barone asked him what had happened, he explained that he had been in a car accident "with some kind of jerks." But when Frank Barone later asked him the same question, Piggott answered, "An elephant bit me." Barone tried to get him to see a doctor, but the old man snarled, "Hell, no. The doctors will kill me. You mind your own business. I'll cure myself." Piggott simply wrapped his bloody hands in newspapers and retired to his shack, like a wounded cur. On Tuesday, March 27th, Mrs. Barone shouted to him to come and eat, but there was no answer. Since Piggott usually went to visit his stockbroker on Tuesdays, and was sometimes gone for most of the day, she wasn't worried. The next day, however, he still didn't answer her call to the table.

"When I come home from work," Barone said, "Toni tells me, 'Frank, for two days I'm yelling to Pop and he don't answer. I'm going to call the police.' So the police came, and I warned them to be careful going into the shack because there could be all kinds of traps there, since he didn't want no one in that house. The police went in very careful. Pop was laying there dead, curled around this stove of his for warmth, with the bloody newspapers still wrapped around his hands. For fifteen years I knew that man, and that was the first time I ever stepped inside his house. What a way to go!"

Although Piggott professed no reli-

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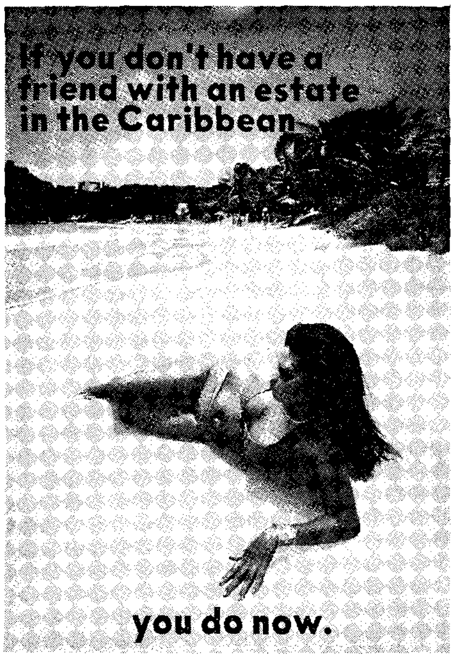
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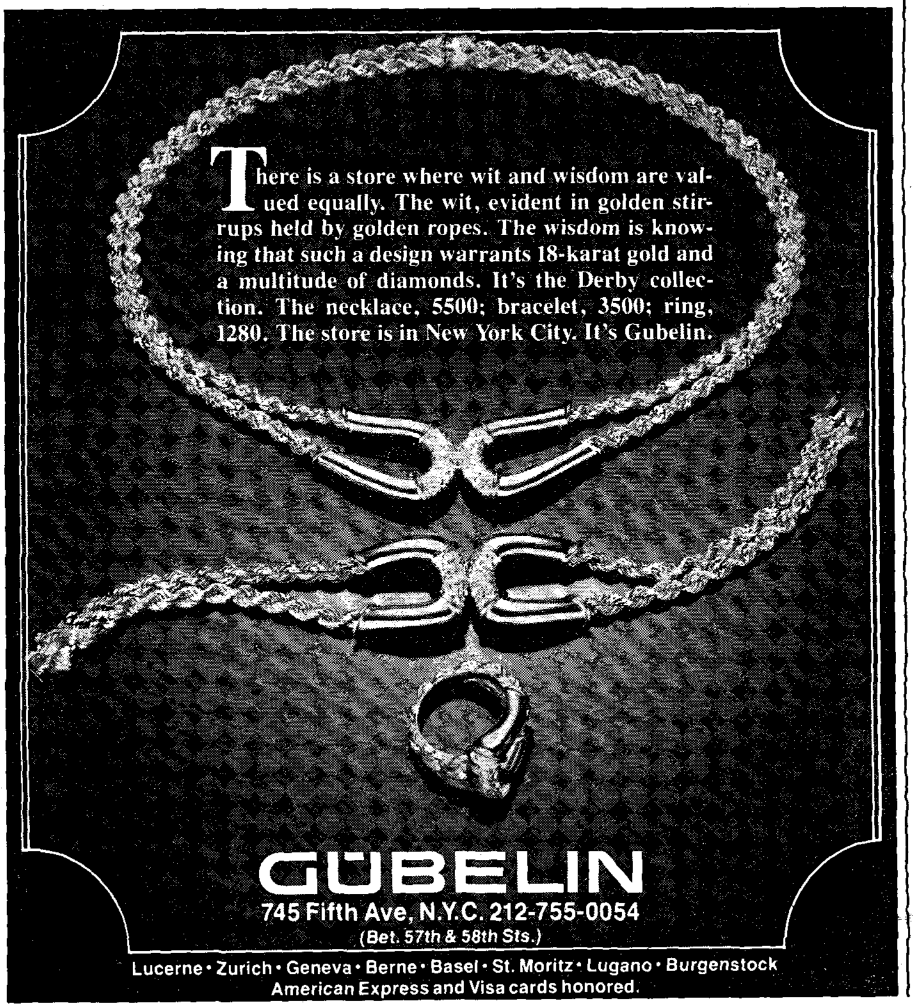
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gion, it was assumed that he was a Protestant, and that was why the Odd Fellows Cemetery was chosen by the Public Administrator for the burial site. The only people at the funeral were two old acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Thorpe; an El Sereno neighbor, Virginia Neely; and the Barones. As Piggott wished, he was cremated. "I had no big feelings for the man, but Toni cried like a son of a gun," Barone said. "They had their little spats and disagreements, but she loved him—and he loved her, I guess. Toni looked after him like he was her father. I had no feelings for him because he had no feelings for nobody else, except maybe my wife. He was the strangest old bird that ever lived."

BACK in Connecticut, the Bridgewater Library Association at last found itself with two hundred and ten thousand dollars, to create and maintain a memorial to Van Wyck Brooks at the Burnham Library. (None of the money can be applied to the support of the library itself, however.) Construction of a new Brooks Wing will start in the spring of 1979, providing space for stacks, a reading and studying area, and a children's room. The planned modern version of the nineteenth-century lyceum meeting hall will not be included; the legacy, diminished by inflation, cannot cover the cost of such an ambitious project these days. And that's a shame. After all, the Concord Lyceum, as Van Wyck Brooks pointed out, was the place where Henry David Thoreau had once served as secretary and where he was particularly fond of lecturing. —BURTON BERNSTEIN

•

Although these characteristics form perhaps too simple a conclusion about what it takes to be successful in operating management, conclude Skinner and Sasser, the fundamental message is clear: "Analyze, motivate subordinates, mind the upstairs and downstairs relationships, understand and discipline oneself to avoid consistency, and the result could be to become one of those rare managers who always gets a great deal accomplished."
—*Management Review.*

And never fails to surprise.

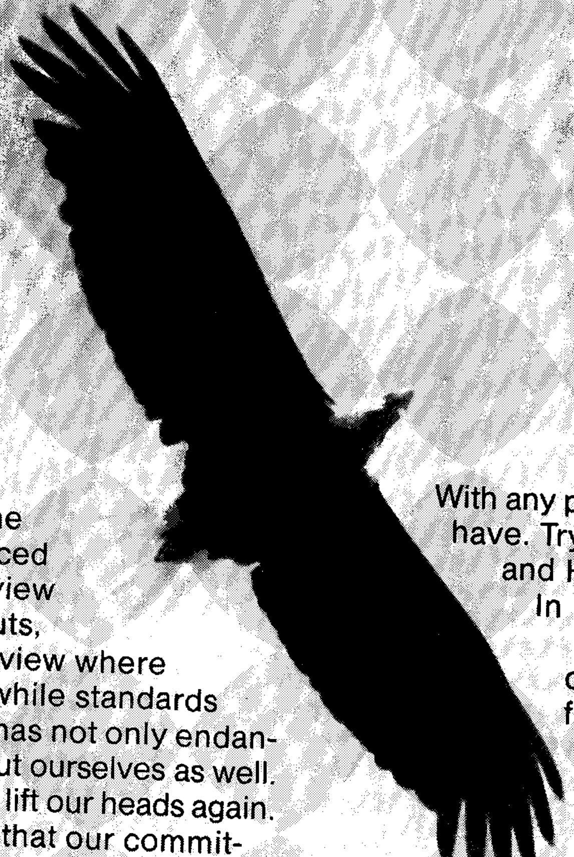
•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Wayne (Pa.) Suburban & Wayne Times*]

"We have parents, teachers, administrators, dental hygienists and students on the committee," says Virginia Beale, director of food services for the school district. "But a lot of worms need to be hashed out before any kind of policy on nutrition can be set."

The lost art of looking up.



In recent times, the art of looking up has become in danger of being replaced by an opposing view. A view that is filled with short cuts, but devoid of dreams. A view where progress is worshipped while standards are ignored. A view that has not only endangered our environment, but ourselves as well.

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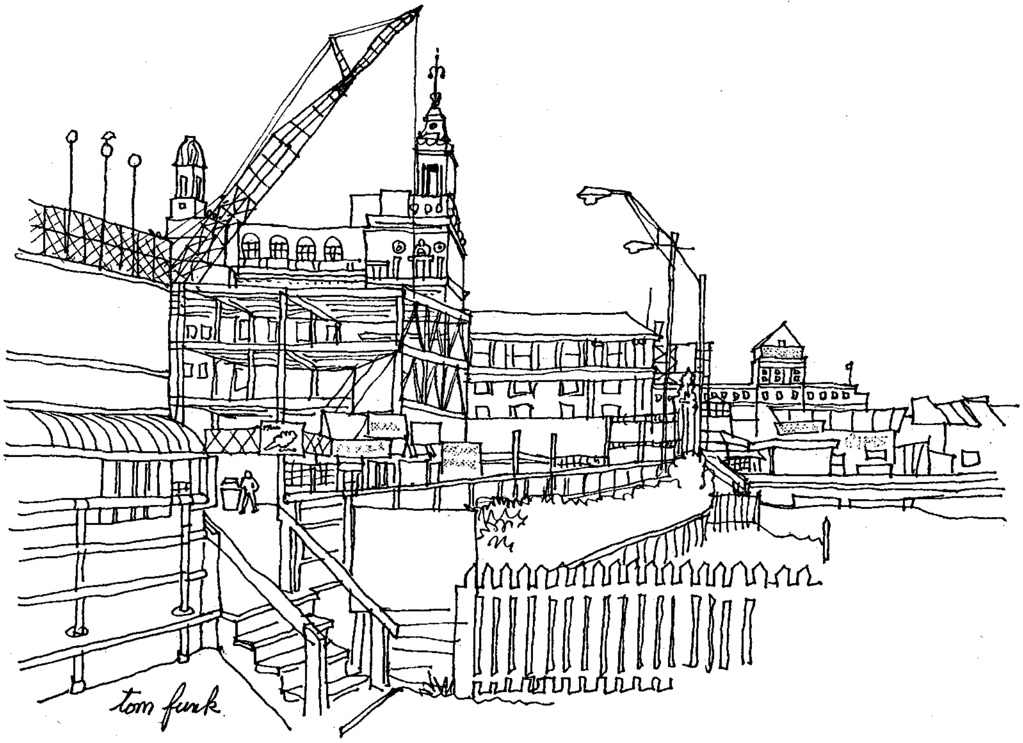

THE last time I visited Atlantic City, New Jersey, more than thirty years ago, I was convalescing from an illness, and the travel agent I bade reserve me a room in a quiet sort of place took me too literally and booked me into a temperance hotel. I don't recall its name, but it may well no longer exist. Many of the grand hotels here upon which people in both sickness and health used to converge in search of sun, surf, sand, and salt air—venerable establishments like the Marlborough-Blenheim, the Ambassador, the Claridge, the Strand, the Shelburne—are now either razed or shuttered (the Claridge has even lost the "C" off its once proud tower's name tag), and whereas fifty years ago the town boasted twenty thousand "first-class" hotel rooms, it now has fewer than half that number. (The year-round population of Atlantic City, which has traditionally derived the bulk of its income from catering to transients, stood at close to seventy thousand in the 1930 census; by 1970 it had shrunk to below fifty thousand.) Today, there are quite a few commodious and posh new hostelries either under construction or on the drawing boards; local boosters have estimated that by 1990 the community may have thirteen thousand additional hotel rooms that can be rated first-class. (Meanwhile, real-estate values in this not so long ago moribund town have been escalating breathtakingly: for properties that a couple of years ago could scarcely fetch fifteen thousand dollars, developers have lately been offering a hundred thousand.) The biggest and fanciest hotel whose beds get made nowadays is Resorts International, which for most of its half century of existence was called the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. It is the leader of the extant pack because since last May 26th it has had a casino operating inside it. It is the only building in the continental United States east of Nevada where gambling is legally condoned and conducted. It harbors—in the smug, happy words of one of its proprietors—"the only game in town." Its casino is the busiest, if not the biggest, that the civilized world has ever confronted.

In November, 1976, the New Jersey electorate, which had earlier turned down legalized gambling (much as the Florida electorate has just rejected its emergence in Dade County), voted in favor of it. The following June, Governor Brendan Byrne betook himself to the boardwalk here one sunny day and signed Public Law 1977, c. 110, called the Casino Control Act, and Atlantic City's sagging face was on the way to being lifted. The law and a 1978 amendment to it were strict. Together, they prescribed that no casino could obtain even a temporary operating license from the State Casino Control Commission unless it was embedded in a hotel of at least five hundred rooms, each of which had to measure (including bath and closet) at least the equivalent of what had been determined to be the average area of acceptable hotel rooms across the nation—three hundred and twenty-five square feet. There were myriad other stipulations, but that was among the major ones—the one that was calculated to keep fly-by-night speculators from setting up three-card-monte pup tents. Resorts International, which has five hundred and sixty-one rooms in its main building and, at present, a ninety- to ninety-five-per-cent rate of occupancy, is capacious enough to have tucked inside it, on the ground floor, a fifty-five-thousand-square-foot casino. Since the casino opened, last spring—on the first day there were lines six blocks long outside the hotel, of people begging to be admitted—it has ushered through its gambling area as many as sixteen thousand people a day. Not all at once; the maximum capacity at any given moment is supposed to be a mere eight thousand or so bodies—considerably more than the capacity of Radio City Music Hall during a sellout performance *there.* In six months, the casino's "net win"—the difference, before expenses, between what gamblers shell out and what the house retains—has averaged more than six hundred and thirty thousand dollars a day, seven days a week. If the Music Hall had ever done anything comparable, its seats could have been reupholstered in platinum. According to the arcane accounting procedures whereby gambling revenues are totted up, if five million dollars changes hands at the casino in any single day the net win figures to be one million. Twice since its inauguration, the casino has enjoyed *two*-million-dollar-net-win days. (The State of New Jersey gets eight per cent off the top.) Nearly half of this golden harvest is reaped by slot machines alone.

ALTHOUGH my wife has never been wild about gambling—when business compelled me to spend a few hazardous days in Las Vegas earlier this year, she elected to stay home—she consented to go to Atlantic City with me on a recent fall weekend. One of the things that persuaded her to accompany me was that an ornithological friend of ours, on hearing that I had a solitary pilgrimage in mind, piqued her interest by urging me to be on the lookout, when I arrived at Mecca, for the annual southward migration of the glossy ibis. I thought at first that he was putting me on, but at the public library I found that I had misjudged him. There is indeed a glossy ibis—one of the Threskiornithidae, called the *Plegadis falcinellus*. It is conspecific with the *Plegadis chihi*, or white-faced ibis, and it was known to Linnaeus, a man given to seasonal turns of phrase, as *P. autumnalis*. John Bull, in his "Birds of New York State," suggests that it has been loitering around Atlantic City and its environs, on and off, for over twenty years. But up to fifty years ago, according to T. Gilbert Pearson's "Birds of America," glossy ibis were confined mainly to Florida, in this country (they were also denizens of China and Egypt), and were so shy down South that Pearson accounted himself fortunate to have once sighted six of them while he was perched in a willow tree. Now they breed, overtly, as far north as Maine. The glossy, I learned from such sources and also from Volume I of Ralph Palmer's "Handbook of North American Birds," is smaller than a large heron, larger than a snowy egret, looks all black at a distance, actually has a dark-purplish-and-green tail and (like some gamblers I have known) a grayish-brown head streaked with white, and gives a call consisting (like that of some gamblers I have known when they are losing) of, in Palmer's words, "a nasal grunt or series of four distinct rather guttural notes." When I reported this avian intelligence to my wife, she was cheered by the prospect that we might spot a *Plegadis* while it was heading toward warmer climes; it made the excursion to Atlantic City seem to her less—well, sordid.

RESORTS INTERNATIONAL, the hotel at which, this time, I took pains to make sure we got reservations, is at North Carolina Avenue and the Boardwalk. The principal thoroughfares of Atlantic City, as everybody knows, are named after the game Monopoly. The town must be one of the very few places on earth, besides the Panama Canal, where the Atlantic and the Pacific—here avenues, not oceans—have a traffic intersection. North Carolina Avenue is a bustling street these days, when practically all Atlantic City roads lead to the casino; a Resorts

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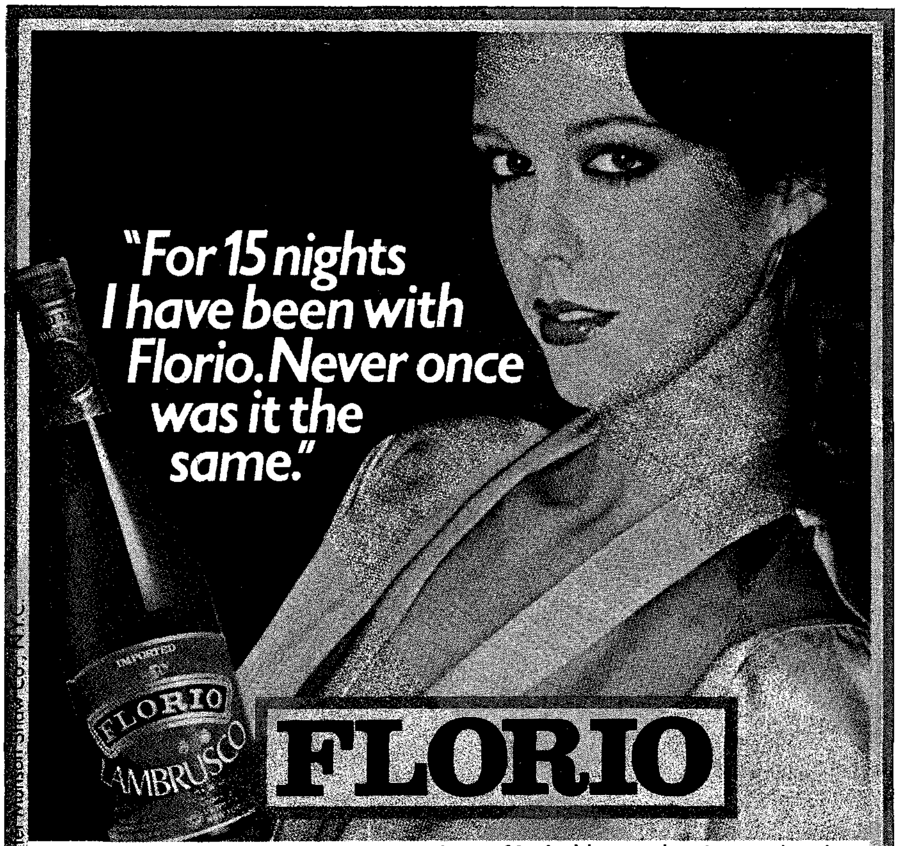
COLOGNE

functionary trying to disentangle traffic at the main entrance of the hotel told us, "A year ago at this time, you could have shot a cannon off on North Carolina without hitting anybody." Just landward of Resorts stands a smaller, non-gambling inn that advertises a Bagel Nosh, but, by and large, Atlantic City strikes the newcomer as a place full of holes; many of the other buildings that once graced the vicinity of the casino have been levelled to make way for parking lots for bettors coming in from straitlaced neighboring communities. Atlantic City is still far from being a cluster of high rises, but already, a couple of blocks from Resorts International, there has sprung up a Ferris-wheel-like parking contraption that can profitably accommodate twenty vehicles on acreage that could handle only a couple of them if their tires were grounded.

Eager as I was to catch a glimpse of the glossy ibis, I was no less interested in discovering how the latter-day Atlantic City compares with Las Vegas. We had barely checked in when I perceived one difference: it is possible to get from the front desk here to one's room—we had a nice room, on the tenth floor, overlooking the ocean—without passing through the casino. (The television set in our room had been fitted out with a closed-circuit channel over which one can tune in on a gambling-lesson film that runs over and over again. It is a heartening program to watch: just about everyone depicted in it comes out a winner.) There were similarities, too, however. At Vegas hotel-casinos, where the dividing line beween day and night is blurred, if it is visible at all, no clocks are on view in public areas. Here there was a grandfather clock on the main floor, but its hands had been stilled, at twelve minutes past nine. At two-forty-five one morning, by my wristwatch, moreover, I saw "Do Not Disturb" signs appended to doorknobs of three rooms along our corridor. In Vegas, such interdictions are more likely to be posted in midafternoon. And these placards had been hung out despite the New Jersey legislature's humanitarian rule that gambling may not take place within its jurisdiction between four and ten in the morning on weekdays or between six and ten on weekends. It may be, of course, that the tenth-floor guests who retired early had left the casino in despair of getting near enough a gaming table to bet at it. More often than not, during our stay, there were prospective plungers waiting behind the people waiting to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grab a vacated seat at a blackjack or roulette table. The casino holds seventy tables for blackjack, ten for craps, ten for roulette, and three for baccarat, along with four Big Six wheels and one thousand three hundred and fifty-four slot machines. (Within the next year, as the mammoth casino is expanded, these facilities are expected to be almost doubled.) The tables are like islands in a huge lagoon, its shores lined with elbow-to-elbow slot machines. On first entering the pit area, my wife and I were both struck by its resemblance, after a fashion, to the Albert Nile, in northern Uganda; that river's waters are cluttered with hippopotamuses, its shores with open-mouthed crocodiles. One flank of the casino has a long, elevated bar overlooking it. When my wife, who cannot abide plastic drinking receptacles and, in making sure to bring her binoculars along, had neglected to pack her emergency goblet, asked a waitress for a glass to sip her sherry from, the young woman replied that she was sorry but if we wanted real glass we would have to move to another spot—say, the Rendezvous Bar, a few yards distant, which does stay open around the clock and, more important, is not within normal throwing range of the casino floor. I myself, having thus far observed nothing in flight beyond a seagull, asked our servitor if she knew anything about the glossy ibis. Negative. "Canary, blackbird, woodpecker—that's my speed," she said. She did considerately direct our attention, though, to the existence, up on the thirteenth floor (imagine a place like this *having* one; gamblers can't be superstitious), of a series of bird paintings on the hallway walls. We detoured up there later, en route to our room, and, while we espied an osprey, a gannet, a snowy egret, a royal tern, a black skimmer, a ruddy duck, an avocet, an American oyster catcher, two plovers (semipalmated and black-bellied), and two curlews (long-billed and Hudsonian), we bagged nary an ibis of any kind.

The New Jersey regulations that govern the movements of the birds and beasts in the casino dictate that at least five per cent of its slot machines must be operable by five-cent pieces. Seventy of the slots are geared to nickels, eight hundred and ninety-eight to quarters, and three hundred and eighty-six to silver dollars—a medium of exchange more generally used for arm-wrestling in Las Vegas than back East. The relatively few nickel machines are huddled together, like toothless saurians, in a cramped corner area of the casino. One has to seek them out. On one of my excursions around the casino floor—a floor, incidentally, whose rich red wall-to-wall carpeting has been dreadfully scarred by trampled cigarettes—I heard a bell clanging over in purdah, rushed toward the scene instantly (I was once a volunteer fireman), and arrived in nickel land in time to watch a man exult after hitting a jackpot. He stood to receive two thousand nickels, or the equivalent thereof in more manageable currency, which he could then trade in, if he chose, for a single hundred-dollar chip. There was little evidence anywhere in the casino that the nation, or this microcosm of it, was in the economic doldrums. Though there did not appear to be quite as many hundred-dollar bills being casually waved about as I had grown accustomed to in Vegas, nobody seemed to take large amounts of cash seriously. Few of the casino's patrons, however, *looked* wealthy. The house rules require gentlemen to wear jackets after 6 P.M. (you can rent one for ten dollars), and during one of my evening sorties into the combat zone I did hear a disembodied voice command, over a security guard's walkie-talkie, "Don't let 'em in without a jacket;" but a few minutes later I was peering over the shoulder of a craps shooter who not only was coatless but was also rapidly losing his shirt. Caution, all things considered, seemed to be preoccupying the management more than costume, and understandably: early in June, nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of slot-machine receipts were not properly accounted for; another time, a blackjack tray with fourteen thousand dollars' worth of chips nestled in it was mysteriously lost track of. To try to keep such annoyances to a minimum, the people who run the casino have decorated its ceiling with eighty-seven innocent-looking bubbles, each concealing a television camera.

Still another difference I noticed between Atlantic City and Las Vegas was the appearance of the casino workers. Those at the Vegas tables are chiefly males, comparatively far along in years, and steeped in solemnity. Here the croupiers and dealers seemed younger and friendlier. In order for the casino to stay on the angels' side of New Jersey's stiff equal-opportunity and affirmative-action laws, close to half of these employees are female, and a substantial number of them are, like many of their customers, black. (One

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young distaff dealer had a Band-Aid on her right thumb; I deduced that she was a novitiate laid low by an occupational injury.) At two-thirty one morning, I heard a hefty male who believed he had been traduced by a frail female roulette croupier demand loudly to talk to her pit boss. The girl shrugged, and summoned her superior. The pit boss was a woman, too. The angry man subsided. A few yards away, a middle-aged couple sauntered by a blackjack table, and the woman hailed its dealer, a young man, with a cordial "Hello, Michael."

"Everybody knows Michael," said one of his pigeons.

"That's my Mom and Dad," said Michael. "They've known me twenty-eight years."

It would be hard to visualize such a family scene occurring in Las Vegas.

A bell rang across the room. Trying to track down the latest jackpot winner, I was distracted by a fluid choreographic performance by two agile young women, who, between them, were keeping seven silver-dollar slots in nearly perpetual motion, darting back and forth in front of them with frowning grace. Paper cups are doled out free to slot-machine buffs, for them to stash their coins in while they gambol; and this pair had enough cups to fill a Yale station wagon's tailgate at a Harvard football game.

Resorts International has had its problems. Most recently, New Jersey's Attorney General has declared his unwillingness to approve the casino's application for a permanent license when, next February, its temporary license is scheduled to expire. The Attorney General has doubts about the character of some of Resorts International's business associates. The institution has endured many lesser vexations from the outset—among them the charge that a distributor of pies to its kitchens failed to procure the required license from the State Casino Control Commission—and it has had other major problems, too. One has been the recruitment of sufficient man- and womanpower to meet the extraordinary demands of its facilities. (It already has more than three thousand employees and could use, I heard, even more.) Initially, the casino had to beg, borrow, or steal many of its gaming-table supervisors from Nevada. Since then, two training schools for casino workers have opened up in Atlantic City, and by now home-grown matriculants have graduated and are scattered across the casino floor. It is a further source of pride to Atlantic City chauvinists that five of the young ladies in its spangled nightclub show, presented twice nightly in its Superstar Theatre, are indigenes. (The hookers in the area, who, here as at other gambling oases, traditionally prey on winners and solace losers, seem to be largely imported. There have been a couple of police roundups of them in recent weeks, and those for whom prior addresses are known appear to have migrated from every which direction.) At the Superstar Theatre, as in Las Vegas, the chief entertainers are mostly stars of the stripe of Jackie Gleason and Phyllis Diller. Don Rickles, who specializes in insults, was the main attraction during our stay, and I guess he lived up to his billing. He insulted everybody: Poles, Jews, Arabs, blacks, Irish, Japanese, and Italians. I hoped he knew what he was doing, for there were four flashy men to my right who if I had to cast a Mafia movie would be letter-perfect. One of the quadrumvirate told me, when Rickles paused to towel himself, that, compared to Las Vegas, this joint stank. Why, he won twenty-eight thousand dollars one evening at blackjack here, and all they gave him was a free meal; when he played out West, they gave him room and board both. (Perhaps such generosity is accorded to him there because he loses.) On my other side was an ethnically unidentifiable man who had returned to Atlantic City to take in the hundredth anniversary of the local high school. It appeared to please him vastly that one of the cavorting showgirls—more fully clad than their Vegas sisters of the skin are apt to be—used to be the captain of the Atlantic City High School cheerleading squad.

Atlantic City has long been celebrated for its boardwalk, a five-mile promenade that now attracts joggers along with strollers. (The two-seater wicker chairs in which marginally spry tourists can witness the scene are no longer pushed; they are motor-driven.) On Sunday morning, I urged my wife to join me on the boardwalk for a constitutional; I thought it would be nice, for one thing, to buy my dentist a box of saltwater taffy, and I remembered with nostalgia and anticipation the auction sales that were a hallmark of the boardwalk's heyday. But things had changed since I had last trod these boards. The auction shops had disappeared. The whole stretch we traversed was tacky and tawdry. Some of the billboards towering above our pedestrian heads attested to the influence, for better or worse, of the new Atlantic City era. "Don't

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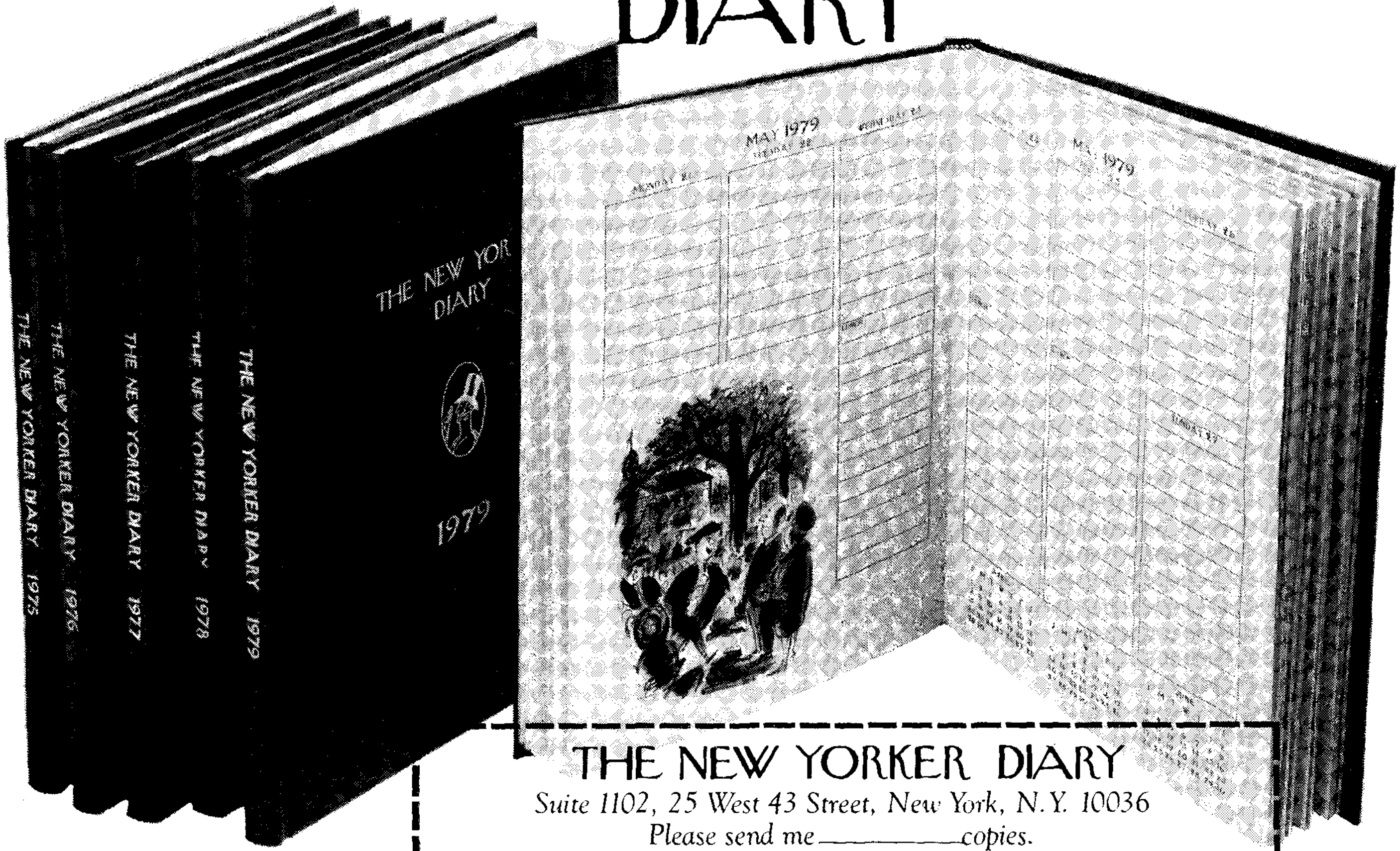
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gamble on dining," said an ad for a restaurant. "Hit me again," proclaimed a curio store. (On a fence shielding an excavated area from which a Caesars World casino will shortly spring to rival Resorts International were quasi-quotations from Shakespeare: "Caesar shall go forth!" and "Here is a Caesar! When comes such another?") There were as many "Casino Lady" T-shirts for sale as there were mile-long hot dogs or Freezie slushes. In a shopwindow where porcelain miniatures were arrayed, I hoped to spot an ibis but could distinguish effigies only of such comparatively mundane creatures as frogs, roosters, alligators, and mermaids. I settled instead for an issue of a magazine called the *Boardwalker*, which had in it a "Gambling Digest" featuring a section called "Ask the Pit Boss." The Pit Boss's response to the question "What do you do with the old cards?" was that the usual practice of gambling establishments is to give them away to such worthy institutions as convalescent homes, but that Atlantic City hadn't got squared away on that yet, and, as a result, the aces and kings and treys and deuces in quest of which so many aspirations have, like the tides, surged and receded have simply been destroyed. Few of our fellow-perambulators looked carefree or happy. Perhaps the boardwalk has become the place where losers go to lick their wounds, and to wonder what might have happened if, back at that consarned blackjack table, they had stood on twelve instead of asking to be hit again.

HAVING heard that the president of the Greater Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce, a utilities executive named William S. Cowart, who was a key member, in the pre-gambling days, of CRAC (the Committee to Rebuild Atlantic City), is also a director of the New Jersey Audubon Society, I looked him up and inquired after the glossy ibis. Mr. Cowart pleaded ignorance of it, adding that if I was really interested in birds I might conceivably meet up with that one at the Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge, a twenty-thousand-acre sanctuary eleven miles north of Resorts International. But, if unacquainted with *Plegadis falcinellus*, he was thoroughly conversant with the affairs of Atlantic City. "Until we got gambling, tourism in southern New Jersey was going from bad to worse," he told me. "It used to be easier to get from Philadelphia to Puerto Rico than to Atlantic City, and cheaper to take a five-night, six-day jaunt from Philadelphia to Vienna than to stay for a comparable length of time at your hotel here. Atlantic City, moreover, being on the way to nowhere, could never hope to become an industrial town. It would cost too much to bring raw materials in and to ship finished products out. But we had a fine convention center. We also had terrible lodging facilities. The answer to our problem seemed to be gambling—conventions midweek, and a commuter gambling market weekends."

I had had a chat earlier with a shopper in that commuter market—a Connecticut chap with whom my wife and I struck up a conversation while she was waiting in line to replenish a paper cup with a new batch of silver dollars. The man had left Bridgeport on a chartered bus at seven in the morning and had reached the casino at noon. At seven in the evening, he would be reboarding his bus for the five-hour ride home. He was concerned because—not counting his twenty-dollar round-trip fare—he had resolved to limit his losses for the outing to four dollars, and seemed somehow to have exceeded that modest budget. My wife had graciously steered him to that corner of the casino where the nickel slots were clumped.

"To attract conventions," Mr. Cowart went on, "gambling figured to be our catalyst. Of course, there was always the risk that casinos might bring organized crime along with them, but we have a no-no for organized crime built into our gambling legislation. As you may know, you can't get a gambling license unless your casino is part of a big hotel, and if you get caught in some hanky-panky, under the law you can lose your casino and with it all the future profits you've been counting on. Organized criminals are not likely to put the seventy-five million dollars or so that the necessary facilities would cost into something that could simply be taken away from them. As of the moment, Resorts International, because it has only a temporary license, couldn't have its assets wiped out; but it could have them put up for forced sale if it isn't accorded a permanent permit. In any event, as far as New Jersey is concerned, the criminal element is much better off sticking to loansharking and prostitution. Today, Atlantic City is probably on its way. By the start of 1980, we should have two more hotel casinos functioning, and, for the predictable future, another couple of new ones every year. I forecast that our population will double in a decade, although the building boom that's in process will be restricted by the regulations of all sorts of agencies. For instance, the design of a casino hotel that the Playboy people were planning had to be revised, in part, because the administrators of the Coastal Area Facilities Review Act were afraid that it would cast a shadow on the beach. Despite all the limitations on what's to be and what's going on right now, the success of gambling here has been fantastic. Resorts International, to be sure, is the only game in town so far, but it's done much better than any of us had ever dreamed. When the next depression comes, I think we'll be a depression-proof city. I've been an Air Force test pilot—when my children started to grow up, I had to retire because I couldn't afford to be just a colonel anymore—but in my lifetime nothing as dynamic has happened as the changes this little town has seen in the last two years. I relish this with gusto, and when it's all over I'll probably be the only guy involved in Atlantic City who didn't make a dime out of it."

IT is not easy to drag one's beloved away from something novel that has caught her fancy. My wife, for example, cottoned to one particular dollar slot machine ("That little machine and I dance to the same tune," my wondering ears had heard her say), but we both felt that it would be unfair to the glossy ibis not to stop off, on the way home, at the Brigantine sanctuary that Mr. Cowart had told me about, and there perhaps get at least a glimpse of the elusive creature as it headed toward its own winter digs. Besides, my wife still had six silver dollars left in a half-crushed paper cup. At the wildlife refuge, from which we could dimly make out the Resorts International building, we were amply rewarded for our detour. Although there was no bird we could positively identify as our quarry, we did spot a couple of egrets and one probable heron; and then, while we were parked at the edge of a dirt road, out of the northeast there suddenly materialized swarms of migrating geese, thousands of them, clouds of them, honking and swooping down over our awed heads and settling on a lagoon, an aqueous one, a few yards distant. It was a soul-cleansing spectacle.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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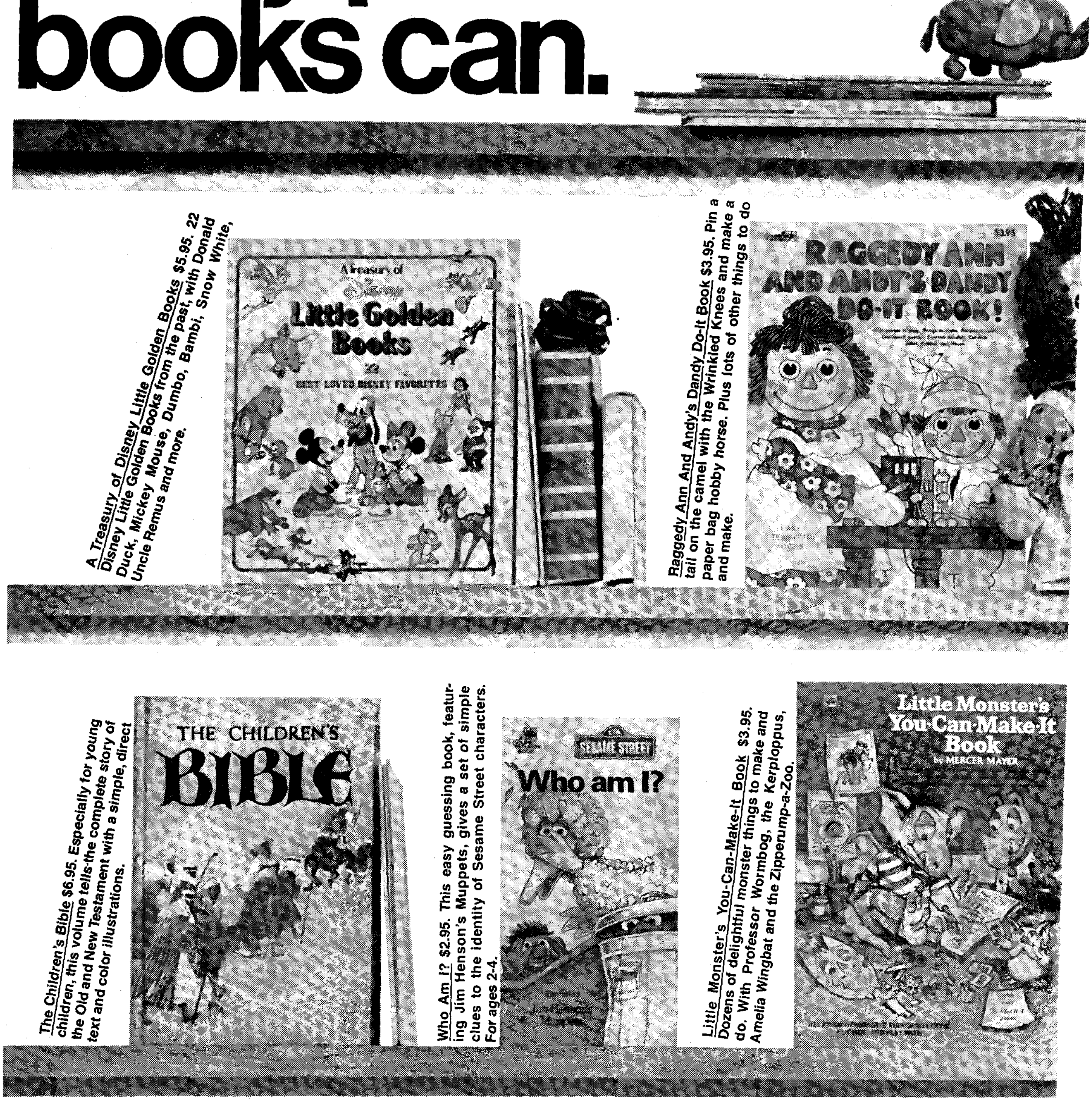
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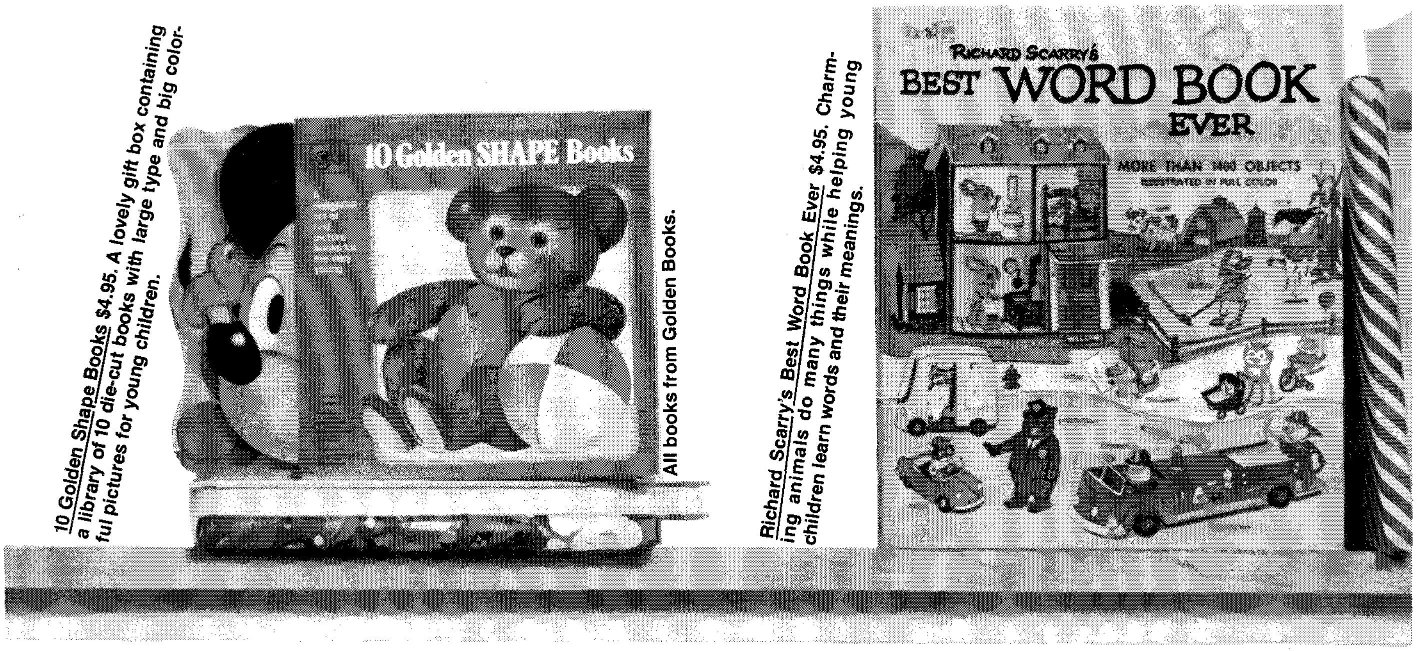
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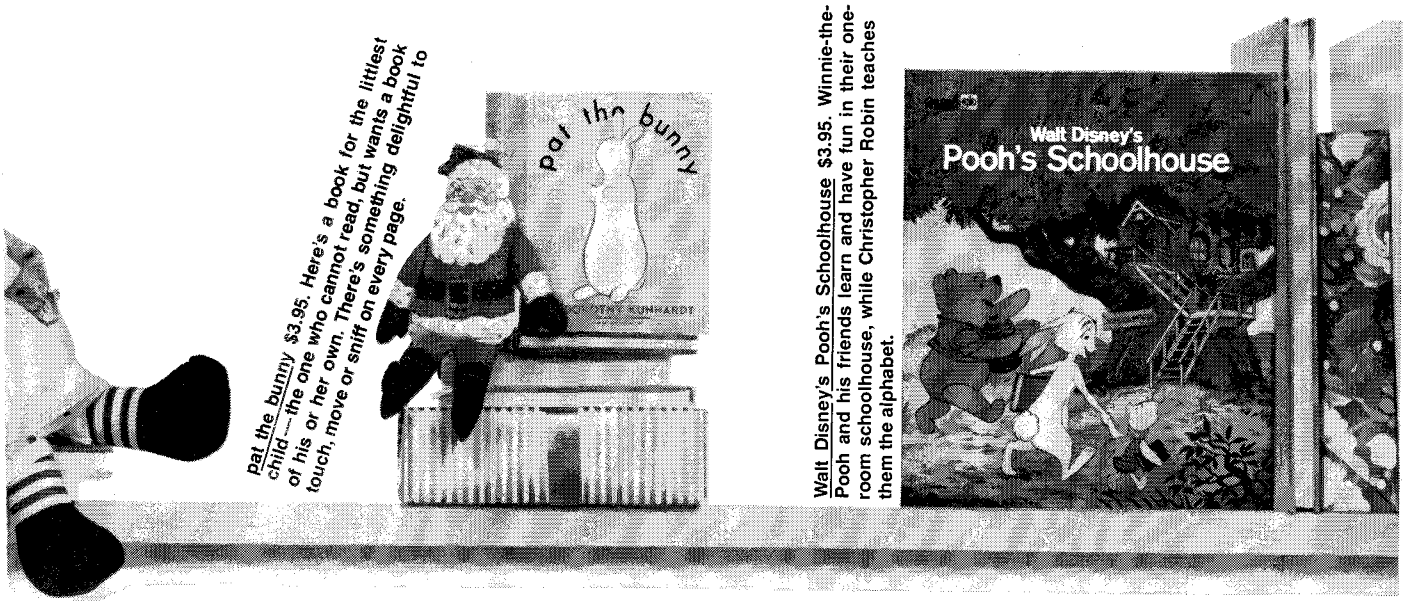
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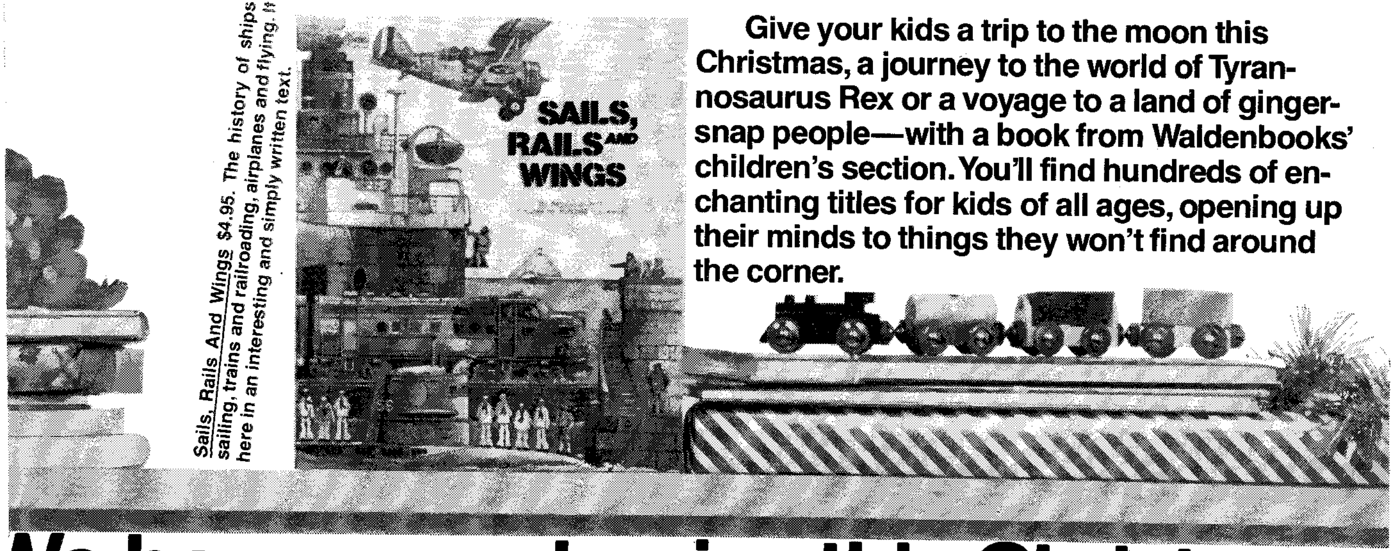
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LETTER FROM IRAN

DEC. 11

A STORY from the Kennedy years which has the rare quality of being true is that once, when the President was otherwise engaged, Dave Powers, his original guide to the poor Irish of Boston and later a combined companion and jester at the White House, was delegated to kill a few minutes with the Shah of Iran. Subsequently, he was asked how he liked His Imperial Majesty. "Well," Powers said, "he's our kind of Shah."

I was reminded of that story when I saw the Shah a few weeks ago here in Teheran. At that point, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi wasn't anybody's kind of Shah. He received me, as he had on several of my previous visits, in a ballroom on the second floor of the Niavaran Palace, on the northern outskirts of Teheran. He looked pale, spoke in subdued tones, and seemed dwarfed by the vast expanse of the room, with its huge, ornate chandeliers and heavy Empire furniture. He wore a double-breasted suit whose blackness suggested mourning. He started with an apology. He was sorry to have kept me waiting. The American and British Ambassadors had been in to see him. "They tried to cheer me up," he said. "As if there were anything to be cheerful about."

I expressed surprise at—and, indeed, felt some suspicion about—this show of gloom. There had been demonstrations in many parts of the country, and strikes, but Teheran, apart from the university, seemed calm, and the Army was in thorough control. Moreover, the opposition was headed by the Moslem clergy, and they were clearly divided. Surely, I said, the factions could be played off against each other.

"Possibly," the Shah said, shrugging his shoulders in an elaborate show of disbelief.

I pointed out that the leader of the lay opposition, Karim Sanjabi, was due to go to Paris to see the most intransigent of the religious leaders, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. The gossip in Teheran was that a compromise deal was in the works. Sanjabi would win Khomeini's blessing for a coalition government. The coalition would make reforms but maintain the monarchy.

The Shah expressed doubt that Khomeini would agree to that. "Certainly not with Sanjabi," he said.

I further noted that, while there was obvious unrest in the country, the Shah himself had lifted the lid by easing up on security and initiating reforms. Maybe all that was required was a slower pace and more publicity for the changes he had made. I mentioned that one of the problems was corruption in the royal family. He had decreed a new code of conduct for royal behavior, but it had not been published. Could I get a copy? The Shah agreed—with a weary air.

If worst came to worst, I went on, there was always the Army. The military was strong, and its leaders were loyal. The Shah said that force had its limitations. "You can't crack down on one block and make the people on the next block behave," he said.

I asked him if the Army leaders realized that. "I hope so," he said. He went on to mention his son and heir, Crown Prince Reza, who, at eighteen, is now an air cadet in Lubbock, Texas. The Shah said that he might not be able to pass all his powers on to his son, but he could at least pass on the throne.

I remarked that I had never seen him so sombre, and asked when the black mood had begun.

"Sometime in summer," he said.

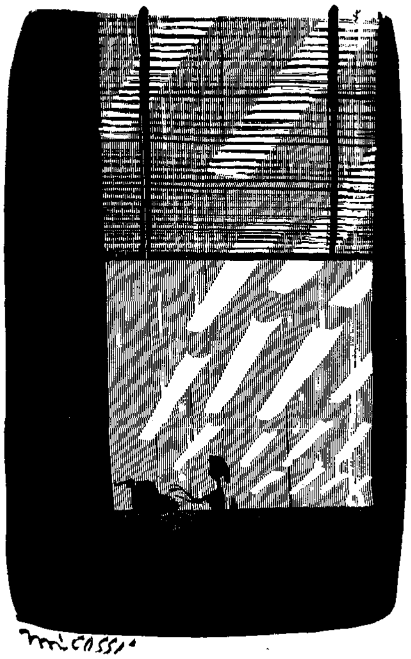
"Any special reason?"

"Events," he said.

I intimated that maybe he was overdoing the blues to elicit sympathy and perhaps support from the United States. "What could America do?" he asked.

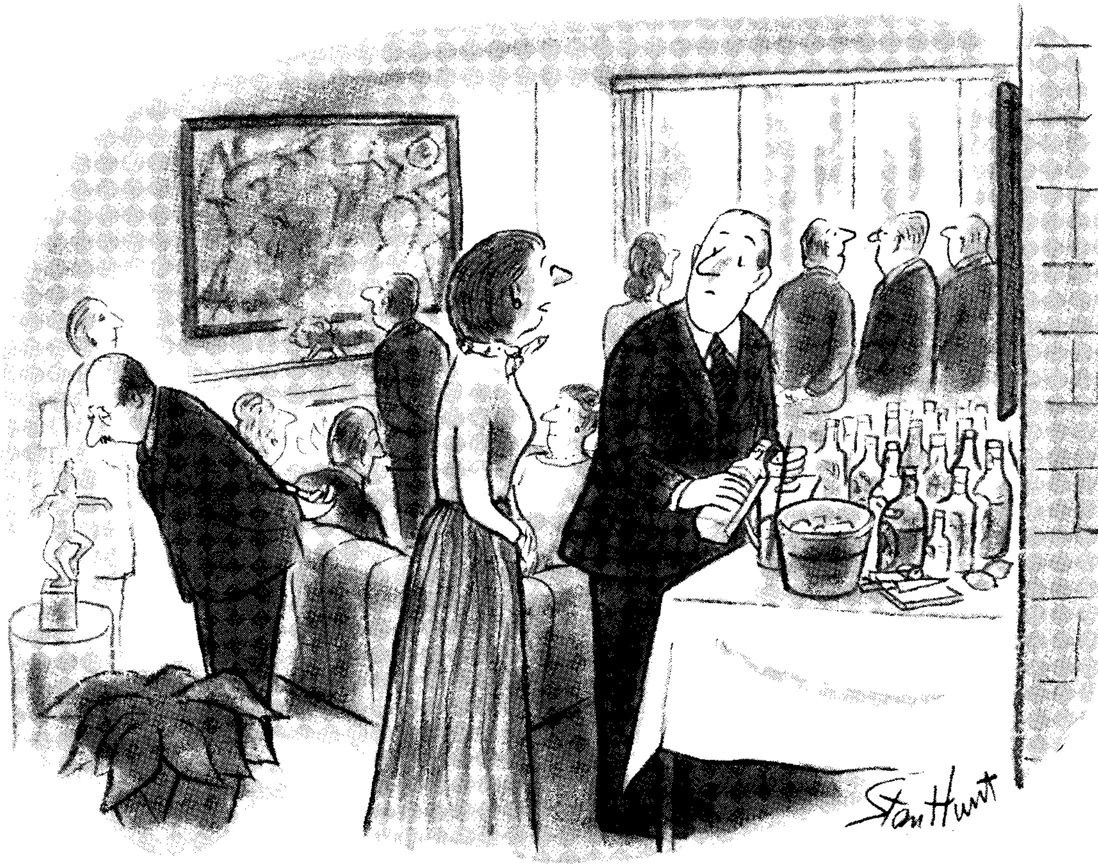
I said that that depended upon what happened, and asked him what he thought that might be. "I don't know," he said.

I asked him what his advisers thought was going to happen. "Many things," he said, with a bitter laugh, and he rose, indicating that that was all he had to say.



THE day after seeing the Shah, I drove, with an Iranian friend who had agreed to serve as an interpreter, to Qum, a religious center with a population of roughly two hundred and fifty thousand, about seventy-five miles south of Teheran. Qum is the country's foremost training center for the priests—or mullahs, as they are known in common parlance—of Shiite Islam, the creed of ninety per cent of Iran's thirty-six million people. Shiism was made the state religion at the beginning of the sixteenth century by a new dynasty, the Safavids, who needed to dig in against the Ottoman Turks. The Shiites form the minority—and largely Persian—branch of the Moslem religion. As distinct from the majority branch—the Sunnites (who for centuries vested the line of authority from Mohammed in a caliphate that followed the tides of history from Damascus to Baghdad and thence, with the Turks, to Constantinople)—the Shiites traced the line of descent through the Prophet's son-in-law, Ali. Ali, according to Shiite law, was the first of twelve Imams, or holy leaders. The twelfth Imam withdrew from this world and is due to return some time as a Mahdi, or Messiah. Ali was buried in An Najaf, and his son, Hossein, in Karbala, and those cities, now in Iraq, are, after Mohammed's tomb in Mecca, the principal shrines of Shiite Islam. The eighth Imam, Reza, died in Meshed, which is a town some five hundred miles east of Teheran, and is the most holy shrine in Iran. Reza's sister, Fatima, died in Qum, so the city includes Iran's second holiest shrine as well as many *madressahs*, or seminaries.

The most renowned students of Islamic law in Qum, Meshed, and other major cities are referred to by the title Ayatollah, which means, literally, "Sign of God." For roughly the past fifty years, the Ayatollahs of Qum have been the dominant religious leaders in Iran. Ayatollah Khomeini, though born in eastern Iran, was educated in An Najaf, and then in Qum, and subsequently taught in Qum. He achieved national stature between 1961 and 1963 as the leader of the opposition to various features—including coeducation and, many say, land reform—of what the Shah called his "white revolution." In 1963, Khomeini was expelled, and moved to the shrine of An Najaf. The radical regime in Iraq, which in 1975, after years of bickering, reached an accommodation with the Shah, forced Khomeini out last September, when troubles became intense in Iran, and he moved to Paris. He had been succeeded as the dominant figure in Qum by Ayatollah Shariatmadari. For most of the past dozen years, the *madressah* students have made Qum a center of opposition to the regime. Professor Michael Fischer, of Harvard, who spent much of 1975 in that city, described the atmosphere at the time, in a monograph he called "The Qum Report," as "one of siege and courageous passive hostility to a state perceived to be the stronger, but morally corrupt, opponent." The present wave of troubles was set in motion early this year by violent demonstrations against the Shah in Qum.



"Everybody's having spritzers."

• •

I had telephoned ahead for an appointment with Shariatmadari, and had been connected with a Pakistani aide of his named Seyyed Rivzi, who spoke English. Rivzi told me to be in Qum by eight in the morning, because His Holiness, as he called Shariatmadari, went to the mosque at nine and spent the rest of the day in prayer and meditation. My translator friend and I arrived before eight and, with the help of directions from the local police, found our way to Shariatmadari's quarters. He lives in a narrow back street, paved with white brick and lined with yellowish walls. There are doors in the walls every ten yards or so, and, behind the doors, courtyards leading to buildings that are used as offices and houses. We were first shown into an office, where we were received by Rivzi, a fat, middle-aged man wearing spectacles and a black turban; he kept pushing the turban back from his forehead in order to scratch his scalp. Rivzi said that I was in luck, for His Holiness was feeling ill that day. Because he was not well enough to pray, there would be ample time for the interview. Rivzi asked me to disclose my questions in advance. He would write them down in Farsi and then read them off to His Holiness—that way, there would be no mistakes. I began reading from a list of questions I had prepared. He repeated them in English, then set them down in Farsi, and read them back to my Iranian friend for his approval of the translation. A couple of times, the English version of my question differed significantly from the original, and at length I pointed out one of the discrepancies. Rivzi said, "I was not trained as a reporter, but in the past few months I've been the interpreter for sixty-eight different interviews. I've become quite good at framing questions. I hope you don't mind a little editing."

After the questions had been given, edited, and translated, we moved across the street to see Shariatmadari. He is a man of seventy-six, with a white beard, a frail frame, and a thinnish voice. He, too, wore a black turban and glasses—in his case, thick glasses over weak but distinctly friendly eyes. He received us in a bare, whitewashed room lit by a single electric bulb, which dangled from the ceiling. There were some uninteresting rugs on the floor, and a curtain hung across the window on a string. Shariatmadari was lying down on an opened crimson bedroll, with his head and shoulders raised on a purple pillow. Rivzi and another aide, whose function I never discovered, sat, legs crossed, facing His Holiness. I sat parallel to him, also cross-legged, but with my back against a wall. In the course of our talk, which lasted several hours, various people came in to see Shariatmadari, kissing his hand, pressing petitions on him, often with money between the pages, and then hurrying away. A telephone by the bedroll rang frequently, but it was answered only rarely, by the non-Pakistani aide, who usually managed to pick it up after the caller had stopped trying to get through.

Shariatmadari began by asking about my trip down to Qum. I said that it had been easy but that we had noticed a lot of troops in the town and, on the wall of his house, a scrawled sign saying "Death to the Butcher Shah."

His Holiness said, "I don't know what is happening in Iran. I never saw a nation in such a spirit of revolt. It is erupting like a volcano, and, like a volcano, after building up pressure for years and years it is impossible to stop."

My first question had to do with the revival of religion in Iran as a political force. Shariatmadari said, "Religion used to be considered marginal—apart from the mainstream of events. Now it has become much stronger than before. The reason is that religion provides answers to problems of conscience. It provides a vantage point for fighting in-

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justice. In our Shiite religion, spiritual leaders are ready at all times to assert the truth and the right."

I asked him what injustices he had in mind. He said, "We have never had free elections. The elections in the past were all dominated by local magnates or the consulates of foreign powers. The consequence has been that we now have laws repugnant to Islam and to the public interest. For example, alcoholic beverages are permitted. There is gambling. There is illegitimate sex—by that I mean sexual relations between people under twenty who are not married. The authority to marry is in the hands of civil officials. But it should not be. Marriage is not a deal or a contract. It is something spiritual, and so it should be performed by the religious authorities."

At that point, there were sounds of firing in the distance, and I started. "Don't be afraid," he said. "We're used to that kind of noise."

I asked him to tell me about the troubles in Qum. He said, "From the beginning of the disturbances in Qum, we have asked people to speak their minds, but with calm and dignity, not in a provocative way. But I remember a few months ago a company of soldiers headed by a major general walked into these premises and announced they were on a mission from the government. They started breaking windows and shooting. One person was killed on the spot and another died in the hospital. Later, the government apologized. But I ask, 'How can you apologize for killing people?' Had it been the Prime Minister's house, would it have been enough merely to apologize? Such an action alone is adequate for me to declare a holy war or a revolution. That might have happened if I were not devoted to the cause of moderation."

I asked him how he would rectify the many injustices and wrongs he had cited. He said that he favored a return to the constitution of 1906—a document that a liberal movement with support from the clergy had wrung from the Qajar dynasty, which preceded the family of the present Shah. The 1906 constitution provided for, among other things, a supreme council of five religious leaders who would have a veto right over all laws. "If they found the laws repugnant to Islam or to principles of justice or against the interests of the majority," Shariatmadari said, "they could reject them."

I asked what would happen if the five religious leaders disagreed among themselves. He said, "That would not be possible, for they represent the highest spiritual authority."

I persisted with the question about a possible disagreement. "In that case," he said, "the issue would be referred to the highest spiritual authority in the land."

I assumed he meant himself, and any doubts on that score were settled by Rivzi. He said, "His Holiness would have the final word."

I remarked that many people in Iran, and in other parts of the world, had different views from His Holiness on such matters as religious liberty, land reform, and the role of women. He cut in before I could develop this theme. "The journalistic community in the world," he said, pointing a bony finger at me, "has constantly made the libellous charge that we religious leaders are anti-progressive and reactionary and anachronistic. That is not the case. We want science, technology, educated men and women—physicists, surgeons, engineers. But we also want clean and honest political leaders. Those who make the charges against us are themselves reactionary, because their goal is to stop us from instituting a government of hope. The government of God is the government of the people by the people."

I said that I would still like to know where he stood on the issue of equal rights for women—coeducation, for example.

Very smoothly, as if there were no break in the line of thought at all, he asked me how many Presidents there had been in American history. I said that it wasn't altogether clear whether the figure was thirty-eight or thirty-nine.

He said, "You come all the way over to Iran to ask about the rights of women here, and you don't even know how many Presidents you have had in your own country."

I explained that the matter was complicated by the fact that Grover Cleveland had been President twice but not consecutively. I said that for the sake of argument we could assume there had been thirty-nine Presidents.

"How many of them have been women?" he asked.

I said that none had but that that seemed to me beside the point. What, for example, did he think about coeducation?

He said, "I'm not opposed to the education of women for all kinds of tasks. But I do not want coeducation. I want to separate the schools of learning from the schools of flirting. We in Islam don't look on women as playthings, accepted as long as they are young and beautiful, and then cast away. In Islam, the older the woman, the higher her status. We know that in coeducational schools there is a corruption of moral values, which is reflected in the police records. The girls develop certain relations, and some have illegitimate children, and others have abortions. The girl loses her self-respect and her status in society. Either she suffers a great personal loss or she takes up another way of life—prostitution."

I asked him his opinion of abortion. He said, "In Islam, abortion is considered murder. Therefore, abortion is not permitted."

I asked him his views on birth control. He said, "Birth control depends on certain circumstances. In small, overpopulated countries that have no land, birth control is acceptable. But in our country, where the population occupies only one-fifth of the land, there is no need for birth control. Procreation should be free unless there is a particular problem. In our country, that problem doesn't exist."

I asked him whether there was equality in Islam for people of other religions. He said, "In Islam, Christians, Jews, and Zoroastrians are all accepted as equal—unless they become a Fifth Column for foreign meddling in this country. Jews are accepted as Jews but not as defenders of Zionist aggression." He then referred to the Baha'i sect, which began as a reform offshoot of Shiite Islam, and has been popular in Iran, particularly among educated people who have done well in business and politics. He said, "Baha'i is accepted as Baha'i per se but not as a clique dividing up government posts among themselves and working for the foreign interests."

I asked him where he stood on the land reform that the Shah had decreed in 1963. He said, "Land reform is a question of the past. Even if there were some objections made at the time, there were no objections to the principle of land reform but only to the means of implementation. The Shah could have done the same thing in accordance with the principles of Islam. That is typical of his regime. In order to build roads and streets, he destroys the house of an old woman and does not give her another house."

At that point, Shariatmadari re-

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proached me for picking out one issue at a time instead of dealing with the culture as a whole. "Culture is a mixture of many interwoven things," he said. "You cannot in fairness just pick on individual matters as if they were unrelated. For example, in the West you cannot conceive of a banking system that does not charge interest on loans. But in Islam, for many different reasons, our view is that interest should not be charged."

I said that that was true; no one in the West could understand how a government without the power to raise interest rates could control inflation. I went on to say that his point seemed valid, and so I would shift subjects. I asked him where he stood on the issue of meetings with representatives of the Shah.

He had had some "unofficial meetings," he said, and went on, "But we can't have official meetings. The religious authorities will participate in all offers of a solution to the present problems, but only with a fair and just government and parliament. We can coöperate fully only after free elections have returned a popularly chosen government."

I said, and he acknowledged, that the Shah had tried to institute some reforms directed toward liberalization of the regime. I observed that many Americans felt that President Carter, by his human-rights campaign, had played a role in fostering those reforms.

Shariatmadari said, "Carter's human-rights policy has not been a very important propelling force, though it has not been totally without effect in pushing liberalization. But in Islam we have some skepticism about the sincerity of Carter's human-rights approach, because he doesn't apply it to the United Nations. In the U.N., five countries have the veto. That means we are not equal. But the Americans don't say anything about that."

A COUPLE of days later, I flew to Isfahan, with my Iranian friend again accompanying me as an interpreter. Isfahan, as the 1966 *Hachette Guide* proclaims with unwonted effusion, is "one of the most marvellous places in the world." The city lies on a plateau watered by a large oasis and a lovely stream. Shah Abbas I—the greatest Persian emperor, not excepting Xerxes and the three Dariuses—made it his capital at the end of the sixteenth century; at that time, it had a population of about half a million, and was among the largest cities in the world. I remembered from a previous visit, a decade ago, broad, tree-lined avenues; a magnificent central square, the Maydan-e-Shah; the extraordinary Bridge of Thirty-three Arches; and a general air of refined elegance. But even from the air, I could see burgeoning suburbs and smoke from factories—signs that change had come to Isfahan.

A local official, who asked not to be mentioned by name, rapidly brought me up to date on developments in Isfahan. He said, "Five years ago, there were five hundred and sixty thousand people in Isfahan, and this was one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Then the Shah decided that there was too much administrative and economic concentration in Teheran, and that he needed to decentralize. So he put a steel mill here. And an airbase, with a helicopter training center. Naturally, foreign companies followed suit. Bell Helicopter came in with the training base. Du Pont put a plant here. Now we have more than a million people. The doubling in five years of a population that had been stable for three hundred years has changed everything. This used to be an educational center, with a university, many religious schools, and lots of music. Now it is an industrial town. Over three hundred thousand workers have come in from the countryside, most of them without their families. They live five or six to a room in the poorer quarter of town. They make good wages—a dollar seventy-five an hour—but they don't have their families, and they're miserable. Everybody else has been affected, too. The bazaar merchants used to be very important. Now the banks manage credit, and the engineers are the big shots in town.

"Students have grown up under the Shah, and they don't know what things were like before development started. All they know is that the Shah promised that Iran was going to be like France or Germany. That isn't happening. The huge surge in population means that services are spread too thin and are constantly breaking down. There aren't enough telephones. It's impossible to buy a car. The schools are jammed. Housing is scarce. During the past three years, there has been a recession, especially in building, and many laborers are out of work. So the students are in a mood to reject everything that has happened. They are turning back to the old days, and pursuing an idealized version of what things were like then. They are pushing the mullahs to go back and re-create the wonderful past. The mullahs see a chance to regain their prestige and power. The students provide them with a power base for putting pressure on the government to give them the consideration and importance they have been seeking for years. So the mullahs go along. That's the dynamic of trouble in Isfahan."

I asked about the circumstances relating to the declaration of martial law in Isfahan back in August, a month before it was declared in the other major cities of the country.

The local official said, "That's a perfect example. All through the spring and summer, after riots in Qum in January, and in Tabriz in late February, this town was seething with unrest. The workers were demanding better housing conditions, and more money to meet inflation. The bazaar merchants were bitching about the loss of their old status, about price controls, and competition from the big banks and supermarkets. The intellectuals were complaining about the lack of freedom. The students were telling the mullahs to do their stuff, and the mullahs were saying 'right on.' About the first of August, a mixed group of workers and students occupied the home of the most prominent local religious leader, Ayatollah Khademi. The governor-general and the local Army commander went to Khademi and told him to get them off the premises. He tried, but he couldn't. On the contrary, the crowds got bigger and bigger. At one point, maybe twenty thousand people were camping there. When Khademi tried to cool them down, the students turned ugly. They took down the posters of the Shah and put up posters of Ayatollah Khomeini. On August 11th, the military decided to clear the place. Troops moved in, threw tear gas, and pushed the crowd out at bayonet point. The crowd then went on a rampage. It burned down a bank and a hotel and fifteen other buildings. It threw a bomb into a bus for Bell Helicopter employees. That's when martial law was declared. The bazaaris—the bazaar merchants—immediately went on strike and closed down their shops in protest. The *madressah* students stayed in their schools, but they demonstrated every day, always making more radical demands. On the night of August 21st, two high-school teachers, who had built up a large following of anti-government young people, were arrested and sent to Teheran. Next day, the kids hit the streets, and there has been trouble of one kind or another ever since."

I asked for and was given the names of the teachers—who had been released after a month in custody. They

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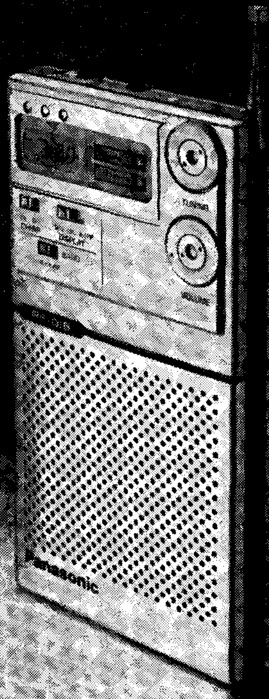


had no telephones, so my Iranian friend and I picked one—Hassan Zehtab—and drove out to see him. He lives on the outskirts of town, in a neighborhood of narrow, twisting unpaved streets. The car could barely squeeze between the walls, and the puddles and mud in the road reminded me anew of the origins of the custom of removing one's shoes before entering a mosque. Once we were in the neighborhood, we had no trouble finding the house; everybody we asked knew Hassan Zehtab, and where he lived.

Mr. Zehtab turned out to be a partly bald, moonfaced middle-aged man with a complexion slightly darker in tone than that of most Iranians. He was carefully dressed, in a suit, white shirt, tie, and sweater. I saw only two rooms of his home, and they were modest in size and bare of ornament. When we arrived, Zehtab was meeting in one of the rooms with about forty disciples. He agreed to see me, and we moved into the other room, with ten of his disciples coming along. I asked Zehtab to tell me a little about who he was and what he believed.

He said, "I'm forty years old, and I have been a schoolteacher here in Isfahan ever since I graduated from the University of Teheran, fifteen years ago. In all this time, I haven't seen one truly free election, or one instance of concern on the part of those in authority for the happiness of the people. I think the only way to bring about the happiness of the people is through an Islamic culture. We're given to understand that the ruling clique is talking about religion now, and putting on a turban and the white garments of holiness. But that is a mere pretense. Even a child can see through that. It is like the ceramic facing on the wall of a building. Everybody knows that beneath the facing there is a real wall, of a different material."

I asked him if it was not true that under the Shah the country had taken large strides toward economic development over the past fifteen years.

He replied, "I have to say with great sorrow that our economic growth is based on a windfall called oil. If we consider where we are, and then where the progressive states like Japan are, we realize how little we have accomplished. When I think of Japan, I think of a verse:

Leila and I were fellow-travellers on
the road of life;
She reached her home, and I am still
a vagabond."

I said that even if some countries had done better than Iran, Iran had done quite well.

He said, "What we see here is inflation—prices for food have gone way up. What we see is the depletion of our oil reserves. At the present rate, we have only twenty years to go. What we see is an agriculture worth zero. We buy vegetables from Israel, wheat from the United States, onions from Turkey, meat from Australia, oranges from six different countries. Our industry is just an assembly line for products made in other countries. We would be poor fools indeed if we were satisfied with that."

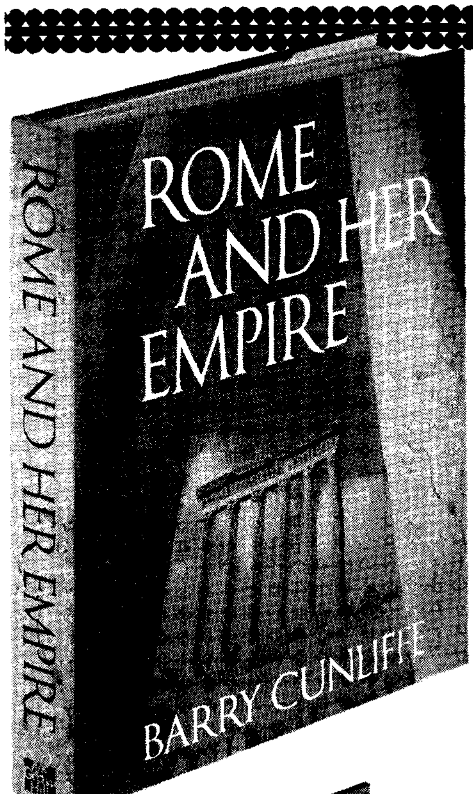
I asked him what would satisfy him. He said, "My ideal future is within the framework of Islamic law. That is the guarantee of happiness and a good future for society. On particular religious questions, I don't find it in my area of competence to make answers. I leave that to the highest religious authorities."

All during the interview, Zehtab, his disciples, my Iranian friend, and I were sitting cross-legged on the floor. I was extremely uncomfortable, and it must have been evident, for one of the disciples asked if I would like a piece of fruit. I said yes, and he took an apple out of a bowl in the middle of the floor. He began to peel it for me, but at the first stroke of the knife the blade separated from its handle. He held out the broken knife. "There you see it all," he said in disgust. "Our country owns twenty-five per cent of Krupp in Germany, but in Iran we can't even produce a knife that cuts an apple."

Everybody laughed, and I began questioning the disciples. All of them were students or professional men between the ages of twenty and thirty, and had participated actively in many demonstrations against the Shah. They all supported Zehtab in his quest for an Islamic society. I expressed surprise that young men with professional training should be so drawn to a religion that seemed—to a Westerner, at least—not exactly with it. I went around the room, asking the disciples, one by one, a single question: "What drew you toward Islam?"

The first to answer was a mullah, in robes and turban, who had a degree in psychology from the University of Teheran. He said, "My love for Islam has grown because I have studied it and compared it with other religions." The others—four students, two employees of the National Iranian Oil Company, an accountant, an engineer, and a physicist—all gave nearly the same answer. Two of them said that they had compared Islam with the teachings of a nineteenth-century European social philosopher—that is, Marx, whose

If the Magi had their choice-they'd find these the wisest of gifts



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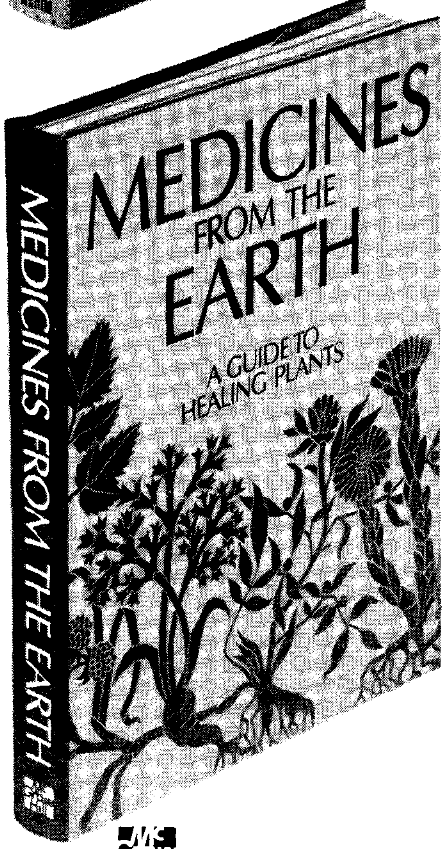

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name has been taboo in Iran—and found it preferable. Another offered the generalization "Islam offers a solution to the complications of our life."

As we drove away, I remarked to my Iranian friend that the similarity of the answers was disappointing. "You don't understand," he told me. "They all followed the lead of the mullah. It doesn't make for interesting answers, but it makes them happy."

I SPENT the night in Isfahan at the Shah Abbas Hotel. The clientele was entirely foreign—a sprinkling of Japanese, Indians, Americans, and Europeans. Apart from the sight of a section of the hotel which had been damaged during the riots of August, and an armed guard in the gardens, there was no sign of trouble.

Before dinner, I visited Wanda Hake, an American psychologist employed by the United States companies working in the Isfahan region. Mrs. Hake reported that most of the Americans in the area lived in a compound, largely removed from contact with the Iranians. They had the problems usually found in such communities. There was great boredom—especially among the children. Alcoholism was common among the women, and many of the children had drug problems. There was a good deal of contempt for the Iranians. "Because of their turbans, many Americans call them rag heads," Mrs. Hake said. "That's the nicest name they call them."

Mrs. Hake had some guests, and one of them was a bazaar merchant from an old Isfahan family. "I could cry about what has happened here," he told me. "It used to be a paradise of water and gardens and beautiful buildings. Now the town is full of strangers. There are the people from the villages. They live in shantytowns. There are ten thousand Americans. They drive up the price of everything—especially houses. A house that rented for five thousand rials per month five years ago now costs forty thousand rials per month. Many people are unhappy. One of my interests is a building project. My workers were Afghanis—three hundred of them. The other day, the government sent the Afghanis home. I know why: There was a crime wave, and they did a lot of the stealing. But nobody gave me any warning. Now what do I do?

"Lots of the young men come to see me about their problems. They don't know how to deal with the young women sitting next to them in their classes. In the past, they had never seen any women, even mothers and sisters, who were not wearing a veil. Now they see miniskirts and bare arms and bare legs. They say to me, 'What do they want, these women? What are they trying to do to me?'

"When I go to Teheran, I feel as though I were in Hell. Somebody could die right in front of you and nobody would do anything. Deep sadness comes over me when I see the uses to which we have put our oil wealth. So it is not surprising that there has been a political eruption. Five years ago, Khomeini was nothing. Now he is held up as the equivalent of the Shah."

At breakfast the next day, I met a professor of religion at the university who had been educated at Harvard and Oxford. His family are members of the Baha'i sect, and he is going back to Oxford, at least partly because of religious persecution. He said he would like to talk about the state of religion in Iran, but only on condition that I not mention his name. I agreed.

He said, "As a student of religion, I read with great interest Toynbee's 'A Study of History.' I always wondered why he felt that the next stage of regeneration in the world would be religious. I felt that religion had been on the run all over the world for centuries. In some places, there have been adjustments, but they have been made only slowly and painfully. Christianity accommodated itself to Darwin, but it was hard even in a tolerant country like Britain. Islam has experienced a number of shocks and adjustments. There have been several efforts to update the religion. But they have all failed. By and large, the clergy remains narrow, fanatical, and ignorant."

He went on, "The merchants of the bazaars worked hand and glove with the mullahs. They were the two most conservative elements in the cities. The bazaaris usually rented land from the religious foundations, and made the foundations big gifts. But both the bazaaris and the foundations have been outmoded by recent developments. When I left Iran to go abroad to school, in 1960, this was still a backward country. Only a few cities in the country had running water. There were only about ten thousand people who had been or were at universities. Most industry was handicrafts, and about eighty per cent of the people still lived in rural villages. In 1970, when I came back, it was a different country. All the young people—and that is over fifty per cent of the population—were going to school. There are a hundred thousand university graduates now and almost two hundred thousand people in universities. On a normal weekend, between one and two million people drive out of Teheran in their own cars.

"The mullahs have been losing steadily through these developments. Their base was education. Now they have to contend against state schools and universities. They've lost the large landholdings they once had. Most of their endowments have been nationalized, and are controlled by the state. No one ever paid much attention to them until the present wave of troubles. The bazaaris have also lost great power. The banks and big companies have taken away their control over loans and credit. There are shops out in the streets—across from your hotel, for example—so people don't go to the bazaar as much. And for a while there was price inspection as part of a campaign against inflation. That hit the bazaaris very hard."

After a pause, he continued, "People now don't remember what it was like in the old days. As late as 1955, I remember going with my father to a village in the countryside. The local khan—the head man—did justice the religious way. He cut off hands for thievery, splitting people's tongues for talebearing. There was a peasant in the village with a beautiful wife. The khan took her, and the peasant complained to my father. The khan went out riding with my father, and they encountered the peasant. The khan took his riding crop and beat the peasant senseless.

"The oil boom ended all that and put it out of mind. But it also brought lots of trouble. Mainly inflation. There are buses now, and vegetables, but most people can't afford them. Moreover, a lot of the money has been spent—I almost said wasted—on big projects and arms purchases that don't do ordinary people any immediate good. And it has to be said that on the cultural side the Western world has not done well in Iran. Students coming back from Europe and the United States present the cities there as Meccas for drunks, whores, and illegitimate children. They depict a total breakdown of morale. So to the difficulties of local adjustment there is added a tarnishing of the classic model. The West is seen xenophobically, as something frightening, and the search for old values is intensified.

"It also has to be admitted that the Shah, in his enthusiasm to build the country, ignored the people in it. The

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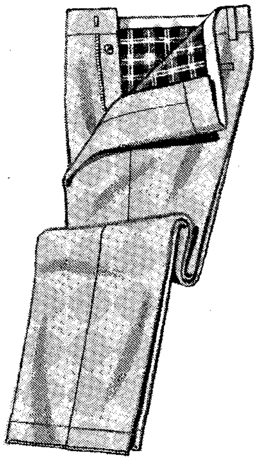

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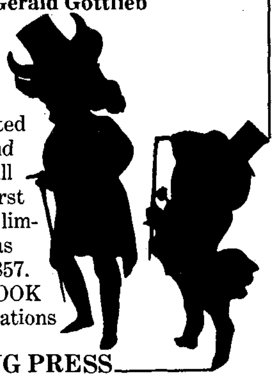

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masses were left out of his development program. The bazaaris were left out. The mullahs were left out. He thought he could bring them along through economic progress without any accompanying change in ways of thought. The heart of the difficulty, though, is the new group of university students. From fifty to seventy-five per cent of them come from poor homes. They are very disturbed when they sit next to a girl in class. They feel a sense of guilt, a fear of being polluted—of secularization. All this takes the form of opposition to the regime as the bearer of Western values. The sexual drive pushes the students in the direction of religion, and the mullahs latch on to them to maintain their position of importance."

BACK in Teheran, I found mounting turbulence and confusion. A wave of strikes that had started in September with employees of the central bank had spread to other banks, to the telecommunications industry, and to the oil workers. One day, there was a rumor that the gas-station workers would go on strike. I saw hundreds of cars lined up at several gas stations. Angry motorists jockeyed for position, and in one place troops had to fire into the air to maintain order. The university had been scheduled to reopen at the end of September, and then at the end of October. Each time, registration had been stopped by student strikes and demonstrations. After the second effort, the authorities gave up, and turned the campus, in downtown Teheran, over to the demonstrators. There were daily protests, and one morning I went to watch, with a visiting American professor who spoke Farsi. Armed soldiers in tanks and armored personnel carriers patrolled the gates, but we were allowed in without any demand to show our credentials. There were two groups of demonstrators, marching back and forth. One group—of about seventy-five students, almost all men—was clearly Marxist in its political sentiments. The students carried placards denouncing international imperialism, and chanted slogans calling for the unity of the workers. The other group, obviously Islamic in orientation, bore pictures of Ayatollah Khomeini and carried signs calling for an Islamic republic. There were several hundred students in the Islamic group, including many women. All the women were veiled. Some wore the *chador*, a garment that envelops the body from head to foot, while others wore bluejeans, blouses, and scarves that veiled their heads and faces. A few times, word went through the crowd that soldiers were coming. The ranks broke and everybody rushed for cover. But that day, at least, no soldiers came.

The professors, having no classes, were available and talkative. By far the most interesting was Karim Pakravan, an economist trained at the University of Chicago, whose father, a former Iranian general, had at one time been head of the security-police apparatus, known as SAVAK, and was now working at the Imperial Palace in a high administrative position. He came to visit me at my hotel room, and talked freely of his own situation and that of his colleagues.

"Young professional people want to escape the establishment," he said. "The establishment is everybody who has real power. In one way or another, either morally or financially, it is corrupt. We are not brave enough to join the opposition, but by being at the university we maintain a passive opposition. Our case against the government is lack of freedom. All creativity has been crushed. I teach a course in economics. I'm not allowed to say that there's malnutrition or poverty, or that we're underdeveloped. A doctor friend of mine went to the countryside to look at health problems. He found all the diseases typical of underdeveloped countries—trachoma, dysentery, that kind of thing. He didn't find cancer and hypertension—the diseases that go with modern society. So he was never allowed to make a report.

"A whole generation of Iranians has been raised, educated, and given no freedom. Young engineers, for instance, have only a minor chance to take part in technological development. The Shah didn't develop a technology—he bought a blueprint of technology from the West. So there were very few major jobs for Iranians. At least ninety per cent of our people have been left out of development. I have a small consulting firm. I take only private clients. Unless we were huge and foreign, we couldn't get government contracts anyway. I might be able to do a project for the government at a charge of, say, ten thousand dollars for a couple of months' work. But people in the government would rather hire foreigners at a thousand dollars a day. That way, they get a kickback."

He continued, "Khomeini is merely a symbol of opposition. He is respected as a Moslem, but he has no power. Ten years ago, no prayers were said in the universities. Religious students were mocked. Now there is a genuine student problem. Many of the students

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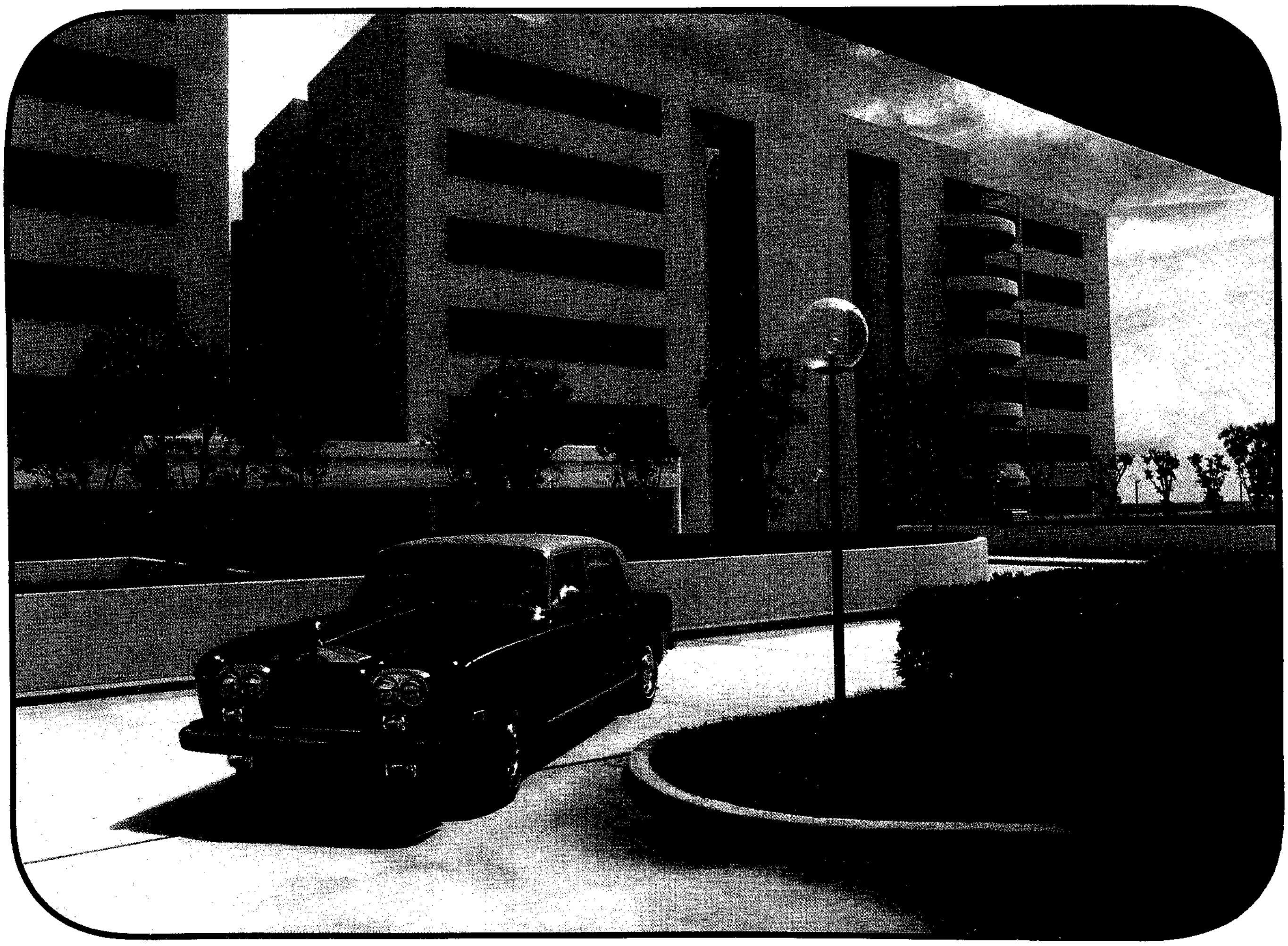

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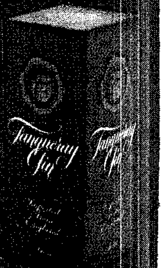

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come from poor families in the provinces. They have to rent rooms, and the financial burden is unbearable. There has never been a systematic study made, so we don't know how badly off they are. But they don't have enough money. They have to cluster six or seven in a room. In the last few years, there has been an undoubted effort to reform things. There's real talk in the parliament. Those in SAVAK who were corrupt and who tortured people have been ousted. There's an effort to bring roads to villages, and water. If there should be elections soon, I'd probably vote. But I wouldn't join the government. Next year is going to be bad. Already, because of the strikes and the big wage settlements, it is clear that the gross national product will be down by ten per cent. There'll be an incredible inflation. One good thing I can say: At last, after twenty-five years, Iranian politics are becoming interesting."

Pakravan put me in touch with another economist trained in the United States, who divided his time between teaching and working for Iran's Plan and Budget Organization. Because of his government job, he asked me not to mention his name. He said that econ- omists at the Plan and Budget Or- ganization had repeatedly done studies showing that, while the national wealth was increasing, many people, particu- arly in the countryside, were relatively worse off. He showed me a report that ndicated that the income share of the op twenty per cent of urban Iranians ad risen from 57.5 per cent in 1972 o 63.5 per cent in 1975. The share of he middle forty per cent dropped from 1 per cent to 25.5 per cent. The share f the bottom forty per cent dropped rom 11.5 per cent to 11 per cent. Vhile urban consumption per head as about two times that of the rural reas in 1959, it had by 1972 grown three times that of the rural areas. ut these studies, while circulated broad, were, he said, not published in ran.

The economist went on to talk about e religious revival. "I was very ac- ve in politics during my high-school ars," he said. "At that time—the rly nineteen-fifties—there were only vo important groups: the Communist, Tudeh, Party, and the National ront—which included the Pan-Irani- s, who wanted to take over parts of aq, Turkey, and Pakistan. The young d absolutely no interest in religion. fter that, the political situation calmed wn. There was a brief revival of poli- s in 1961 and 1962, when Ali Amini came to office as Prime Minister. He started the land reform that the Shah later claimed as his own. The Tudeh Party was dead then, but the National Front was strong. The religious people didn't count. Khomeini became important only after he was driven into exile by the Shah. The Shah's father, Reza Shah, had been very successful in fighting the mullahs. He made a direct assault on the clergy—forcing women to take off veils, riding into the shrines and beating the mullahs. He had public sympathy, because then the clergy were corrupt and wealthy. They were hated by everybody. Now they have lost their lands and the religious foundations. The mullahs have been purified. They have the power of poverty."

THE economist at the planning agency introduced me to Magid Tehranian, an intellectual in his middle thirties who had been trained at Harvard and then co-opted into the Shah's system as the head of an institute for the study of communications. I went to see him at the institute, where he looked every bit the European or American intellectual in his cozy oyster shell; he had a comfortable office with a couple of secretaries, and wore a neat blue suit, a silk tie, and shoes of soft Italian leather. He talked briefly about Iranian intellectuals. He said, "The great problem facing the university graduates once they are out of school is a lack of freedom. We have lots of intellectuals and technocrats who have views, but they are never allowed to express them. Everything is dictated from the top, and some of it is silly. For instance, the government tried to build up the television network—with which I was involved. It was extended to the point where it reached seventy per cent of the people in Iran. Then the palace intervened. They insisted that we show pictures of urban guerrillas confessing their terrorist deeds. They made us put Parviz Sabeti, the head of SAVAK's anti-terrorist campaign, on the screen, giving his view of history. We have an intelligentsia, but they have no chance to participate. They're just supposed to support the regime. But they don't like slavishly supporting the Shah, so they turn against him. Yet, with all this, we have been surprised by the breadth of the movement against the Shah. It reaches from plush Teheran to the remotest villages."

Tehranian was said to have been a Marxist before he joined the government, and I had gone to see him primarily because I needed some help in

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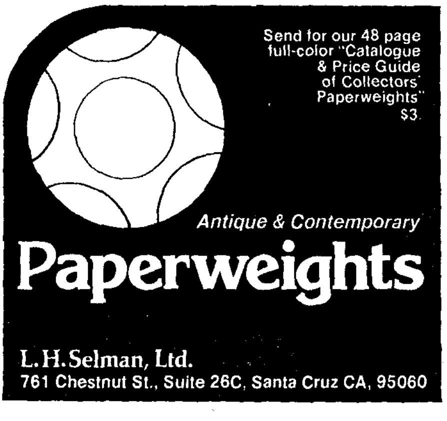

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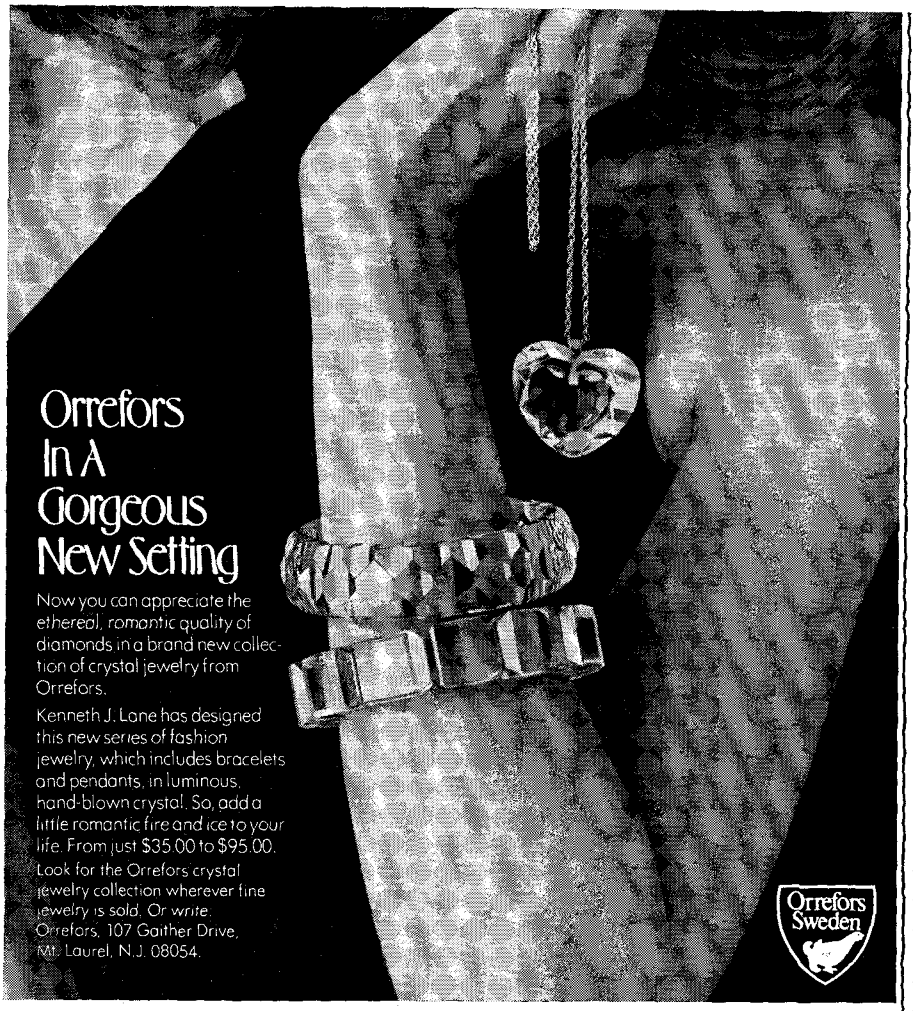
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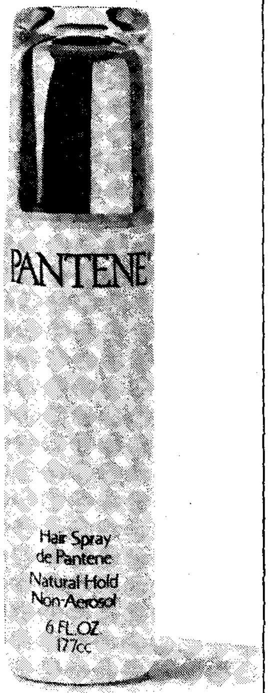

ascertaining the part that the Marxists had played in what had been happening. Clearly, the Marxists counted for something in the movement against the Shah, but I had been given the most diverse estimates of their role, from the most surprising sources. The view around the palace was that the religious movement had been totally taken over by the Marxists. That view was shared by the economist who taught at the university as a form of "passive resistance" to "the establishment." "The resistance is run by the Communists," he had told me. "If you want to buy weapons, there is a number you can call and you get what you ask for. I don't know exactly who supplies the weapons—the Russians, the Cubans, or the Palestinians. But they're the ones who have made the country erupt." An American official, on the other hand, put absolutely no stock in the theory of Communist manipulation. He remarked to me that "the Army and the police and SAVAK have been combing the country all year looking for the Communists behind the demonstrations. So far, they haven't found a single one. Why? Because there aren't any. The mullahs and the bazaaris between them have informal networks that they've used for years to organize processions and festivals. That's all it takes now. That's all there is."

I told Tehranian of the confused picture I was getting, and asked if he could put me in touch with any of his former Marxist colleagues. He said that it would be easy, and set up an appointment for me with a friend holding a high post in the Ministry of Information. The friend would organize an interview with three officials in the Ministry. I was not to talk about Marx. Instead, I should use the euphemism—"a European social philosopher of the nineteenth century."

At the last minute, I had to change the appointment from the morning to the afternoon, but that was no problem. I went to see the official, and afte a few moments he took me into a room behind his office. Three men, all abou thirty, were sitting at a table with woman—a graduate student at th University of Michigan, who acted a translator. I asked them if they wer believers in the philosophy of a certai well-known European social philos opher of the nineteenth century, an all three smiled and nodded. I aske them about their education and thei jobs. They were university graduates—one from the Sorbonne, the two othe from the University of Teheran. Th man from the Sorbonne helped put to gether public-opinion polls for the Ministry, and the two others had jobs as engineers.

I asked what they found useful in the works of the nineteenth-century social philosopher. One said, "He exposes the imperialists and their rape of all the countries of the Third World, including Iran."

I asked how, specifically, the philosopher's theories were relevant to Iran, and was told about the depletion of Iran's oil reserves and the purchase of American weapons for open "use against the people." I asked about Iran's practice of selling natural gas to the Soviet Union, and they responded that there was no shortage of natural gas.

I asked if they felt that the Russians had designs on Iran. All of them thought that compared to the United States influence, which was "all-pervasive," the Russian influence was "so small it doesn't count." I asked what recent works by followers of the well-known nineteenth-century social philosopher they had read. After some hesitation, the man from the Sorbonne said, "Jean-Paul Sartre." No other names were forthcoming.

I asked how they felt about the religious movement against the Shah. All said that they agreed with its objectives. I asked if there wasn't a contradiction somewhere. Wasn't religion supposed to be "the opium of the people"?

"Sometimes that is true," I was told. "But in developing countries it is different. At times, religious feelings and social movements go hand in hand. That is the way it is now in Iran. We are all of us united against the Shah."

I asked how they thought the government of the Soviet Union felt about the Shah. They said they felt that they had the backing of Moscow.

I asked whether they and their leaders were working from within the religious movement. There was a silence. Then one of them said, "We are in an Islamic country, and all social movements inevitably have a religious coloring. We do not believe there will ever be Communism here as there is Communism in Russia or China. We will have our own brand of socialism."

Later, the official who had arranged the interview told me that I should have asked him the same questions. "I believe that the Communists are manipulating the religious movement," he said. Still later, an American official showed me a translation of an article in *Navid*, a new, underground publication of the Tudeh Party. The article,

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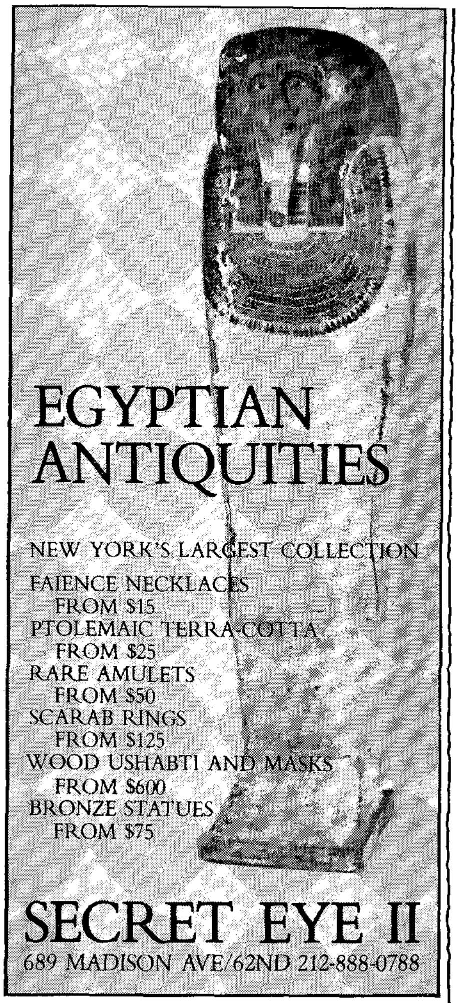

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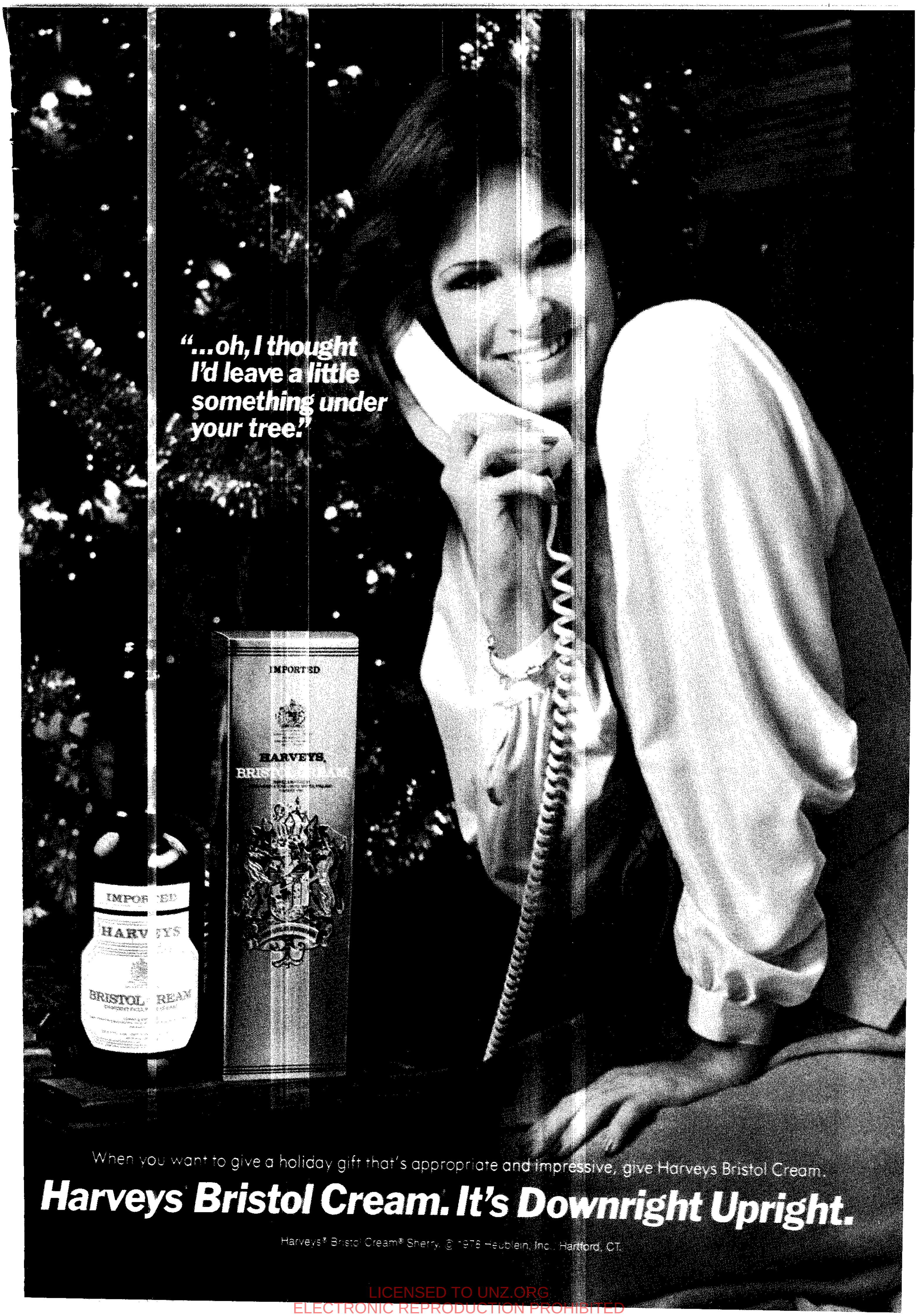
entitled "The Tudeh Party and the Moslem Movement," said, "We are ready to put at the disposal of our friends from other political groups all our political propaganda and technical resources for the campaign against the Shah." I was also shown an interview with Iraj Eskandary, the secretary-general of the Tudeh Party, now living in exile in Moscow. Among other things, Eskandary said, "As far as the religious aspect of the present movement is concerned, it should be emphasized that the Shiite clergy cannot be viewed as a force demanding a return to the past, to the Middle Ages. The position of the clergy reflects, to a significant extent, popular feelings. And the fact that the religious movement is now playing an important role in the mobilization of democratic and nationalist forces against the dictatorial, anti-nationalist, and pro-imperialist regime of the Shah can only be welcomed. . . . We are in favor of a union with all democratic forces, including *the religious ones.*"

IF the role played by the Marxists in the fomenting of trouble remains obscure, the role of the liberalization sponsored by the Shah and his ministers looms larger and larger. The Shah acknowledged when I saw him that he had begun to loosen things up "about two years ago." I was in Iran in the spring of 1977, and I remember well the widespread talk of relaxation. Jimmy Carter's emphasis on human rights was one of the reasons, but only one, and not the most important. Iranian students in the United States and Europe had focussed attention on the repressive features of the regime—particularly the practice of torture by SAVAK. The international press, led by *Le Monde*, of Paris, had picked up the theme. Both the Red Cross and Amnesty International, the private human-rights group based in London, were asking questions and proposing visits. But by far the most important reason for the relaxation was that the rapid development that followed the great oil-price increase of 1973 proved too complicated for direct control from above. Dislocations and shortages were universal. I recall visiting a new aluminum plant in an industrial area outside Teheran. The plant was supposed to accommodate several hundred workers, but they had no housing and no transport, and there were no telephones in the offices. All over the country, power failures were frequent, and the pursuit of scarce goods and services drove inflation above the twenty-five-per-cent-per-year level. An effort to hold down inflation by fixing prices was failing in a spectacular manner. It was clear that the economy could be made to work only if there was some freeing up, some devolution of authority.

Signs of reform were abundant that spring. Batches of prisoners were released, and were allowed to talk to the press. The Shah declared that torture would cease—an admission that it had been going on. Corruption, which had never been far below the surface—as witness the Persian origin of the word "baksheesh"—became public in the wake of a scandal that involved payoffs to high officials of the Iranian Navy. The National Front, the chief opposition party, was allowed to circulate letters highly critical of the regime. Student demonstrations went forward with only token harassment. Even the television appearances of Parviz Sabeti, the director of SAVAK's political section, were part of an effort to prove that the organization had a human face.

The direction of policy, to be sure, remained ambiguous. Low-level agents of SAVAK continued to stage raids on opposition meetings. Investigation of corruption at the highest levels was systematically blocked—reputedly by the Shah's entourage. But a key figure in the entourage, Amir Assadollah Alam, the Minister of the Imperial Court, fell ill in 1977, and died in New York early this year. His departure from the Court Ministry opened the way for a political change that signalled an undoubted commitment to reform. In August, 1977, the Shah appointed a new Court Minister, Amir Abbas Hoveida, and a new Prime Minister, Jamshid Amouzegar. I saw both men at their homes in Teheran in late October of this year, along with the Information Minister in the Amouzegar government, Dariush Homayun. They all talked freely, but not for individual attribution. What follows is my interpretation of their accounts of what happened during the twelve months beginning in August, 1977—a period of sweeping reforms that boomeranged to injure them, and the Shah as well.

HOVEIDA, an affable and highly intelligent man, with degrees in history, economics, and political science from the Universities of Paris and Brussels, came to the Court Ministry after nearly thirteen years as Prime Minister—the longest term in modern times. He had a major hand in the rapid development that changed the face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of Iran and soured so many of its people. Though he was said to have been tolerant of corruption in the past, he was reputed never to have been on the take himself, and he certainly did not live on the grand scale. He had realized as early as 1975 that the pace of development had to be slowed down. "We're in orbit," he had told me at the time, "and we have to come down to earth." He brought to the Court Ministry a determination to achieve economic slowdown and political reform. As he saw it, the key to both was ending corruption at the highest levels. From the beginning, he worked with the Shah on a code of conduct for the royal family. That project brought him into conflict with many members of the family who had been active in private business affairs. In July, 1978, after a long and bitter battle, Hoveida finally won the Shah's approval for the code of conduct.

The code was not published, for fear that the spelling out of what was henceforth prohibited would be regarded as a confession of past guilt. But the fact that it was adopted was made known, and caused virtually every member of the royal family to leave Iran. Here—published for the first time, I think—is the code that the Shah approved last summer:

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In order to maintain the high status of the Imperial family, which is respected by all Iranians, the following principles are instituted as the Code of Conduct of the Imperial family:

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9) Refraining from founding or holding shares in organizations or companies whose activities are not compatible with the high status of the members of the Imperial family, such as restaurants, cabarets, casinos, and the like.

10) Refraining from the use of facilities and properties belonging to government and public organizations for private use.

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13) Refraining from the use of legal exemptions for persons outside of the Imperial family.

14) Refraining from the use of nationalized lands belonging to the government or public organizations for the purpose of profiting, for example, through construction projects or establishing commercial, service, or industrial organizations.

15) Refraining from receiving anything from persons (natural or legal) in lieu of influencing public officials in order to legalize acts which would not otherwise be eligible for profit-making (such as partnership in ownership of large pieces of land in return for registering such lands for the purpose of making profit).

16) Refraining from the use of nationalized lands for agriculture and dairy projects.

17) Refraining from accepting positions on the boards of insurance, banking, and other companies.

18) Voluntary compliance with security regulations and whatever relates to public order.

19) Protecting the prestige and respect of national values and beliefs outside of the country.

20) Refraining from contacts with foreign embassies in Iran unless through the Ministry of Court.

Amouzegar came to the office of Prime Minister with a reputation as a brilliant public servant. He was educated at the University of Teheran, at Cornell, and at the University of Washington, and has a Ph.D. in civil engineering. Before becoming Prime Minister, at the age of fifty-four, he had successively headed four Ministries—Labor, Agriculture, Finance, and Interior—and had also served as Iran's chief negotiator in the price-fixing sessions of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Though less supple than Hoveida in political matters, Amouzegar was thought to be equally free of corruption and far more competent in economics. As Prime Minister, he set his sights on curtailing inflation and rooting out corruption at the ministerial

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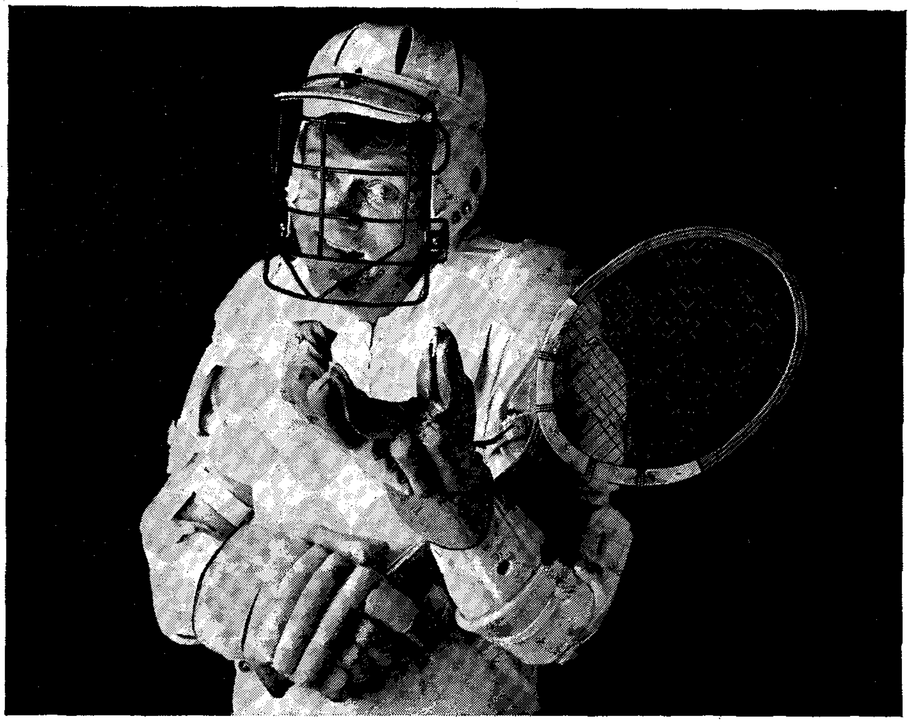
level. By squeezing hard on the money supply, he cut inflation from thirty-five per cent in August, 1977, to ten per cent in August, 1978. In the process, he earned the enmity of many of those dependent on credit, including most of the bazaar merchants and the high rollers in the construction field. As for corruption, he pushed General Nematollah Nasseri out as the head of SAVAK and off into a corner as Ambassador to Pakistan. He forced Hushang Ansari, the Minister of Finance, to step out of the Cabinet and become head of the National Iranian Oil Company. He obliged Mayor Gholam Reza Nikpay, of Teheran, to quit. Those actions put him at odds with both the Shah and Hoveida, who had close ties to several of those who had been shunted aside. In the recesses of the Imperial Court, an intrigue was concocted which came to engulf everybody.

The starting point was the death, late in October of 1977, of Seyyed Mustafa Khomeini, the son of the exiled Ayatollah. The son, a mullah, was forty-nine at the time, and he died, according to supporters of the Shah, of a heart attack. His father suspected foul play, and, during the Shiite days of mourning for the dead, which fell in late December last year, circulated a number of letters throwing blame on the Shah. Early in January this year, there was sent from the office of the Court Minister, Hoveida, to the office of the Information Minister, Homayun, the text of an article. Homayun, as was the custom, passed the article on for publication to the editors of a leading Teheran daily, *Eta'alaat*. The editors at the paper were sufficiently disturbed by the text to check with Homayun. He told them that it came from the Court and they should go ahead and publish it. The editors then apprised Amouzegar of what was in the works. Amouzegar called Homayun, who repeated the explanation that the article came from the Court and was supposed to be published. Exactly who wrote the article is not known to me, but the unwillingness of those involved to name the author suggests that it was either the Shah himself or somebody acting on his orders. My impression is that part of the motive was to embroil the Amouzegar government with the religious opposition.

The article appeared on January 7th. It bore the title "Iran and the Red and Black Imperialism," and contained a harsh personal attack on Ayatollah Khomeini. It started obliquely, with references to the recent days of mourning in which Ayatollah Kho-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meini had circulated his grievances against the Shah. It moved on to a discussion of forces designated as Red and Black Imperialism, meaning the Communists and the clergy. It said that coöperation between the two had been "rare" but that an exception was "the close, sincere, and honest coöperation of both vis-à-vis the Iranian revolution, especially the progressive land reform in Iran." The article went on to recall the opposition to land reform back in 1963, including the "riots of June 5th and 6th," which had precipitated the expulsion of Ayatollah Khomeini. It said that the opposition to the reform had come from the Communists grouped in the Tudeh Party and from "the landowners who had been robbing the peasants for many years." These groups, the article continued, had turned for "succor to the clergy . . . since the clergy enjoy great respect among Iranians." Most of the clergy, the article said, proved "far too intelligent to act against the Shah's-people's revolution," so at that point the opponents had decided to "recruit someone from the clergy who would be adventurous." That "someone" had turned out to be Ayatollah Khomeini. According to the article, he had "an unknown past," but apparently had lived for many years in India, where he had developed "contacts with centers of British imperialism." The article concluded by denouncing Ayatollah Khomeini as "someone who had taken the initiative in carrying out the plans of Red and Black Imperialism . . . who fought land reform, the women's vote, the nationalization of the forests . . . who would sincerely serve conspirators and Fifth Columnists."

On January 9th, two days after the article appeared, the religious students in Qum went into the streets to protest the attack on Khomeini. A

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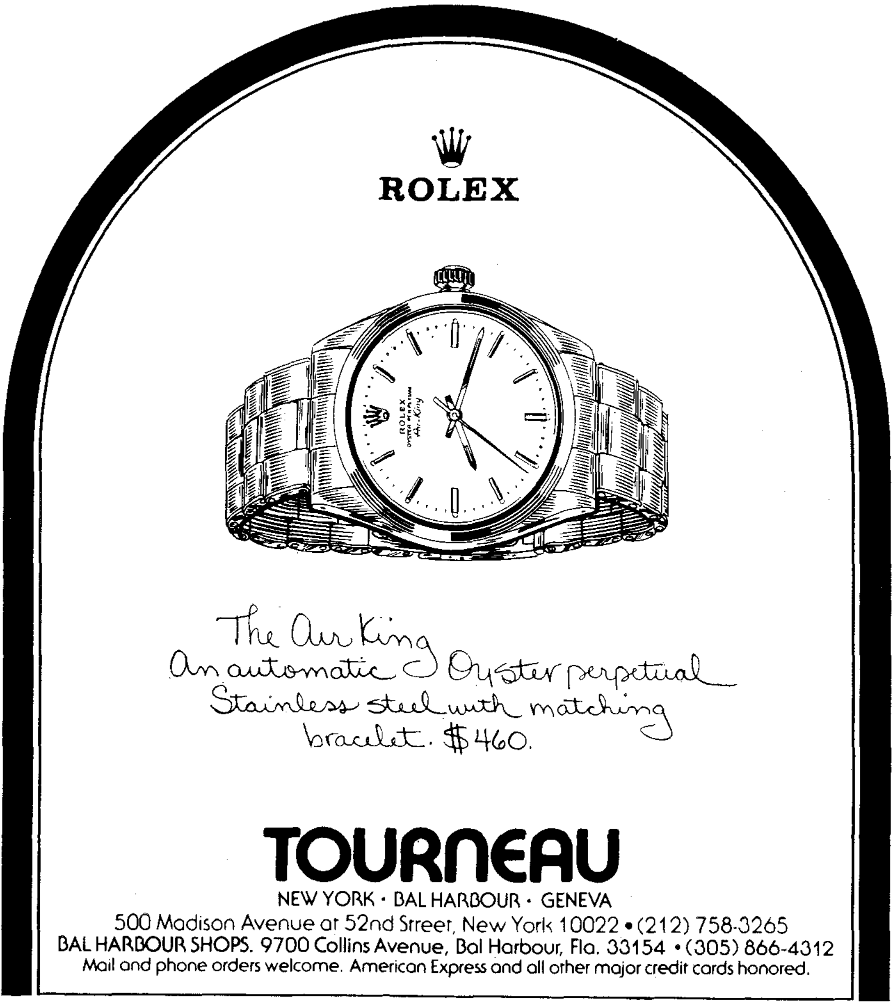
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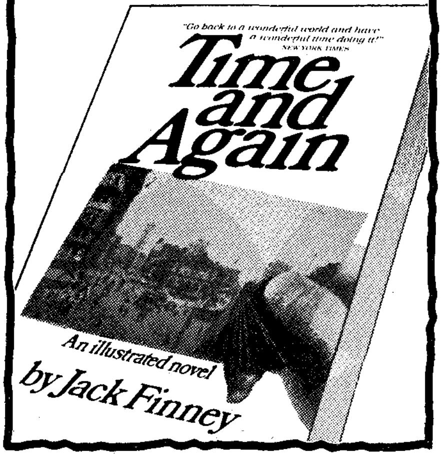

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clash with police ensued. Nine people were killed and many were injured. Forty days later, in Tabriz, a memorial service was held for those killed in Qum. Again, there was a clash with police. This time, thirteen people were killed. After that, trouble came in Teheran and Isfahan and Meshed, and then in Qum once more. August 5th marked Iran's Constitution Day, and the eve of Ramadan, the Moslem month of abstention. The Shah delivered a nationwide television broadcast, pledging that he would go ahead with the liberalization program. But all through that month, in city after city, there were assaults on the symbols of Western modernity associated with the Shah's rule—banks, casinos, and cinemas. The campaign reached a horrible climax in Abadan, the site of the country's largest oil refinery. On August 20th, the Rex Cinema was destroyed by arson, and some four hundred and thirty people lost their lives in the blaze.

After that, Amouzegar had had enough. He resigned as Prime Minister and was replaced by Jaafar Sharif-Emami, a political veteran from a religious family who had worked closely with the Shah as, among other things, head of the Pahlavi Foundation, a multimillion-dollar semi-family enterprise, which is the owner of most of Iran's foreign holdings. Sharif-Emami moved swiftly and across the board to make concessions to the troublemakers. He lifted press censorship and arranged for live radio broadcasts from the previously dozing Majles, the lower house of the parliament. With the wraps off, resentment found tongue. In the parliament and in the press, there was a surge of complaints about corruption and discrimination against the middle and working classes. The new government met the strikes with generous concessions on wages and pensions. In response to charges of corruption, investigations were opened into the cases of General Nasseri (who was recalled from Pakistan) and former Mayor Nikpay. Thirty-four leading officials of SAVAK, including Parviz Sabeti, were dismissed in one day. At every opportunity, Sharif-Emami sought to placate the mullahs. He closed down casinos, and cinemas showing foreign films. Provincial and university officials who had taken a strong stand against religion were replaced by milder men. Most important of all, Sharif-Emami entered into consultations with religious leaders, including Ayatollah Shariatmadari, and with the lay opposition, including Karim Sanjabi, the head of the National Front, for a broad understanding about new elections.

I WENT to visit Sharif-Emami in his office, just before the end of October. I found a large, bluff, partly bald man in his sixties who exuded confidence. He said that there were many "dissatisfied and unhappy people in Iran who turned to the mullahs to voice their grievances." His strategy was "to establish a good relation with the clergy." As he saw it, the clergy was divided into two groups. "One group, which follows Ayatollah Khomeini, is radical but very small," he said. "The other, which follows Shariatmadari, is moderate and very large. A split between them exists in every city and every village." He was negotiating with Shariatmadari for some kind of convocation where the majority could prevail. "They must do it," he said of his plan for forcing a decision. "Somebody must be the head of our clergy, a Pope."

He told me he was sure that lifting the lid on censorship and on the Majles debates was the right thing to do. "A free press is much better than pressure," he said. The economic consequences of the strikes and the high wage settlements were, he thought, "not serious." There would be a cost to the state in higher wages and pensions, but that could easily be made up by a cutback on expensive military projects and plans for nuclear power plants. He favored the allocation of more money to the villages, for "by increasing credits for machinery, electricity, and water, rural life can be made more attractive and agriculture more effective." He said he hoped to "draw the men who came to town back to the villages." He acknowledged that inflation might be a problem, but he hoped to keep it down by subsidies on basic commodities—rice, bread, sugar, tea. He did not fear a military coup. "If they come in, there will be killing and shooting," he said. "Nobody wants that." He did sense that a test would be coming within the next six weeks, and he hoped to put together a large political grouping that would help open the way to free elections. Among other people, he mentioned former Prime Ministers Hoveida and Ali Amini. "I'm a patient man," he said. "I do not intend to leave this office until there is calm in Iran."

SHARIF-EMAMI had begun the interview by saying that that day Teheran, at least, *was* calm. But driving from his office back to my hotel I had

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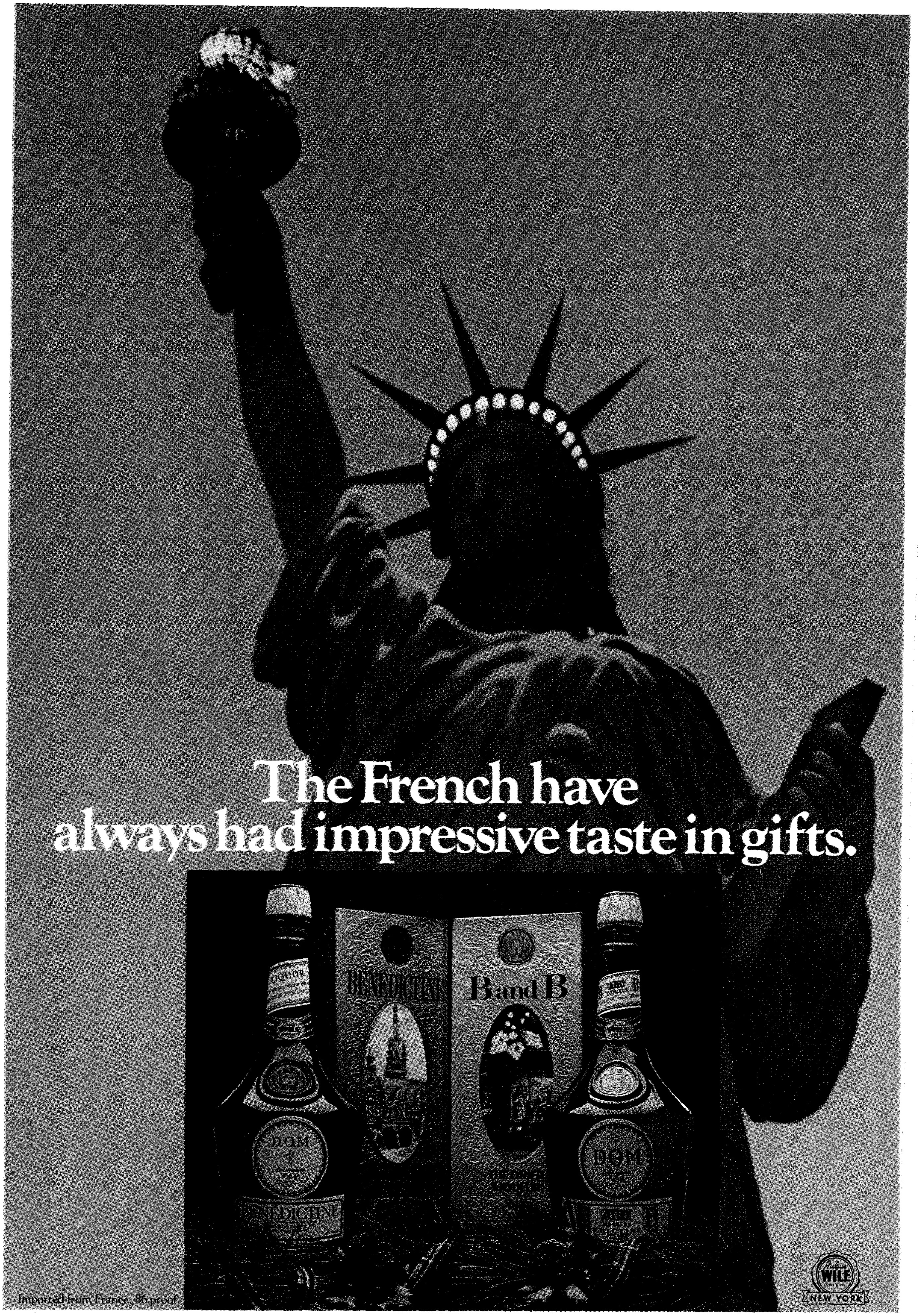
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to detour around the center of town. I smelled burning rubber and saw a car in flames. Later, I learned that students had come off the university campus and smashed shops and destroyed cars in what was considered the worst day of rioting that month. Convinced that Sharif-Emami could not last, I went to see the man widely tabbed as his successor—Ali Amini, a renowned liberal and reformer, who had been Prime Minister at the time of the land-reform legislation of the early sixties.

Mr. Amini received me at his home, a comfortable villa in the northern section of Teheran. He had been educated in Paris, and, like most of the older generation of the Iranian élite, spoke French more easily than English. He said, "The heart of the problem is the Shah. He doesn't like to hear the truth. He has allowed himself to be surrounded by flatterers who have isolated him. He has given over the country to a class of nouveaux riches. They show off all the time. That shocks people and turns them against the regime. The clergy has become important only because there is a lack of rapport between the Shah and the people."

His solution was to form a government of national unity which would take over the country and open the way to new elections. He would include representatives of the National Front. "Sanjabi isn't much," he said of the Front leader, "but his party has a great name." The key to such a government, however, was the Shah. "He has to learn to reign, not rule," Amini said. "He must accept the idea of a constitutional monarchy in Iran. In fact, he must lead the way to constitutional monarchy."

I asked Amini whether he thought the Shah was ready for such a step. He said that he had not seen the Shah in some time, and went on, "I'm prepared, but I don't think he wants to see me. That probably means he isn't ready to lessen his role in government. But I'm waiting."

FROM the home of Mr. Amini, I went to the home of Mr. Sanjabi—an equally comfortable villa, with a swimming pool. Amini had indicated that Sanjabi was important as the leader of the National Front—the political remnant of the most serious previous challenge to the Shah. That had been made back in 1951-53 by Mohammed Mossadegh, who, as Prime Minister, confiscated the formerly British oil holdings and put together a nationalist following embracing the mullahs, the bazaaris, and, for a time, the Tudeh Party. At one point, in August, 1953, Mossadegh forced the Shah to flee the country. But a countercoup was organized with help from the Central Intelligence Agency. Mossadegh was driven from power, and the Shah returned. Sanjabi, a lieutenant of Mossadegh's in those days, had survived years of prison to emerge as the foremost figure in the National Front.

He spoke French to me, and was wearing yellow-gold-rimmed glasses, a gray suit of rich flannel, and Italian shoes. "There is unhappiness at every level," he told me. "It engulfs all classes—intellectuals, students, mullahs, bazaaris, civil servants, teachers, peasants. A true agrarian reform is necessary. The relations between the landlords and the peasants are still not just. Despite the talk of land reform, the distribution of land was not fully achieved. It was not accompanied by the passing out of the credits, fertilizers, tractors, and irrigation facilities that modern farming requires. We had a twenty-billion-dollar gift in the oil-price rise of 1973. We should have developed rural Iran first, and then industry. Instead, the Shah spent most of that gift on his family. So we had a terrible inflation, a building boom that collapsed, and acute shortages of food. Discontent became universal. Now everybody in the universities is against the regime. The young men have twentieth-century ideas, but, as in a war or any difficult period, their sentiments turn to religion. The corner mosque is the only forum for discussion. And the mullahs are not as backward as you might think. The Iranian people are capable of democracy. The West thinks we're in the fifth century. That's wrong. Mossadegh was a sincere democrat. He wanted democracy in this country and in this century."

I brought Sanjabi back to the present with a series of questions. How did he see the present government? What were the chances of a military coup? What did he expect from a visit to Paris to see Ayatollah Khomeini, which he was to undertake the next day?

He said, "The government of Sharif-Emami has done some good things. But he enjoys no confidence. The public doesn't trust him. He has to take radical decisions, but he doesn't. He waits, and the situation gets worse and worse. Now it's too far gone." He acknowledged the possibility of a military coup. "But it has no chance of succeeding," he said. "There's no political support. The Army could stay in power only by force, as in Pakistan and South Vietnam. It couldn't last. Thus, the great misfortune of this country is

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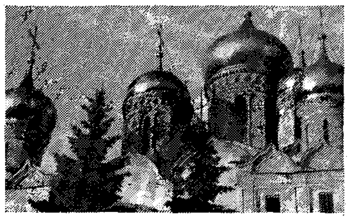

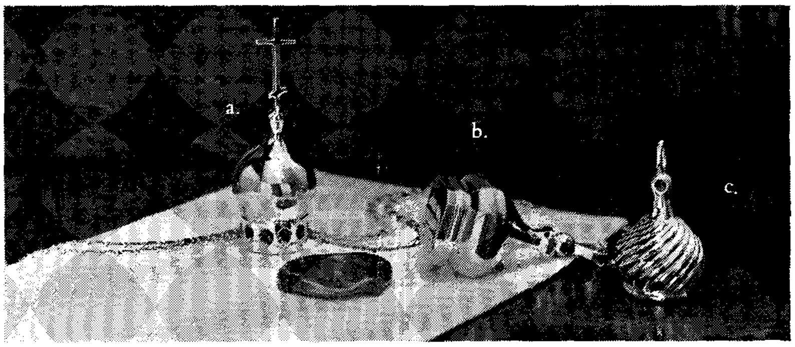

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the Shah. He detains all the liberals and keeps down men of integrity. He likes thieves. He has sexual weaknesses. He is not sincerely for liberalization. He wants to gain time, divide the religious from the lay opposition, and go back to his old system, which is essentially military rule." Of his visit to Paris, Sanjabi said, "I am not worried about my coming encounter with Khomeini. I am an optimist. Ayatollah Khomeini doesn't want chaos. We have to turn to Ayatollah Khomeini."

AS it happened, nobody's plans—not those of the Shah or those of Prime Minister Sharif-Emami or those of former Prime Minister Ali Amini or those of opposition leader Karim Sanjabi—carried the day. On Wednesday, November 1st, the Shah, apparently convinced that Sharif-Emami could not continue, received Ali Amini for the first time in years and began conversations concerning the formation of a coalition regime. According to the local press, Amini told the Shah he needed support from Sanjabi, and the Shah agreed to receive Sanjabi on his return from Paris. On November 3rd, after seeing Sanjabi, Ayatollah Khomeini said in an interview on the Paris-based Radio Luxembourg, "We have told the representatives of the opposition, such as Ali Amini and Karim Sanjabi, that if they agree to negotiate with the regime they will be banned from our movement." Karim Sanjabi came back to Teheran and called a press conference to announce his terms for negotiating with the regime. The press conference never took place. By that time, events had pushed another set of actors, the military, to center stage. Two months before, on September 4th, there had been large demonstrations in Teheran to mark the end of Ramadan. Though the demonstrations were peaceful, thousands marched, and the military feared that matters might get out of hand. On September 6th, the government banned unauthorized gatherings, and the next day there was another large rally against the Shah in Teheran. That afternoon, the military leaders went to the Shah and asked for a proclamation of martial law. The Shah told them to clear it with the Prime Minister and his government. The issue was argued between the soldiers and the Cabinet late into the night of September 7th. Toward midnight, the Cabinet gave its consent, and early the next morning martial law was decreed in Teheran and eleven other cities. But it was too late for a public

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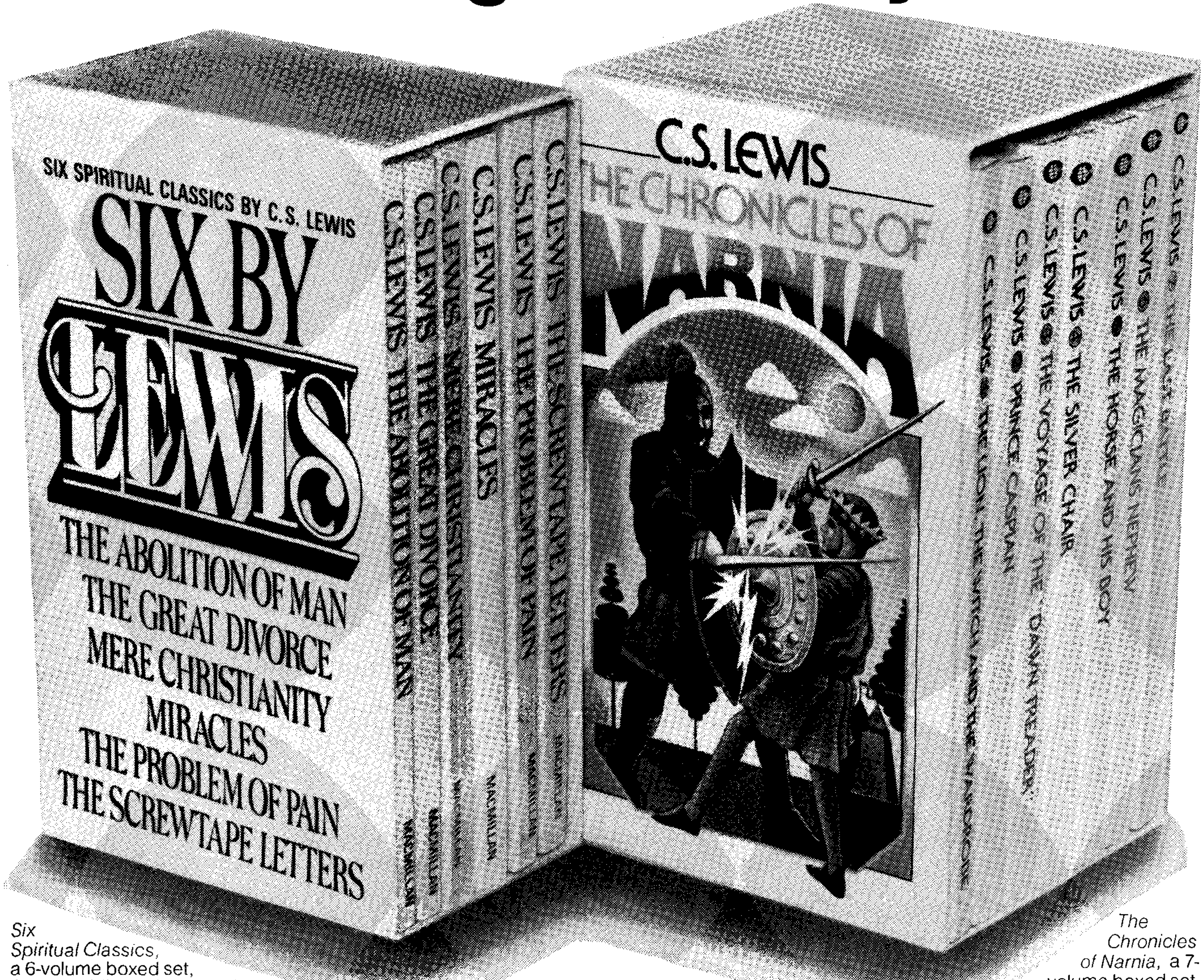
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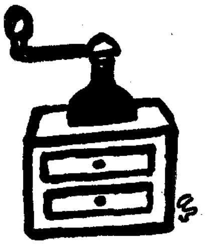
proclamation to reach most people. Later that morning—Friday, September 8th—a large crowd gathered in Jaleh Square, a central meeting spot in downtown Teheran. After repeated orders to disperse were ignored, the security forces opened fire. More than a hundred people were killed, by the official count, and many hundreds wounded.

The shock of that massacre caused everybody to draw back. Prime Minister Sharif-Emami was able to negotiate a loose understanding whereby martial law was not enforced to the letter. Strikes by civil servants, which had begun in September, were not broken up, though they were illegal. Nor were student demonstrations, though the martial-law proclamation forbade any gathering of more than three persons. "There was martial law without there exactly being martial law," the Prime Minister observed to me.



That fuzzy condition put an obvious strain on the military leaders. Top commanders were unsure of their responsibilities. At one point, in October, the commander of the ground forces, General Gholam Ali Oveisi, sent an officer to warn the staff of the English-language daily *Kayhan* against articles he considered inaccurate and inflammatory. The reporters thereupon threatened to go on strike, and the Prime Minister backed them up. Unit commanders never knew exactly when to intervene. At least some of the rank and file, and perhaps some of the junior officers, sided with demonstrators. On two occasions, provincial police officers were shot by enlisted men in the Army.

Moreover, the military leaders had trouble reaching a consensus on what to do. The Shah, to assure his supremacy and to guard against coups, had set up separate lines of communication with many different security organizations and their leaders. The Shah himself is Supreme Commander of the armed forces. He has a personal chief of staff, General Gholam Reza Azhari, who oversees all the branches of the military, and meets tête-à-tête with the Shah twice a week. There are the chiefs of the three separate services—General Oveisi, commander of the ground forces, with two hundred and eighty thousand men; Admiral Kamaleddin Habibollahi, commander of the naval forces, with thirty-two thousand men; and General Amir Hossein Rabii, commander of the Air Force, with forty-eight thousand men—who also report individually to the Shah. There is the head of the rural police, or gendarmerie, which is some seventy-five thousand strong and exercises administrative control over all villages with a population of less than four thousand, General Abbas Gharabaghi, who was also Minister of the Interior in the Sharif-Emami government. There is the head of the secret police, General Nasser Moghaddam. There is, finally, the head of procurement, General Hassan Toufanian, who also serves as Vice-Minister of War to a figurehead Minister of War, General Reza Azimi.

The differences in military specialty are compounded by variations in personality and experience. The commanders of the Air Force and the Navy are relatively young men—both are forty-six—and do not carry a lot of weight in the system. Air Force General Rabii is known as a typical fly-boy, weak in political and geopolitical understanding. General Oveisi, a former classmate of the Shah at the military college, is particularly close to the ruler. General Azhari, the Shah's chief of staff, is sixty-nine and is noted for his deliberate ways and lack of ambition. "He is underwhelming," an American who worked with him once said. "He always gives the impression that he'd rather climb a mountain or read a book than command an army. He's exactly the right man when tensions run high."

Toward the end of October, I went to the Army headquarters, northeast of Teheran, to visit General Oveisi. I found a solidly built, plainspoken man whose chest was covered with ribbons. He was in a distinctly unhappy mood. He did not like one bit the messy politics associated with the Shah's liberalization campaign, which he felt played directly into the hands of the Communists. He said, "Two years ago, the Shah decided to let people be really free. Iranians who had fled the country—writers and people like that—came back here. The National Front began speaking out. The Communist Party began acting up. The religious people asserted themselves. Basically, there were two types. One group was very religious. They followed Shariatmadari, and they didn't meddle in politics. The other group specialized in politics. They were the followers of Khomeini. They started to organize people against the government and its institutions. The Communists took advantage of the situation. They made strong statements. They burned banks and schools. Some students and

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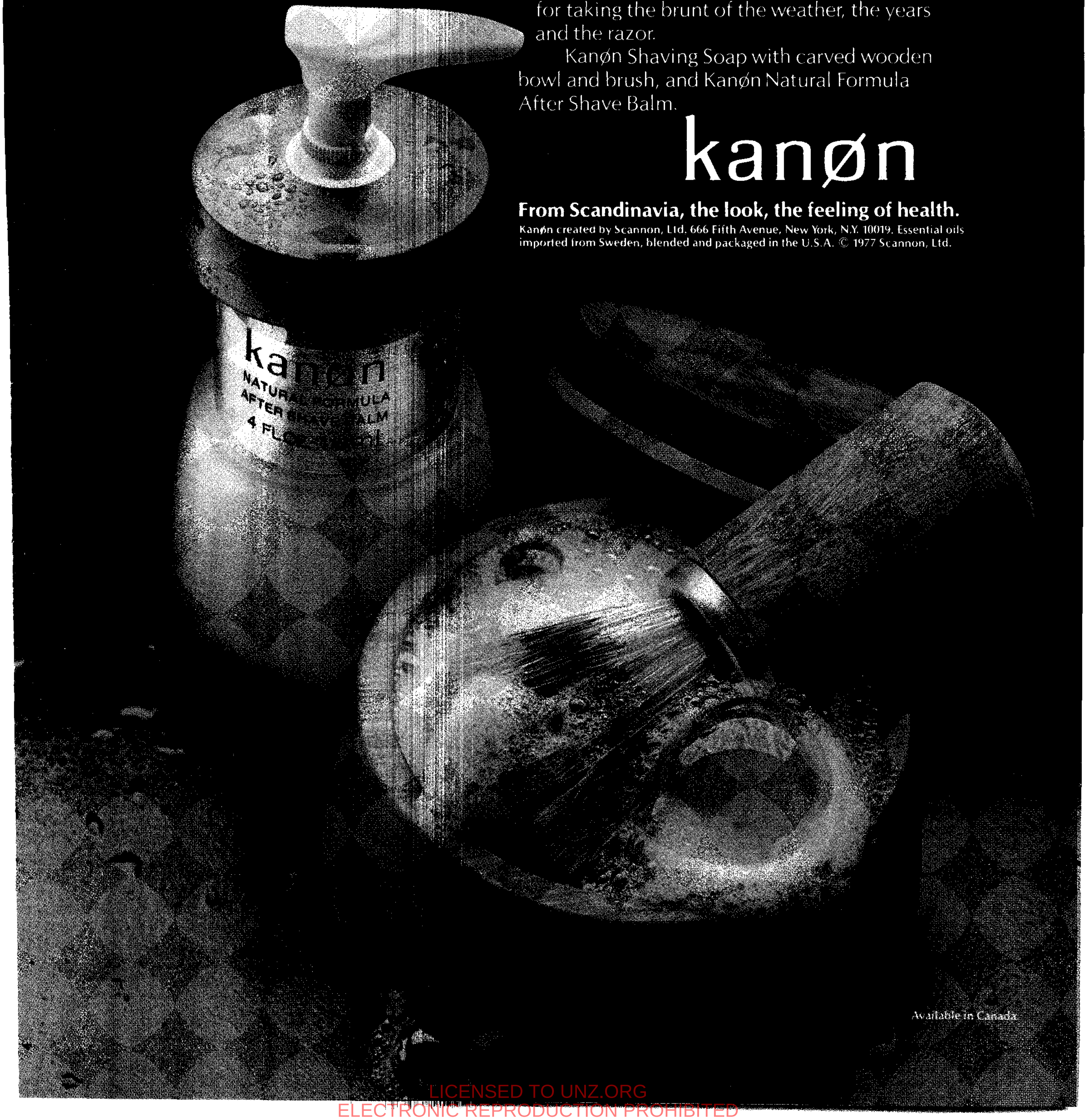

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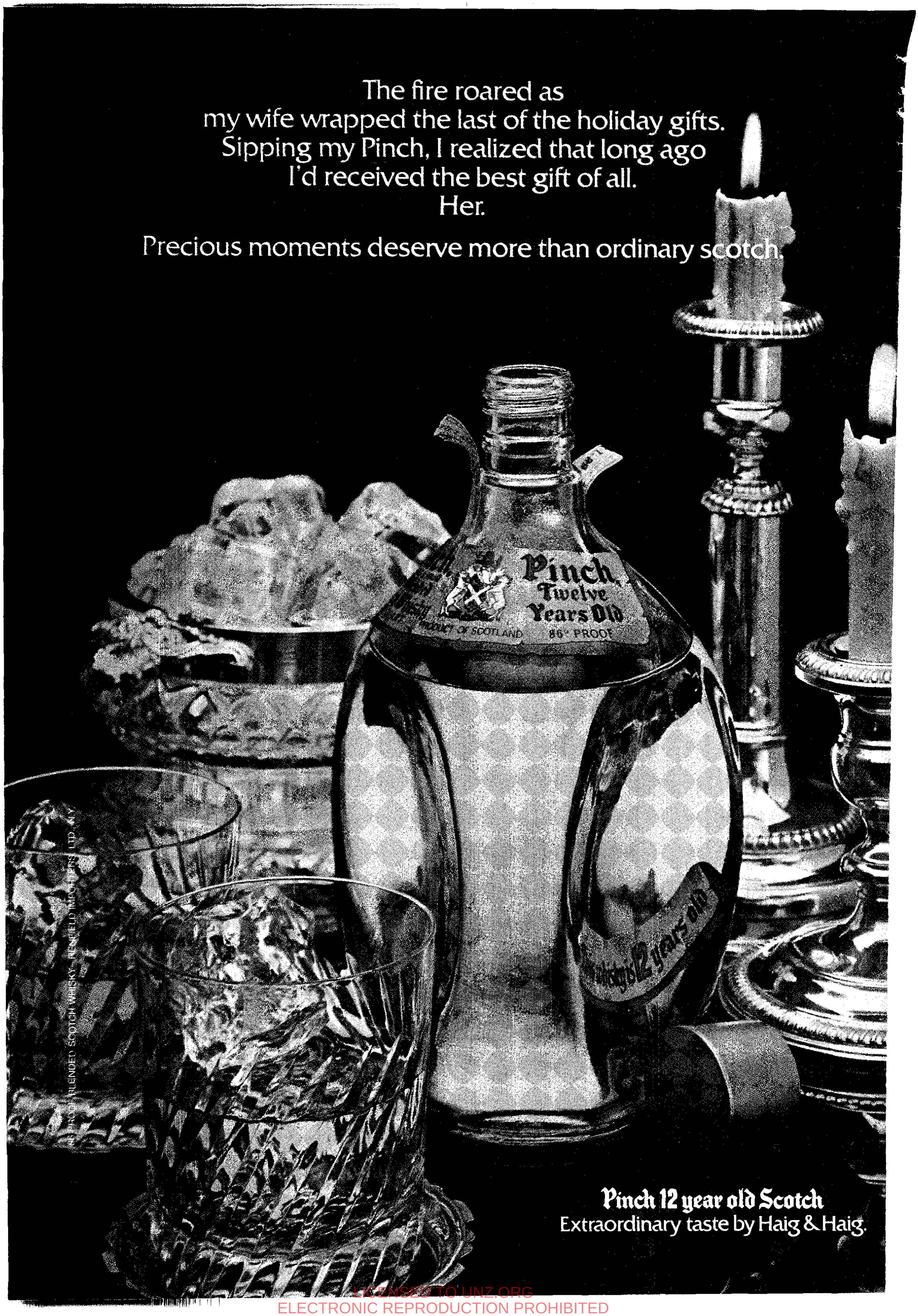
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many instructors in high schools and colleges are Communists. The instructors persuaded all the students to go on strike, and so all classes were postponed.

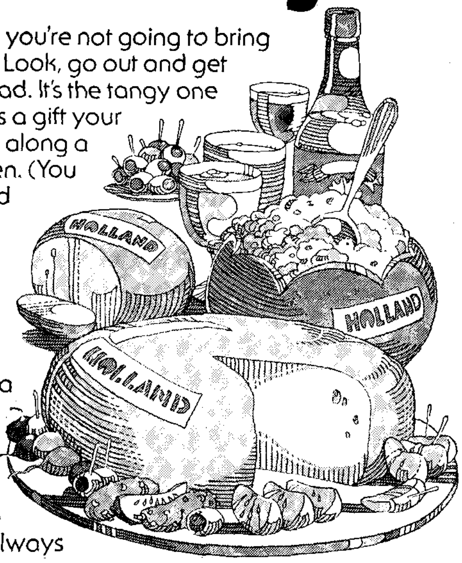
"Most people in the United States and Europe are against our government. You send journalists here who see only leaders of the opposition. Then the journalists produce stories that are broadcast by the radio here and printed in the press. So the people here think they are not free.

"We have a well-disciplined and well-trained Army. The forces are ninety-nine per cent loyal to the Shah. Maybe there's one per cent not loyal—I don't know. I just say that to be careful. So we are not worried. What does worry me is that there is a Communist Party growing stronger. What worries me more is that when the Communists use freedom to write or to speak to undermine the government, the government is silent. When people strike and make difficulties for others, it is not correct. It jeopardizes security."

General Moghaddam, the head of SAVAK, who is a tall, pleasant-faced man with receding iron-gray hair, expressed similar ideas when I called on him in late October at his headquarters in Teheran. He said that the demonstrations were "organized one hundred per cent by the Communists, working through students and religious leaders." He said that he himself had talked with Shariatmadari. He was convinced that Shariatmadari "supports the regime but is afraid to speak out"—afraid because the government offered no protection. It was too weak to take action even against the Communists. "Two weeks ago, we identified a writer who was very active in provoking people to demonstrate against the government," he told me. "We asked the government's permission to arrest him. We were told no. We did arrest several press people for instigating rebellion with false stories. We were obliged to release them all. The military and the police now have things under control. But there are dangers. It is difficult for our security forces to attack young people. If the students keep pouring into the streets, they will paralyze our security forces. If we had a powerful government that met difficulties in a powerful way, we could deal with the troubles. But we now believe the government is not strong enough. We in the security forces—in the Army, the police, and SAVAK—feel handcuffed."

The security forces' sense of being handcuffed by a weak government in-

Dutch treats for the holidays.



For the next dinner party, you're not going to bring another bottle of wine, are you? Look, go out and get a nice, round Edam cheese instead. It's the tangy one with the red wax coating. And it's a gift your hostess can appreciate. Or bring along a mellow Gouda, or a spicy Leyden. (You can tell it's the original if it's signed "HOLLAND Imported Cheese.")

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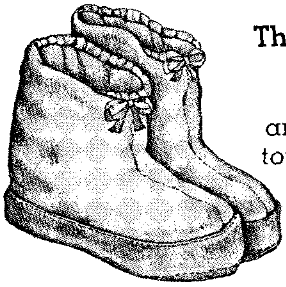

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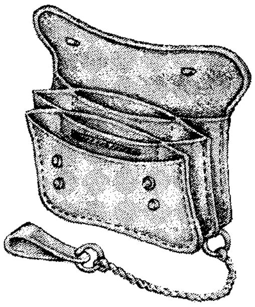

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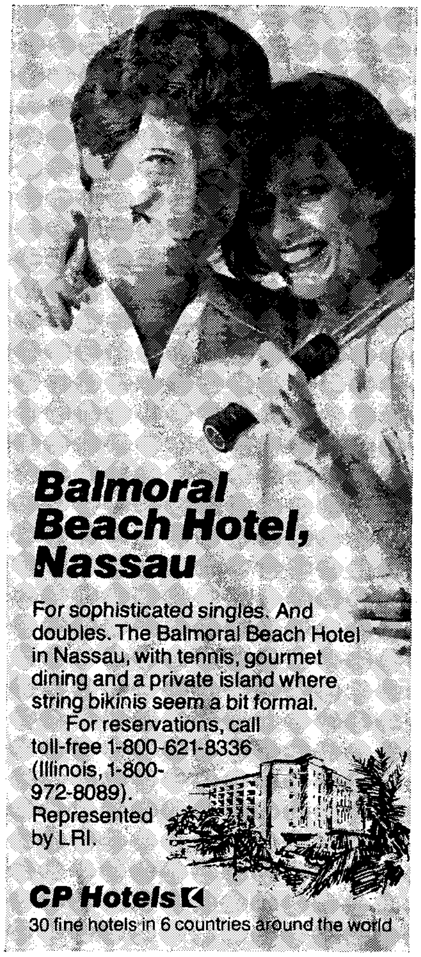
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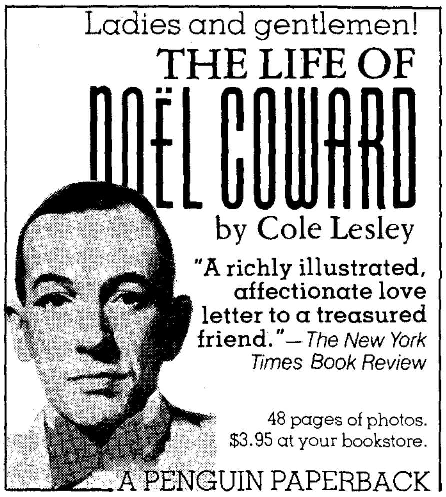
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evitably intensified in late October and early November. Demonstrations grew ever larger in scope, and strikes spread, reaching the oil industry and threatening to cripple it. Negotiations for a wider coalition picked up steam. In the first week of November, the two series of events moved in counterpoint to a showdown. In Paris, on November 3rd, Ayatollah Khomeini refused to play at coalition-making and ordered his followers not to stop demonstrating until they had forced the Shah from power. In Teheran, on November 4th, the university students, sallying forth from the campus, toppled a statue of the Shah at the entrance. The troops there forced them back onto the campus. But the next day, November 5th, there was another demonstration. This time, the troops fired first into the air and then into the crowd, killing several students. The students went on the rampage, burning banks, theatres, and the British Embassy. The day after that, Prime Minister Sharif-Emami submitted his resignation, apparently in protest against the breach of the understanding about limited use of martial law. The military, with General Oveisi in the van, seized the opportunity. They insisted that the resignation be accepted and that a military regime be appointed. The Shah consented.

On Monday, November 6th, at noon Teheran time, the Shah went on national television and radio with an extraordinary statement. He announced the appointment of a military government, but at the same time he recognized the legitimacy of the opposition, and promised to deal with grievances and to move toward free elections. He spoke with contrition, and referred to himself as the Padeshah of Iran—a term meaning simply "King," and far less exalted than Shahanshah, or King of Kings. He said:

> Dear People of Iran:
> In the open political atmosphere, gradually developed these two recent years, you, the Iranian nation, have risen against cruelty and corruption. This revolution cannot but be supported by me, the Padeshah of Iran.
>
> However, insecurity has reached a stage where the independence of the country is at stake. Daily life is endangered and what is most critical, the lifeline of the country, the flow of oil, has been interrupted.
>
> I tried to form a coalition government, but this has not been possible. Therefore, a temporary government has been formed to restore order and pave the way for a national government to carry out free elections very soon.
>
> I am aware of the alliance that has existed between political and economic corruption. I renew my oath to be protector of the constitution and undertake that past mistakes not be repeated and [be] compensated. I hereby give assurance that government will do away with repression and corruption and that social justice will be restored, after the sacrifices you have made....
>
> At the present juncture, the Imperial Army will fill its duties in accordance with its oaths. Calm has to be restored with your coöperation.
>
> I invite the religious leaders to help restore calm to the only Shiite country in the world.
>
> I want political leaders to help save our Fatherland. The same goes for workers and peasants.
>
> Let us think of Iran on the road against imperialism, cruelty, and corruption, where I shall accompany you.

By validating the revolution and pledging early free elections, the Shah presumably hoped to put a straitjacket on the soldiers even as he handed over power to them. He named as Prime Minister of the new government the mildest of the military chiefs, General Azhari. But the military, once in office, acted with brisk confidence. Soldiers were moved into the refineries, and the striking workers, threatened with the loss of their jobs, gradually went back to work. Demonstrations were repressed with heavy force. Several leading officials—including former Prime Minister Hoveida; General Nasseri, the former SAVAK head; and former Mayor Nikpay—were placed under arrest. When Sanjabi, the National Front leader, after his return from his meetings with Ayatollah Khomeini in Paris, tried to hold a press conference, he, too, was arrested. Investigations were opened into two highly sensitive matters—corruption in the royal family, and corruption in the Pahlavi Foundation. Either investigation could be conducted in a way that might implicate the Shah himself.

The opposition reacted very strongly. Both Ayatollah Khomeini in Paris and Ayatollah Shariatmadari in Qum denounced the military government. Khomeini exhorted Iranians to "broaden their opposition to the Shah, and force him to abdicate." In a series of fiery statements, he called for a campaign of mounting demonstrations during Moharram—the Shiite month of mourning, which began this year on December 2nd. He singled out as a special target the holidays of Tasua and Ashura, which this year fell on December 10th and 11th, and which commemorate the deaths of Hossein, the third Imam and the grandson of Mohammed, and his followers, at the Battle of Karbala, thirteen hundred years ago. Normally on Ashura, religious Iranians dress themselves in black, gather at the principal bazaar, and

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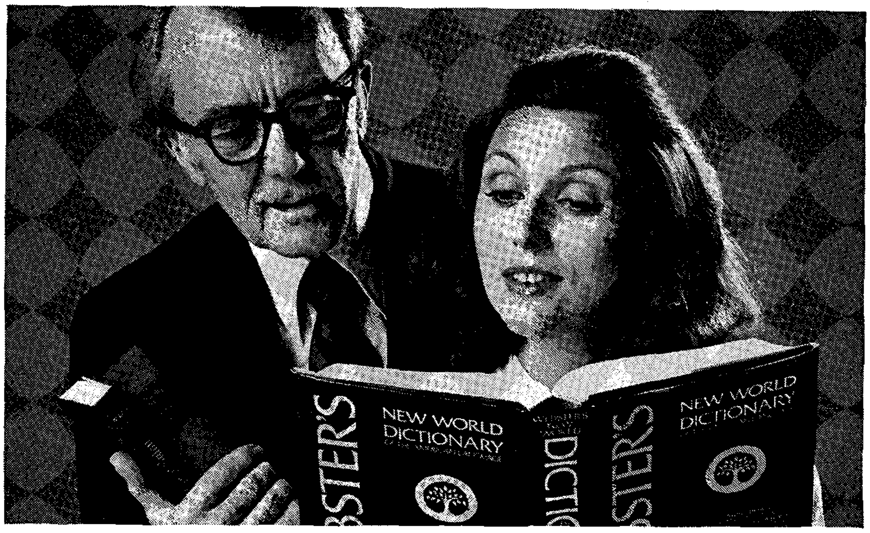
THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036 march to the main mosque. As they march, some cut their heads with swords and whip their bodies with chains in an ecstasy of atonement. The processions, with blood drenching the garments of frenzied believers, are a revolutionary's dream.

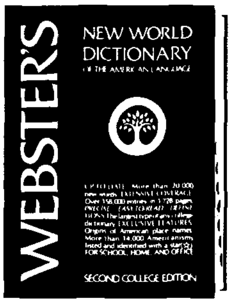
Sensing peril, the military government on November 28th banned "processions of any kind" during Moharram. Nevertheless, crowds demonstrated in Teheran during the first two days of the holy month, and there were violations of the curfew on a large scale. Oil production dropped from 5.8 million to below 2 million barrels a day. An exodus of Americans got under way. But even as high noon approached, the major protagonists drew back. The Shah ordered that a hundred and twenty political prisoners be freed on Sunday, December 10th. On December 6th, Karim Sanjabi, the National Front leader, was released from custody. On December 8th, Ayatollah Shariatmadari, at a press conference in Qum, urged his followers to avoid violence. That same day, the military government announced it would permit the religious processions, and the next day pledged to keep troops only in the northern sections of Teheran, out of the line of march.

On Sunday and Monday, December 10th and 11th, crowds of several hundred thousand paraded through the downtown streets. They shouted Islamic religious slogans, and showed hostility toward the Shah, the military government, and the United States. But there was no serious violence, and those who tried to make trouble were constrained by more responsible elements in the procession. The troops drawn up in the northern section of town, in the vicinity of the Niavaran Palace, were not even tested.

Obviously, there had been put into effect at the last moment a typically Persian compromise. The palace and the military government—working through former Prime Minister Ali Amini—had struck a deal with Shariatmadari to avoid a violent showdown. But, though the testing time has passed, all the contending forces are still in place. The moment seems ripe for steps toward a regime that limits the role of the Shah, in keeping with the 1906 constitution. But the moment is not going to last very long. Just before the peaceful processions began, Shariatmadari indicated that he was prepared to renew pressure if concessions were not forthcoming. He was asked when the screw would be turned again. He said, "It will be soon."

—JOSEPH KRAFT





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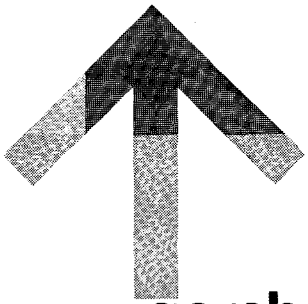

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